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by ALAN MOOREHEAD

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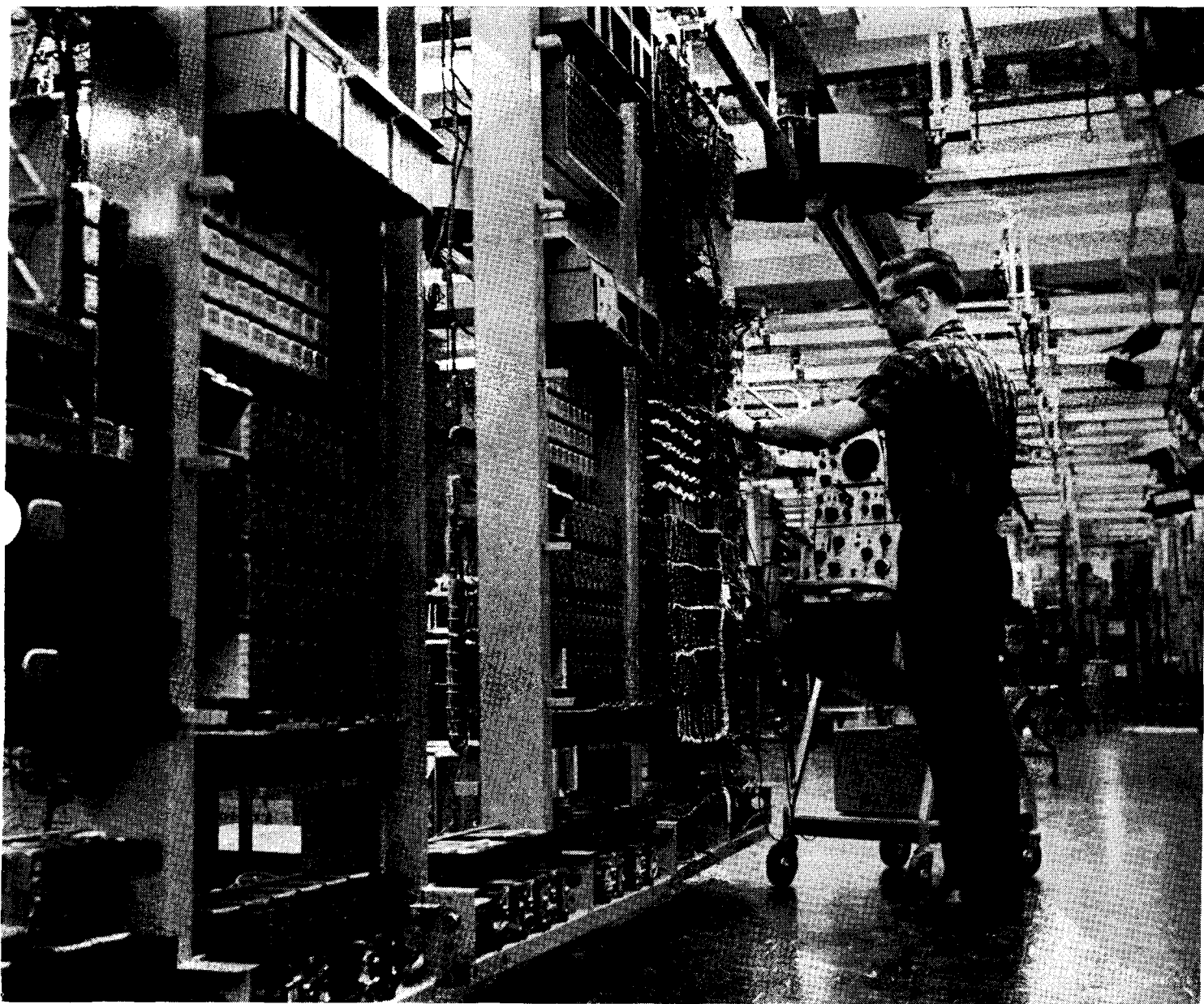
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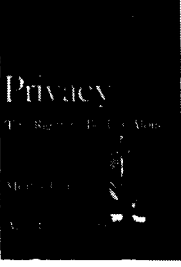
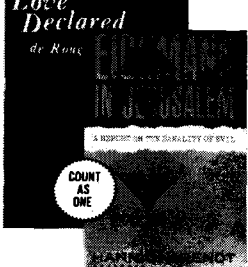
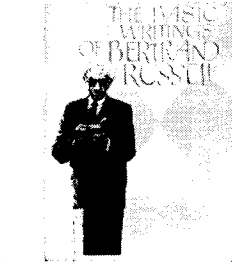
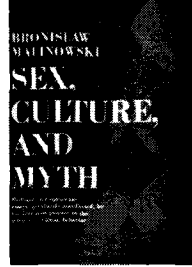
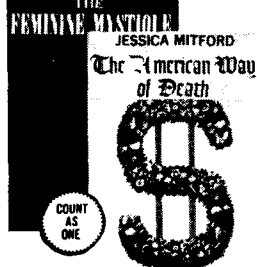
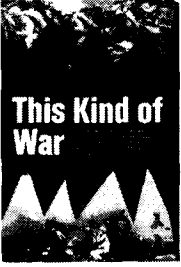
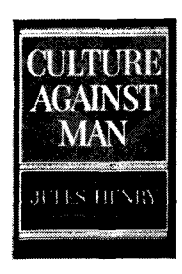
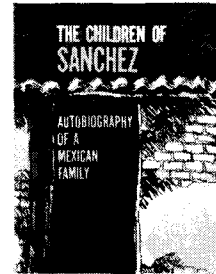
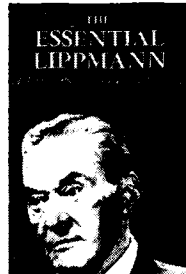
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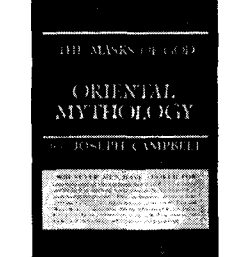
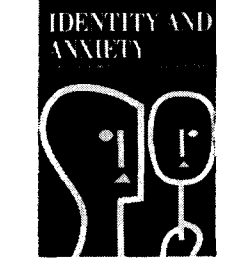
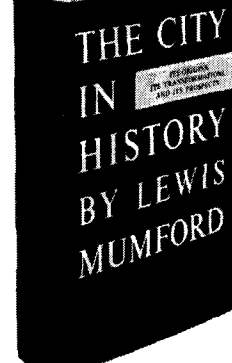
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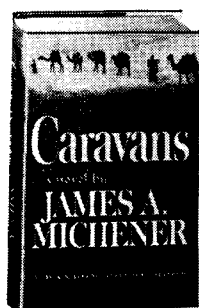
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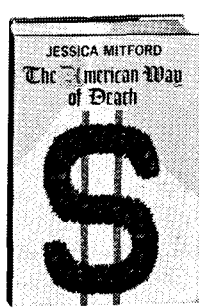
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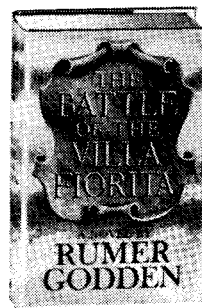
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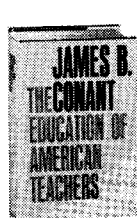
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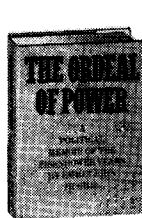
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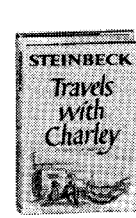
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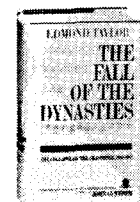
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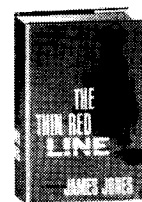
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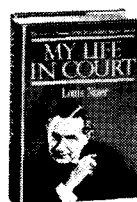
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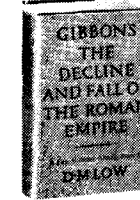
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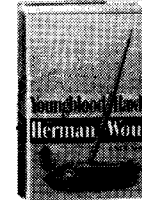
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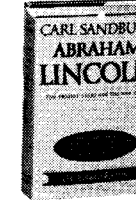
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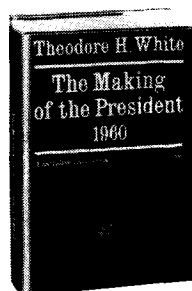


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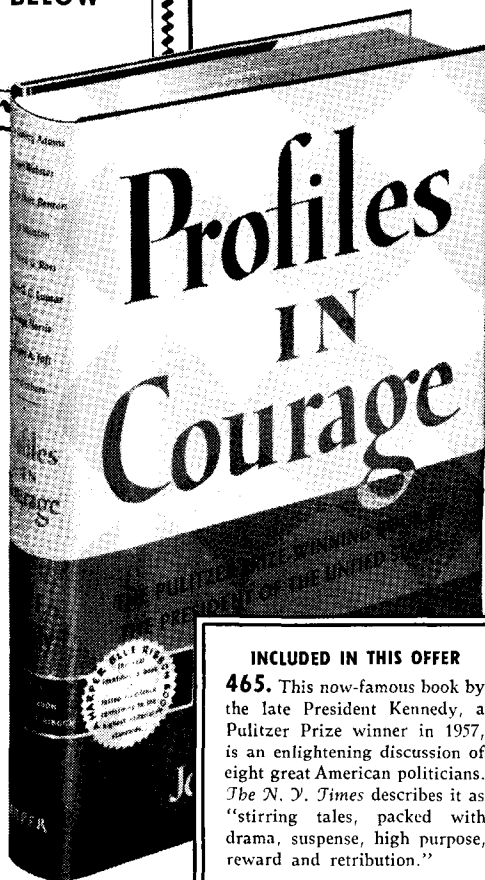
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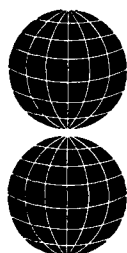
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WASHINGTON

ON JANUARY 8, 1953, when Lyndon B. Johnson assumed the leadership of his party in the Senate, he expressed his philosophy in a statement to the Senate Democratic Conference. "We are now in the minority," he said. "I have never agreed with the statement [attributed to Senator Taft] that it is 'the business of the opposition to oppose.' I do not believe that the American people have sent us here merely to obstruct." Throughout the Eisenhower years many liberal Democrats thought that Johnson did not oppose enough, did not draw the lines between the two parties clearly enough.

At the end of the eighty-fifth Congress, Johnson replied to these critics in saying good-bye to the Senate as it wound up its business just before day-break on a Sunday morning in August, 1958. "I suppose there are two ways in which a Congress can conduct itself," he said. "One is to look at the next election as the objective of legislation. The other is to regard the last election as the expression of the will of the American people on what should be done. The first view would create issues; the second view would resolve issues. By any test, I believe that this is a Senate which has tried to resolve issues rather than to create them."

That summed up Johnson's philosophy as a legislative leader, and it sums up his attitude now as he tries to carry out the Kennedy program. He believes that the job of creating issues is the function of local political groups, of the political conventions, and of the press, farm, labor, business, and other special groups. The function of Congress, he believes, is to resolve national issues. President Johnson is thus peculiarly suited to take over the direction of a going Administration and to continue its programs, both foreign and domestic. He knows how to find a consensus and to bring opposing factions together as well as any leader in recent times.

Although he is a product of the South and in the first instance was chosen by the Southern oligarchy in the Senate, he maintained his independence from the beginning. The civil rights acts of 1957 and 1960 could not have been passed without his leadership, an ironic twist to the fact that it was Senator Richard B. Russell of Georgia, leader of the Southern standpatters, who proposed Johnson as party leader.

The new President's strength

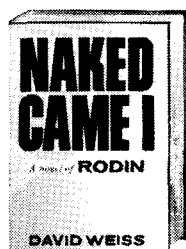
As the President seeks a consensus today, he is able to talk to the powerful Southern committee chairmen with ease and with power on his side. While there is mutual understanding, the President has his goals clearly in view. At times he may be forced to compromise more than he or some of his supporters might like, but he will compromise only to achieve an objective. And the major current objectives were clearly outlined by his predecessor.

With Johnson's passion for getting things done and with his enormous capacity for work, he is always several steps ahead of those whose only interest is to obstruct. Even an accomplished obstructionist like Chairman Harry F. Byrd of the Senate Finance Committee or Chairman Howard W. Smith of the House Rules Committee cannot long withstand the withering fire of a Johnson assault, which begins with warm and friendly words and ends with pressure being applied from every point.

Southerners like Russell understand Johnson and his need as a national leader to hold the Democratic coalition together. They will continue to vote against him on most of the critical issues, but they will hardly dare make him, at least at first, the object of their attack, as they did Kennedy. After all, Johnson is the first true son of the South to occupy the White House in a century. At the

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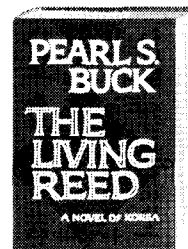
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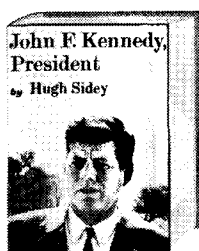
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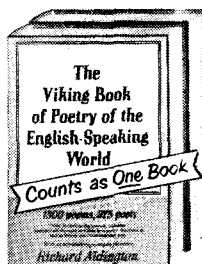
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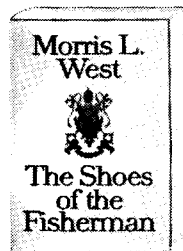
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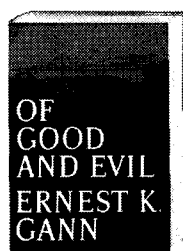
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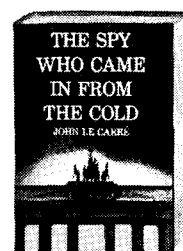
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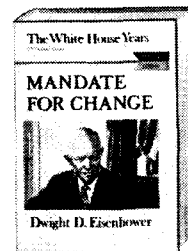
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Report on Washington



same time, his commitment to civil rights is as dedicated as Kennedy's, if not more so, because of his necessity to remove all doubt.

The confidence of business

The President began with substantial backing from the business community, which he is being careful to preserve. While he is a genuine New Dealer in the humanitarian sense and in his support of welfare and constructive work programs, he is neither a free spender nor one who would punish or harass business. As a successful politician, he has worked with business leaders and sought their support. He is an ardent believer in saving money wherever possible and in limiting the size of the bureaucracy.

One of Mr. Kennedy's last major speeches, delivered before the Florida State Chamber of Commerce in Tampa four days before he died, was an earnest attempt to assure businessmen that he was not antibusiness. Like many of his speeches to critical audiences, it was one of his best. It was always difficult for him to understand why businessmen distrusted him, and he marshaled all his powers of persuasion in talking to his Florida audience and answering their questions.

The new President begins without so many handicaps in his relations with business. But he has a serious problem. Significant elements of his party have lingering doubts about his devotion to liberal causes. He can hardly be elected in November if he does not convince labor and minority groups of his full support. He will thus be tempted to assert his liberalism in terms that will offend his business friends. How well he can hold the one group without alienating the other will be a major test of his political dexterity in the coming months.

The isolation of De Gaulle

Mr. Johnson entered the White House without the reservoir of confidence in him abroad that he enjoyed from the business community. While he has visited a large number of countries, he was relatively unknown overseas. That is one reason why he immediately decided that he must hold personal meetings with as many leading heads of government as possible and address the United Nations.

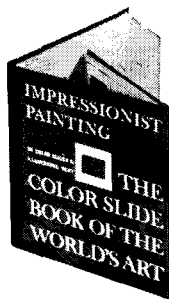
Within a few weeks of assuming office, he had scheduled meetings with West German Chancellor Ludwig Erhard, Italian President Antonio Segni, Canadian Prime Minister Lester B. Pearson, Mexican President Adolfo López Mateos, and British Prime Minister Sir Alec Douglas-Home. The President wanted not only to get acquainted but also to discuss important matters of substance. No one in Washington would be surprised if a meeting also were scheduled with Soviet Premier Nikita S. Khrushchev.

The President was under the distinct impression that French President Charles de Gaulle would keep a promise he had made to President Kennedy to visit Washington early in 1964. In fact, after talking with De Gaulle at the late President's funeral, Mr. Johnson said that the French leader would visit Washington early in the year. But when the haughty Frenchman returned to Paris, he made it clear his commitment was to the late President, not to the new one. If the new arrival on the world scene wished a meeting, it could be arranged in Paris, not in Washington. Even this much of an invitation was conveyed in a manner insulting to President Johnson. It was not a specific invitation, but a statement that if the President made a journey to Europe he might wish to stop in Paris.

Mr. Johnson may put his feelings aside and arrange a meeting. But some of his official advisers feel strongly that little would be accomplished by a meeting with De Gaulle. Many of these officials doubted that much would have been accomplished by a Kennedy-De Gaulle meeting. They are convinced, as Jean Monnet is convinced, that the only proper course is to try to build an Atlantic community as if De Gaulle were not on the scene.

Already he has shown signs of being uncomfortable in his isolation. He could never be persuaded, it was argued, except when confronted by the fact that the rest of Europe was determined to continue its movement toward unity and toward cooperation with North America. President Kennedy's trip to Europe last summer had helped to clarify the issues and to isolate De Gaulle.

Other officials argued that only by meeting De Gaulle and working with him would it be possible to break down his opposition and to save the European movement. The new President is the kind of man who believes that his powers of persuasion are equal to De Gaulle's, and he may want to make the try. On some issues it is clear that no one can move the French President. But the trade negotiations are so important, and have so much support everywhere in Europe, including parts of France, that a sympathetic talk with De Gaulle might persuade him not to throw a monkey wrench



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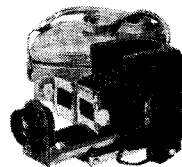
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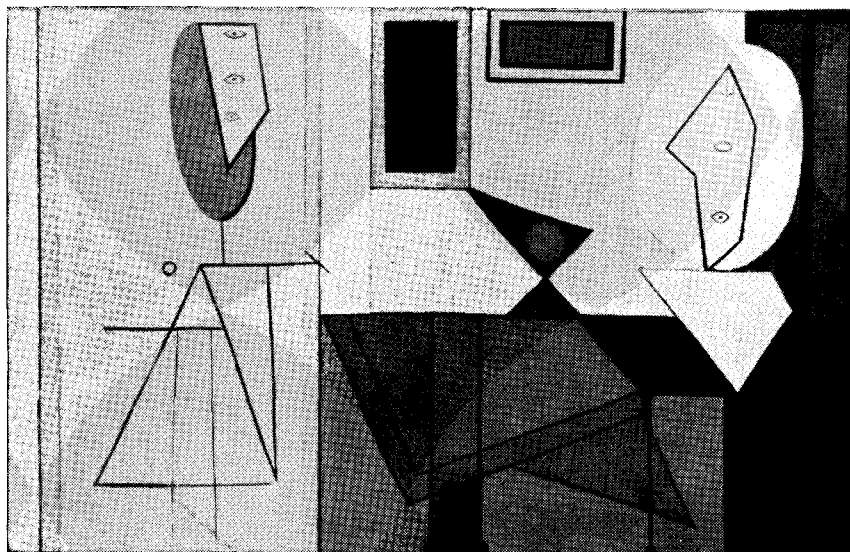
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these two paintings?

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Report on Washington

into the proceedings. If even that could be accomplished, a Johnson-De Gaulle meeting would be worth the effort.

Nearly all of the NATO countries have been through crises of one sort or another in the last year, and all except France looked to the United States and the Kennedy Administration for leadership in what clearly was a transition period. While no great progress can be expected in the Atlantic community in the next year, it is of the utmost importance to keep clearly in mind the objective of Atlantic cooperation.

It is President Johnson's major opportunity and major challenge to provide the necessary leadership. No one else can give it. The task is doubly complicated because of uncertainties here and abroad. In less than a year, ten of the fifteen NATO governments have had a change of government or of governmental leadership — the United States, Canada, West Germany, Italy, Britain, the Netherlands, Norway, Greece, Turkey, and Iceland. And within a few months there must be a national election in Britain.

The presidential campaign

Even before President Kennedy's assassination the 1964 election campaign was under way in this country. The paralysis that a presidential campaign always brings about was becoming apparent in the conduct of domestic as well as of foreign policy. Our friends abroad knew that Washington would be unable to make important new decisions or to embark on major new courses of action until after the election.

It is not easy to suggest how this great nation, now the leader of the free world, can avoid giving up one year in every four to political campaigning. Yet a shorter campaign is something that is desirable and should be possible in this age of television and jet travel. President Kennedy's tragic death should shock us into a critical examination of the creaky machinery we have for solving many of our political problems. In the few short weeks that Mr. Johnson has been President he has had to give enormous thought to his

own problem of re-election, and in the months ahead he will be preoccupied with this problem.

Is it too much to hope that our political scientists, acting somewhat as the economists did in the 1930s, might find an answer to a few of the practical problems of American politics that have become so disturbing in recent months? The problem of lengthy presidential campaigning is one. The problem of presidential succession is another. We are now captive to the congressional seniority system, which should be the last way of determining succession to the presidency. There must be some way of making Congress less subject to the obstructionist tactics of a few aging, powerful men, less the victim of the seniority system.

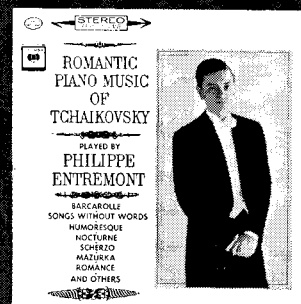
Every President has been confronted with the necessity of doing battle with entrenched congressmen in his own party. For some Presidents these have been the hardest battles and the most unnecessary ones. Yet they were unavoidable. Such intolerable conditions at times have made a mockery of democratic government. It is time for agreement on practical proposals that can be adopted.

Mood of the Capital

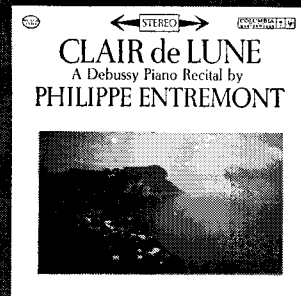
President Johnson, who was called a "can-do" Senate leader, has given the country hope that Congress will act in response to his leadership. As the new year began, the President was confident that the Senate would approve the tax bill. Although he knew that the civil rights bill would require a bruising and lengthy battle, he believed it could be passed and signed well before the middle of the year.

Yet the same men remain in power in Congress, and the same rules and procedures which thwart progress remain in force. Johnson was moving forward by the sheer force of his own power without effecting the necessary reforms that some day will be required if we are to achieve any sense of party responsibility on Capitol Hill. Despite the underlying problems and the potentialities for new trouble, the President breathed life into a stunned and saddened people during what may have been the smoothest political transition in American history.

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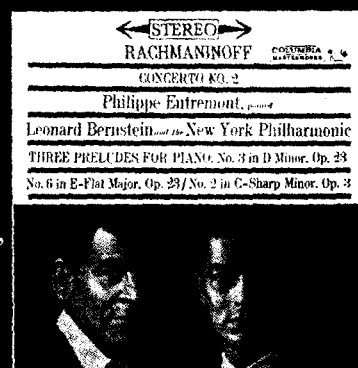
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**PHILIPPE
ENTREMONT
ON COLUMBIA
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The Atlantic Report SINGAPORE



AT THE eye of the Malaysian storm is the island of Singapore, the world's fifth largest port, Britain's main military base in Asia, and to the surprise of those who knew the explosive potential in its predominantly Chinese population, Southeast Asia's most conspicuously successful example of self-government.

Within sight of the islands of Indonesia and linked with Malaya physically by causeway and politically through Malaysia, Singapore has gone about its business with untropical zest and energy ever since Sir Thomas Stamford Raffles picked on its unpopulated swamp and jungle to build a British Far Eastern trading center a hundred and forty-five years ago. With immigrant Chinese labor, British know-how, one of the world's finest harbors, the attractions of a free port, and the unique geographical advantage of being a sort of buoy at the southeastern tip of the Asian continent, Singapore made spectacular progress under colonial rule.

Self-government in 1959 gave it a new head of steam. In an article discussing the first four years of rule by the People's Action Party government, the conservative *Far Eastern Review* described it as certainly one of the most efficient and energetic governments in the world today, and then added: "Since it came to power it has dynamically exploited Singapore's advantage in a way that makes the island's previous colonial and semi-colonial governments, which were by no means idle, appear second-rate." This was high praise, but not an overstatement.

Success story

Nowhere else in Asia is there a government of which it may be said that it is untainted by hint of scandal or corruption. Nowhere else has a government concentrated so effectively on the welfare of its society at the grass roots while so vigorously encouraging by legislation and direct financial aid the rapid development of industry. In a great slum-clearance scheme, the Housing Development Board provided homes for some 100,000 people during the P.A.P.'s first three

years in office and is now starting a ten-story apartment house every four days and completing a new family unit every forty-five minutes. Every housing area has shopping and community centers, schools, markets, and playing fields, for a rent as low as \$6.65 a month for a small, modern apartment.

To entice new industries, the government cleared and reclaimed thousands of acres of mangrove swamps, built deepwater port facilities, provided access roads, a railway, and all essential services to a section of the island regarded only a few years ago as worthless. It visualized a great Southeast Asian industrial complex rising from the swamps, and judging by the early applications for factory sites, its optimism seems fully justified. By the middle of last year new factories built on the island since 1959 had provided for direct employment for 3500 workers; and more than sixty applications had been received for sites at the new industrial area at Jurong. With its outlets apparently assured through the Malaysian common market, a Japanese industrialist prophesied that Singapore would become "the Osaka of the South Seas."

Fighting fire with fire

At the center of Singapore's success story is a brilliant and industrious Prime Minister, Lee Kuan Yew, a Chinese, who won wide support in 1959 by promising almost to match the promises of the illegal Communist Party. "We will be as far to the Left as we can go within the democratic framework," said Lee, a Cambridge University graduate in law. One of his conditions for accepting office was the release by the British of P.A.P. political detainees regarded, with good cause, as Communists.

British and Chinese capital fled across the causeway to the calmer political climate of Malaya. Expatriate officials found their contracts canceled without notice, and the English-educated Chinese, especially those born in Singapore, who were not then generally sympathetic to the P.A.P. came in for much bigoted criticism.

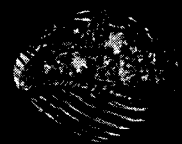
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A Great Teacher

Edmund Burke, England's great conservative, once declared: "You can never plan the future by the past." And of course it's perfectly true, since fate has many surprises in store for all of us.

Still, the past is one of the chief things we have to go on when we plan for the future. The housewife gets a whole meal on the table at the same time by knowing how much preparation each dish takes from having done it all before. The business man makes decisions for the future based on his experience under comparable circumstances in the past. We all plan ahead on the basis of what is behind us plus our view of the present, keeping in mind that "the best laid plans o' mice and men gang aft agley." And investing is no exception.

If you're an investor or are thinking of becoming one, you'll be interested in knowing how listed common stocks have behaved on the average in the recent past — not just the common stocks included in the popular indexes but *all* the common stocks listed on the New York Stock Exchange between 1926 and 1960.

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Report on Singapore

By giving expression to its doctrinaire enthusiasms, the P.A.P. at first kept in step with the Communist-led masses and its own extremist labor leaders. Nervous anxiety on the part of the business community and the temporary loss of capital were the price the government had to pay for labor stability while it organized its own plans to win independent support for its social reform and plans for industrialization. It was a well-calculated risk. But as soon as it became apparent that Lee did not intend to force the withdrawal of the British bases or to set about creating socialism in Singapore, thirteen assemblymen broke away and formed the Barisan Sosialis Party. They were quickly joined by others. Instead of its initial whacking majority of forty-three of the fifty-one seats in the Assembly, the P.A.P. found itself whittled down to twenty-six, a precarious majority of one.

Malaysia, a safety valve

There were few who held much hope for Lee's political future at this time. It was not easy to be optimistic about Singapore itself. With the highest birthrate in the world (4.3 percent) and no natural resources, the island, which is only twenty-six miles long and fourteen miles wide, was bursting at the seams. The population had doubled to 1,800,000 between the end of the war and 1963. With more than half of the inhabitants under the age of twenty, neither the British military bases, which directly employ 40,000 people, nor the entrepôt trade could absorb the thousands of youths who flooded the labor market each year. Industrialization depended ultimately on markets. Singapore had to find a safety valve for its energies and its people, or explode.

Malaysia was to be the safety valve. Lee had long argued with Malaya's genial Malay Prime Minister, Abdul Rahman, that Singapore's labor could be turned to the mutual advantage of both territories, and that, racially dangerous as the merger of the two territories might seem to Kuala Lumpur, it would be much more dangerous if mass unemployment in Singapore led to a Communist takeover.

Lee's image of Singapore as the industrial base for Malaya conflicted with Rahman's own plans for Malayan industrialization. His even more compelling fear was that the addition of Singapore's 1,300,000 Chinese would destroy the finely drawn balance in favor of the indigenous Malays and, even worse, heavily reinforce the ranks of the underground Malayan Communist Party, which is largely Chinese.

In May, 1961, at least partly as a response to Lee's urgent pleas that he had to be given some hope of merger or go under to the Communists, Rahman proposed a wider federation which would dilute Singapore's Chinese with Land and Sea Dayaks, Melanaus, Dusuns, Bajaus, Muruts, and other people from the British territories of North Borneo (now Sabah), Sarawak, and Brunei.

Few federations have received wider approval or been born amid such opposition. The British rejoiced that they had found what they called an orderly process of decolonization. Most people in Malaya, Singapore, Sarawak, and North Borneo were in favor of the new union, which at least had a common colonial base.

Brunei, with a population of only 85,000 and substantial benefits from oil royalties that it was disinclined to share with its neighbors, showed its opposition by rising in revolt against the British. The Chinese left wing in Singapore and Sarawak reacted bitterly. The Barisan Sosialis Party called Malaysia a sellout, and its kin in Sarawak, the Sarawak United People's Party, led the opposition there. Chinese students began to disappear across the Sarawak border into Indonesian territory, where they were trained as guerrillas and sent back with guns to raid British, and later Malaysian, outposts.

Lee gave Singapore its chance to express its views by plebiscite, but since its alternatives were intended to demonstrate solidarity for Malaysia rather than to test the will of the people, he did not silence his opposition. In February, 1963, he adopted measures of an entirely different order, and with the blessing of the Internal Security Council, on which Singapore had three seats, Britain three, and Malaya the de-



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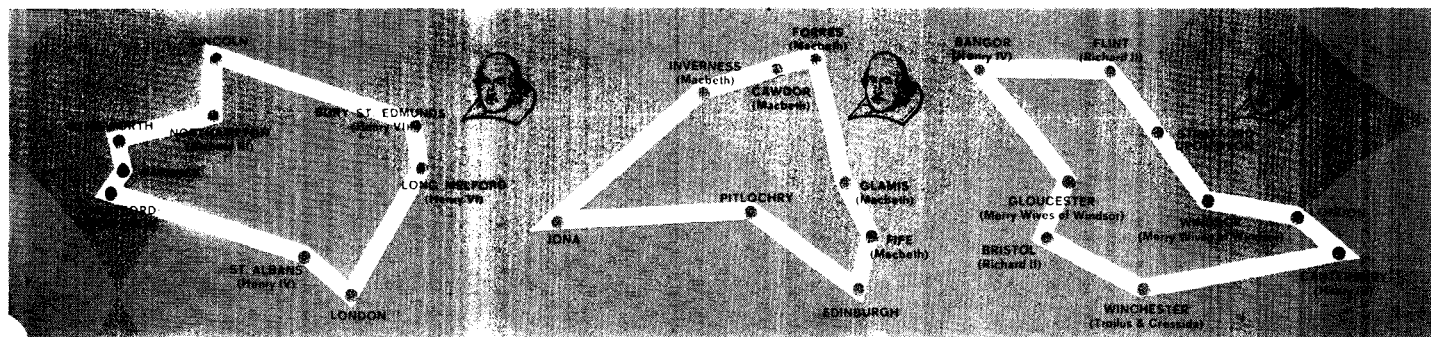
When you plan your trip, you'll notice that Britain is tiny—no bigger than Wyoming. You can go to the theatre in London, catch a night train and be in Edinburgh for breakfast.

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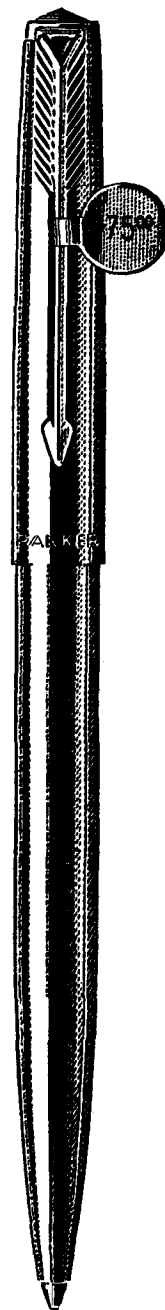
ciding vote, some of the colleagues who had been released as his condition for accepting office three years earlier went back to jail. In all, Lee detained at this time 131 politicians, union leaders, journalists, and others, including twenty-four executives of the opposition.

Against a background of rising international tension, as Indonesia moved from indifferent acceptance of Malaysia to warlike "confrontation" and the Philippines revived an old claim to North Borneo, Lee negotiated his conditions of entry into the new federation with Abdul Rahman. The never very friendly relations between Malaya and Singapore were not improved by the bargaining, and Kuala Lumpur's old fears of Singapore's Chinese revived.

Singapore wins the day

Politically, Singapore appeared to emerge badly from the deal. In the Malaysian House of Representatives, its 1,800,000 inhabitants have 15 members, while Sarawak, with less than half Singapore's population, has 24, and Sabah, with fewer than half a million people, 16. Malaya (population 7 million) has 104 members. In the fields of trade and finance, however, Singapore won the day. It will continue as a regional entrepôt, and its position as a free port within Malaysia will be phased out only gradually. It kept control of 60 percent of locally earned revenue; and the way was open for it to become the chief industrial component of a Malaysian common market.

Every post was a winning post now for Lee. When Abdul Rahman agreed under pressure from Indonesia and the Philippines to postpone Malaysia Day from August 31 to September 16, thereby giving the United Nations time to test the feeling of the Borneo peoples, Lee embarrassed Kuala Lumpur and Whitehall by proclaiming Singapore's *de facto* independence in advance. It was chauvinistic and successful, as was a melodramatic rally he addressed at the same time. Beneath banners slung between palm trees showing various tortures practiced by the Japanese during their occupation of Singapore in World War



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Report on Singapore

II, he told an audience of 120,000 people that Japanese industrialists would be kept out of Singapore until they settled their "blood debt."

Lee Kuan Yew's triumph

Lee celebrated his fortieth birthday on Malaysia Day. With singular timing, he was now in the middle of an election campaign in which he used the full resources of the state machinery, especially radio and television, in an attempt to crush his opposition, both left and right. Intellectually arrogant, Lee appears to be a cold, calculating, and by extension, unscrupulous man. He also has boundless drive and energy. Night after night he toured the country on a meet-the-people campaign that wore his subordinates into the ground.

With his most dangerous opponents under detention, Lee campaigned on grass roots issues in the rural villages—on standpipes and schools, housing and jobs. The right he attacked as corrupt political bosses and merchant adventurers who would not hesitate to subordinate Singapore's interests to their own predatory designs. The left he lashed for its Communism. In the center was Lee, architect of Malaysia, the man who had provided Singapore not only with its social welfare but its hope for the future.

Whatever might be said against the P.A.P.'s use of state machinery to further its own political ends, the polls were secret and honestly conducted. They swept Lee back into office. The P.A.P. won thirty-seven seats, the Barisan Sosialis thirteen. The remaining seat went to Ong Eng Guan, a minister in the first P.A.P. government, who campaigned as an independent.

With the right now destroyed as a political force, Lee pressed his war more vigorously against the left. Twenty-four hours after the election, he announced proceedings to deprive the richest and most powerful of the Peiping-oriented Chinese, a rubber magnate and founder of Nanyang University, Tan Lark Sye, of his Singapore citizenship. He gave an underground Communist leader two weeks to get out of

Malaysia, dissolved all known Communist-infiltrated associations, broke a general strike organized by the Communist-oriented Singapore Association of Trade Unions, swooped on Nanyang University, the only purely Chinese center of higher education in Southeast Asia, and placed under arrest a number of its students.

From a position perilously close to political extinction, Lee had now re-emerged triumphant. Since he is the most outstanding figure among Southeast Asia's 12 million overseas Chinese, his influence reaches far beyond Singapore, or the crossbenches of the Malaysian parliament, where he now sits in opposition. The Malaysian agreement was carefully drawn up to prevent a Chinese from becoming the Malaysian leader, but it reckoned without the drive and ambition of Lee Kuan Yew.

Friction with Indonesia

For some considerable time, however, Lee's hands are likely to be full at home. Indonesia's economic "confrontation," which includes the severance of all trade ties with Malaysia, falls most heavily on Singapore. Its import-export trade with Indonesia was worth \$365 million in 1962, out of its total trade of \$2.4 billion. Most of the imports were in rubber, which Sumatran plantations sent to Singapore for processing. The loss of this business is not immediately apparent to a visitor to Singapore. But it has increased unemployment, sent the stock market plunging, and—so shopkeepers say—cut retail trade by about one fifth.

To the foreign industrialist looking for a site for a new industry in Asia, the convenience of Jurong and its facilities is now heavily compromised by the Indonesian threat and what it implies. Although they won so few seats at the polls, the Barisan Sosialis Party and their Communist backers received 33 percent of the votes, against 41 percent for the P.A.P. In seven constituencies the P.A.P.'s majority over the Barisan Sosialis ranged from 89 to 403 votes; and in each, Ong Eng Guan's far-left candidates polled more than a thousand votes. Lee's margin over the Communist left is therefore far from secure.

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The Atlantic Report KENYA



NOWADAYS the emergence of one former colonial dependency after another into independence has become almost a commonplace in Africa and Asia. The subsequent pattern of events is unhappily nearly always the same. The new country seeks and gains its political freedom from alien rule by clamoring for "one man, one vote." Independence celebrations take place; high-flown speeches about individual rights and principles are made as the new flag is run up. Then, sometimes within months, on one excuse or another, autocratic or oligarchic party rule is imposed, and no more is heard about "one man, one vote."

In the case of Kenya, whose independence was declared on December 12, there is some prospect that a different course of events may follow. This is because for the first time a nation-state is to be created with virtually no natural homogeneity; and *only* mutual tolerance can hope to maintain national unity.

The two main features of the regrettable autarchic trend in Africa — namely, the reversion to chieftain veneration in a new political form after less than a century of alien domination, and the fact that few of the emergent countries have any natural cohesion because of the haphazard frontier-drawing of nineteenth-century European imperialists — are peculiarly present in Kenya. In most of the new states tribal stresses and strains have been overcome either by the acceptance, to a degree, of federalism or by the repression of the minority groups by the strongest tribe or tribes.

In Kenya it is unfortunately not just a matter of different tribes living within the "national" boundaries, but of wholly different races, with little or nothing in common except the color of their skin. For, this part of Africa, in the East, is a confluence of eight million beings: Hamitic, Nilotic, Somali, and Bantu peoples, with centuries of internecine hostility behind them.

If one adds to this historical racial hodgepodge the additional ingredients of the Asian and Euro-

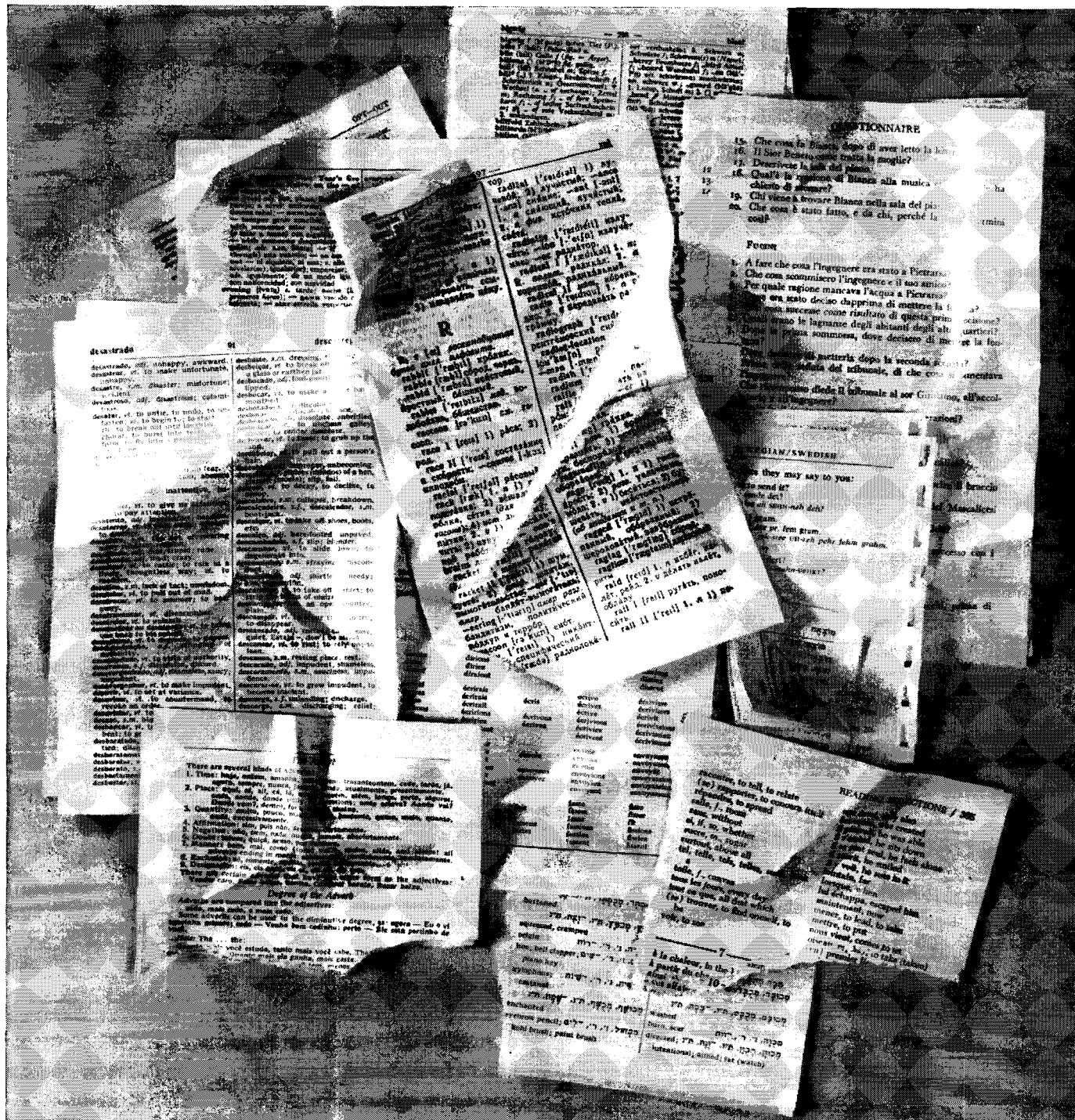
pean communities (200,000 and 80,000 people respectively), it is not hard to understand why bringing Kenya to independence with any hope of future stability has proved so difficult.

Can the Kikuyu control?

The first problem, only quite recently overcome, was to persuade the European community, born and bred there to a position of political and economic dominance, that the standards they had set before conceding any political advance to their nonwhite compatriots simply could not survive in a continent of independent African states all based on rule by simple head-counting. When at last this lesson had been learned, it was already too late to replace European paternalism with communal "partnerships" without regard to numerical proportions, which many moderates of all races had hoped might be the next stage in political evolution.

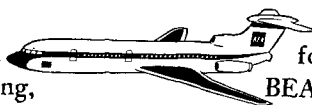
In the early 1950s the infamous Kikuyu Mau Mau uprising took place, and Europeans in alliance with a majority of other African tribes joined together to fight the first attempt of the two million Kikuyu to become the rulers of the whole country by a campaign of ritualistic murder and sadistic terrorism. It was, however, this internal civil war that led inevitably to a realization that African political advancement could no longer be stemmed. First, the Kikuyu had to be persuaded that peaceful pressure would gain them more than bloody revolution would; and, second, all the other tribes in Africa which had adopted the unusual stand of backing Europeans against people of their own color had to be rewarded for the faith they had placed in advancement without recourse to arms.

Now, paradoxically, it is these same Kikuyu who form the mainspring of the Kenya African National Union, currently the governing party, under the still exuberant but aging leadership of Jomo Kenyatta. As first Prime Minister of Kenya, he is to lead this new nation into independence. It was Nkrumah of Ghana who said that to qualify



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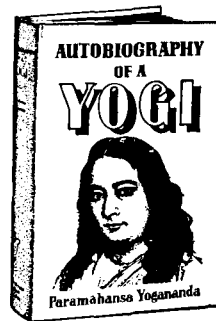
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Report on Kenya

for the leadership of a British ex-colony one first had to have been jailed by the British. This is certainly true of Jomo, who spent several years in prison because of his role in the organization of, if not participation in, the Mau Mau revolt. It is he, too, whom the last British governor then described as a "leader to darkness and death." Public indignation against him among Europeans, Asians, and non-Kikuyu Africans was increased by the fact that while the revolt lasted he could never be persuaded to say a word of outright condemnation against even the most brutal of the bloody orgies of the Mau Mau revolt.

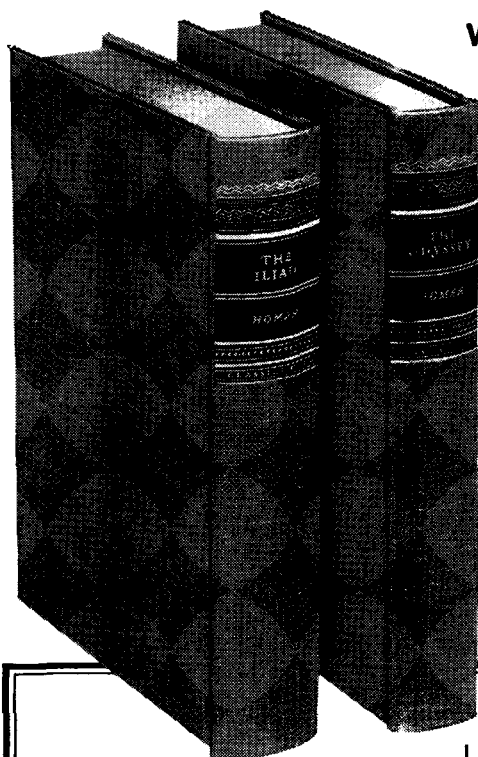
Nevertheless it is true that since his release in 1961 this African nationalist has constantly preached the need for inter-racial and intertribal tolerance and cooperation. And he has given new heart to those who still want to believe that Kenya can provide an example of harmonious race relations despite all the economic and social complexities involved. There is little doubt, too, that Kenyatta is a force for moderation within the present KANU government. For instance, shortly after the defeat of the opposition party, when it talked openly of setting up a rival state to escape KANU domination, it was Kenyatta who refused to countenance the imprisonment of the opposition leader involved.

Age may well have played a part in mellowing Kenyatta's outlook; but also, it is beyond doubt that he has a deep-seated, sincere longing to be not just the leader of Kenya as leader of the strongest tribe, but a generally acclaimed leader with popular support irrespective of tribal affiliation, such as Julius Nyerere enjoys in neighboring, more closely knit Tanganyika.

Rivals for power

On historical precedent the Kikuyu will not accept a leader from other than their own tribe; but neither the Deputy Prime Minister, Mr. Muringi, nor the Finance Minister, Mr. Gichuru, who are moderate, balanced men from the right tribe, can compare as a personality with arrogant thirty-two-year-old Tom Mboya, Justice Minister, or flam-

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Report on Kenya

boyant Odinga Oginga, Minister for Internal Affairs. Both of these derive from the Luo peoples, of almost pure Nilotic stock, who with the Kamba, the third, and only warrior, element in the KANU coalition, have, through their rather uneasy alliance with the Kikuyu, enabled the present government to gain a majority of the voting strength of the country.

Odinga Oginga is indeed a strange figure: hail-fellow-well-met one moment, then breaking into rages of epileptic intensity without warning; strongly Communist inclined, and openly deriving his political financial support from Red China. Odinga's real strength, however, flows from the fact that he is the undisputed leader of the Luo and the parliamentary members they send to Nairobi, and that in his bitter rivalry with Tom Mboya he has ousted the latter from virtually any share of tribal support.

Mboya, at the last election, despite his undoubted abilities and international repute, had to fight to barely win a seat in Nairobi, mainly inhabited by Asians and detribalized African city dwellers. The trouble with Tom Mboya is that all his training gives him a Western outlook and sophistication against his instincts, and this fact, combined with his overweening conceit, has piled so many chips on his shoulders that he may yet turn out to be the most dangerous figure in Kenya politics. Meanwhile, Mboya has worked to get all the funds he can from capitalist, and especially American, sources on the excuse that these are to be used not just to forward his own aims but to combat Odinga's Red-backed influence.

Both men are unashamed advocates of a one-party autocratic state without the encumbrances of an opposition, and both would like to succeed Kenyatta as Prime Minister when he dies, or even before then.

The opposition's strength

The Somalis, the Hamitic, Kalenjin, and Masai peoples, long renowned for their fierce pride and fighting prowess, are particularly apprehensive of coming under the

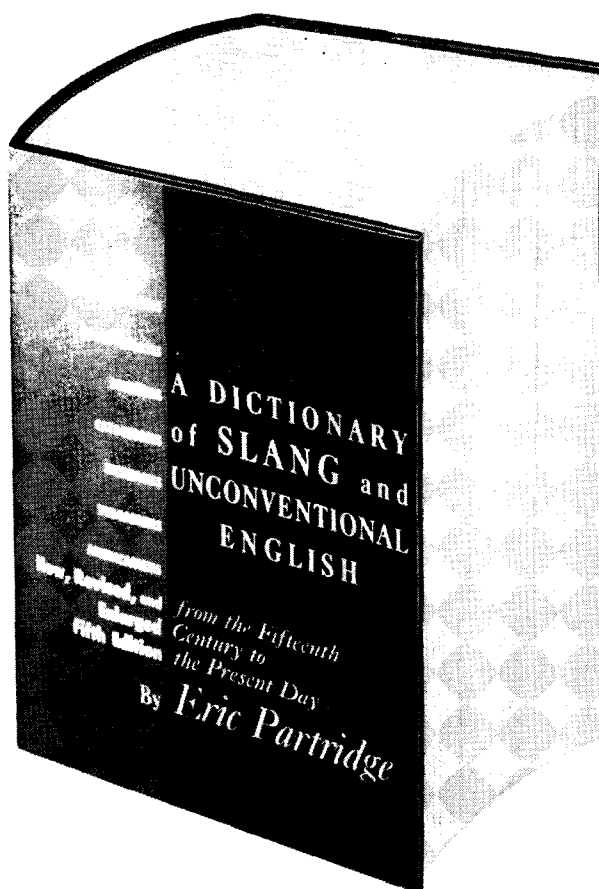
leadership of a tribe they have always despised for their physical traits, yet envied intellectually. These are not the only enemies the clever Kikuyu have to face. The Coast peoples, although also of Bantu stock, have over the centuries been much affected by racial intermingling with Arabs and other non-Africans and consequently are much more easygoing and tolerant than their neighbors in the interior, even in these days of racial tension.

In the northeast part of the country, too, live a tribe, the Abeluya, who feel a burning sense of resentment at the minority role they inevitably have to play in Kenya. Despite the fact that they represent the largest single ethnological unit in East Africa, the accident of history has divided them between Kenya, Uganda, and Tanganyika against their will.

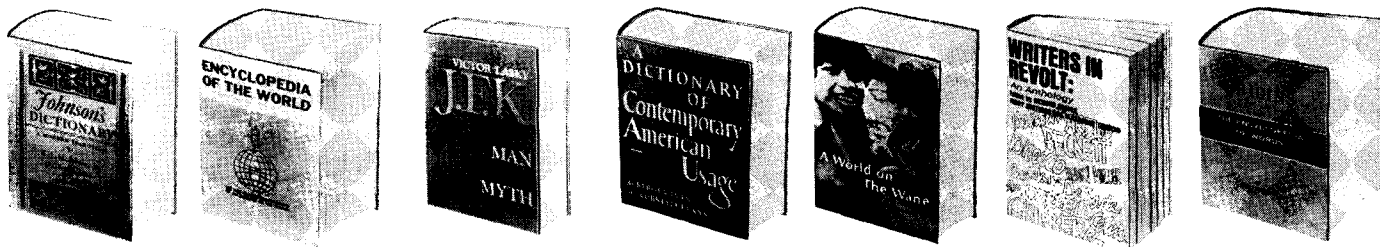
Tensions were heightened at the end of 1963, when last-minute amendments to the constitution, shifting more power to the center, aroused suspicions in the minds of the inhabitants of the rural areas that fresh attempts would soon be made to erode other precious safeguards, including tribal control of individual landholdings. These country dwellers form the hard core of the official opposition party, the Kenya African Democratic Union, numbering at the last election about one third of Kenya's total population and occupying about two thirds of the whole land area.

Of all the difficulties and dangers ahead it is the Somali problem which presents the most immediate danger to Kenya's security. The Somalis, Arabic Muslims, are wild, nomadic people, comparatively few in number, who occupy about one third, mostly desert, of the whole country, and who are hostile to Negro rule from Nairobi. Their natural allegiance is across a largely undefined border to the independent republic of Somalia, which is keeping them well-provided with arms and ammunition.

Following Kenya's independence and the consequent removal of British military support, the three battalions of the Kenya African Rifles, comprising the whole of Kenya's Army, may have difficulty



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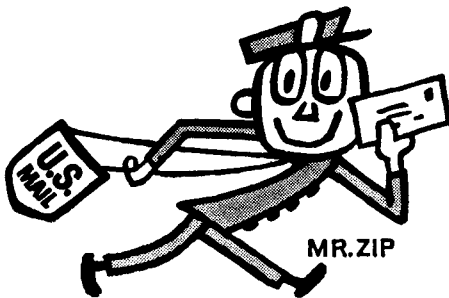
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Report on Kenya

preventing the secession of an area larger than England and Wales, especially when even these few troops are chiefly derived from tribes with a long history of hostility to the Kikuyu. Kenyatta has privately admitted that his only prospect of preventing the threatened breakup of his new country lies in Ethiopian support, but to many this does not seem a very solid basis for optimism.

The Europeans pull out

With all these undercurrents of disruption facing Kenya, it may be asked why it would not have been simpler to have dismantled the colony, a sixty-year-old European creation, and to have allowed its constituent parts to form two or three intrinsically coherent states. The answer lies in economics. Kenya has little or no mineral wealth or potentialities. Its prosperity, which provides a higher standard of living for all its people, of all races, than the great majority of African countries can hope to possess for decades, arises from its superb climate for agricultural purposes. Kenya is the natural garden of Africa: tea, coffee, sisal, luxury fruits and vegetables, and also pyrethrum can be grown in abundance both for domestic consumption and for export, in some cases producing two crops annually. European and, more recently, non-European farmers alike have waxed fat from these natural resources.

It is this very fact that is causing the biggest headaches to the rulers of Kenya. For as the Europeans, apprehensive about current political developments and unwilling to risk their lives and properties in defiance of the ever-growing clamor of the increasing African population for land, continue to pull out, the yield of their farms, subdivided into small holdings for peasant ownership, falls steadily. As it falls, so too do the export earnings of Kenya, while the import needs for a growing population go on increasing.

Up to now at least 400 European farming families have given up by individual sale, often at knockdown prices. As part of approved African resettlement schemes, covering, so far, one million acres, 750 more families have left or are to go. Another

resettlement scheme not yet detailed is certain to increase these figures in the next few years. Moreover, the British government, despite an obvious reluctance to reinforce so economically damaging an exodus, had to provide substantial sums to buy out about 250 more British settlers just on hardship grounds. This category includes age, infirmity, or isolation, especially of families comprising, for instance, widows with young children wholly unable to defend themselves if Mau Mau violence or something like it should recur. And there are grim signs in the revenge beatings and cattle-slashing assaults which have been on the increase.

However, it is not fear alone that is impelling Europeans to leave. Inevitably, under new, inexperienced administrators, day-to-day standards fall, roads are not maintained, telephone and postal services deteriorate, and social life is impaired as each separate departure leaves a gap leading to still more loneliness for those who stay behind.

The only bright side of the picture is that there are welcome signs of appreciation in the new Kenya government that a way must be found to prevent further disintegration of economically viable agricultural units, perhaps through cooperation on leases of evacuated farms to domestic or expatriate persons or firms with funds to run them properly.

It is no exaggeration to say that desire to hold the land, and to gain more, is the heartbeat behind every thought and action in Kenya, rousing passions even fiercer than human love. Experience has shown elsewhere, notably in Uganda and Nigeria, that internal frictions of a political or social nature can be kept within limits by federal or quasi-federal institutions, as has now been attempted in Kenya. Yet constitutional safeguards mean little to a nomadic tribesman, whose wandering herd of cattle represents not only his food but his social status and his currency too, particularly when he comes up against barriers around grazing land which he has always regarded as his own and which has been converted now to modern farmland. Until this situation is solved, Kenya will continue to be a source of unending anxiety in the councils of the Western world.

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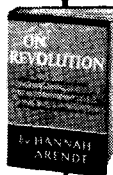
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THE most important event for West Germany last fall was the death of President Kennedy. The West Germans were shocked out of their usual somewhat soporific political mood, the result of years of settled government and of sober concentration on promoting their own economic well-being. The new Chancellor, Ludwig Erhard, announced early in December that the accession of President Johnson meant that his country was called upon to play a bigger role in relations between the United States and Europe.

Since becoming Chancellor, Erhard had already made several references to his belief in the need to merge "little Europe" with a more broadly based Atlantic community. He had plainly advertised his determination that the "Kennedy round" of tariff talks in the spring should succeed. It was not a coincidence that President Johnson's first talks with the head of a foreign government were with Chancellor Erhard. His Foreign Minister, Gerhard Schroeder, made immediate contact after President Kennedy's death with the British Foreign Secretary, R. A. Butler. They had several meetings in which they discussed the common interests of their countries.

Erhard's bigger role has, indeed, taken shape quickly. West Germany will act as a bridge between both the Europe of the Six and America, and between the Six and Britain. The West Germans, while implicitly recognizing the reality of the special relationship with France — embodied in the Franco-German Treaty of Cooperation, which Adenauer and De Gaulle signed last summer — were only too ready to show their desire to create a triangle of discussion with the United States and Britain.

Lower tariffs

Erhard is a fervent supporter of the new trade talks. From the first he has wanted the progressive lowering of external tariffs by the Six, and he must have been gravely alarmed when, early in December, it became known that his most influential partner, France, wanted the external tariffs on steel raised and would regard this as a useful

precedent for higher tariffs on other goods. Erhard wants a general lowering of tariffs in the Western world, partly because he is a confirmed free trader and partly because West Germany is peculiarly vulnerable to shrinking external markets which could result from the maintenance of a big tariff barrier around the Six. West Germany is essentially a trading nation and must continue to buy and sell on a big scale outside the Common Market as well as in it.

In the second place, Kennedy's death has made the West Germans more aware of their military vulnerability, since they face the Iron Curtain, and twenty-seven Russian and East German divisions are sitting on the other side of it. This awareness has made the West Germans the keenest protagonists of the American plan for the creation of a nuclear sea-force manned internationally or of some suitable alternative to it.

Among the German generals there have been misgivings about the force, partly on grounds of cost and partly because they feel that it adds very little to the effectiveness of Western defense. But these misgivings should blind nobody to the intense German desire to keep the United States fully involved in Europe, militarily as well as politically and economically. This is a much more important factor than any German desire to secure "nuclear equality" with its allies. The symbolic value of an American-European integrated nuclear force is, the Germans realize, considerable. It could become one of the pillars of a broadly based Atlantic community.

The farm vote

The third reason for West Germany's increasing alignment with the Anglo-Saxon powers is that both Erhard and Schroeder have become restive under a situation in which France has vigorously and unashamedly dominated the Europe of the Six. This situation has produced endless Franco-German differences over agricultural problems. The importance of these problems cannot, from the German point of view, be underrated. There will be a Federal election in the fall of 1965. The



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Report on West Germany

Social Democratic opposition may be expected to increase its vote, perhaps to somewhere around the 40 to 42 percent mark. This will not enable it to overtake the Christian Democrats; and Erhard — who has quickly begun to show a taste for power — intends to stand as Christian Democratic candidate for re-election as Chancellor.

One thing could defeat him: this is if the West German farmers, traditionally conservative in their politics, feel that they have been abandoned in their struggle to rationalize their form of landholding and their methods of agriculture. The farmer's vote could be the key to the 1965 election.

Erhard has been confronted by the French demand to settle outstanding agricultural issues before the new trade talks begin. The French intention is to standardize agricultural prices within the Common Market while maintaining or even increasing tariffs on agricultural imports from outside the Six. This intention was at the root of the "chicken war" with the United States, when higher tariffs were clamped onto imports of American poultry in order to enable France to build up its own poultry trade and sell its surplus to its Common Market partners.

The French have proposed that levies on imported foodstuffs should go to a central fund for financing the agricultural surpluses of the Six. And for "the Six" one can safely read "France," and only to a very minor extent, Italy or Holland. General de Gaulle's plan is to give France the most balanced economy in Europe and to create a thriving agricultural population which will become one of the pillars of his "France of 100 million Frenchmen."

There has been another factor in the West German desire to draw closer to America since President Kennedy's death. This was the intense interest, partly sentimental but largely rational, of the West German community in the person of the late President. The success of Kennedy's visit to West Germany last June became fully apparent, paradoxically,



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only after his death. The vast majority of Germans felt a genuine grief, and an even more oppressive sense of loss. One British newspaper even detected a temporary wave of anti-American feeling — because an American had murdered “our” President and because Europe’s future had suffered a bitter blow at the hands of “lawless” Texas.

West Germany’s new government

In all calculations of West Germany’s future alignment within the Western alliance as a whole, the retirement of Chancellor Konrad Adenauer has, of course, played a major part. For the past two years Adenauer has, in the opinion of many Germans, clung to De Gaulle’s coat-tails. The only reason why the Germans have appeared to acquiesce has been their deep-seated desire for reconciliation with the French people. An act of reconciliation has now been signed and sealed; it is inevitable that Germans will begin increasingly to think in terms of a partnership of equals with the French.

Although overshadowed by Kennedy’s death, Adenauer’s retirement was a momentous event for the Germans. It marked the end of an era in which a single man had imposed his authority on ministers, Parliament, and people to an astonishing degree, and in which he had applied his wisdom single-mindedly in their service. An era of paternalism ended with Adenauer’s resignation on October 15; and it must be admitted that a great many Germans heaved a sigh of relief.

Social Democrats had never ceased to wish him out of the way, regarding him as a disciple of Machiavelli who was too astute for them, and a “little German” who was totally uninterested in the reunification of his country. For, reunification would bring millions of Protestant North German voters into electoral calculations, and nearly four million inhabitants of Berlin, the city which some of Adenauer’s followers have called “heathen.”

The former Chancellor’s own Christian Democrats had begun to wish him out of the way, for one state election after another went

against them during the first half of 1963 while Adenauer was obstinately refusing to nominate Erhard as his successor and was deferring his own retirement until the last possible moment. The moment that he announced the operative date of October 15, the Bremen state election brought a sensational Christian Democratic success; in an opposition stronghold its vote rose by 10 percent while that of the Social Democrats remained barely constant.

The Chancellor’s retirement was an undisguised blessing for the Free Democrats. Their chairman, Erich Mende, had sworn never to serve under Adenauer. In October he entered the new Cabinet as Vice Chancellor and Minister for All-German Affairs. The coalition began to function smoothly; it had never done so under Adenauer. The new Cabinet became a real team, and members like Foreign Minister Schroeder and Kai-Uwe von Hassel, Minister of Defense, were given more scope for their undoubted talents.

Moreover, the large, amorphous center of the Christian Democratic Party, comprising three quarters of its members in the Bundestag, swung in favor of Erhard. These were yes men, some of them good enough committee members but none of them making any contribution to the formation of policy. They swung in favor of Erhard for two reasons: as Chancellor he was the dispenser of patronage, and as the director of the flourishing West German economy he was the talisman of victory for the 1965 Federal election. The Christian Democrats have been in power since 1949; they are alarmed at the thought that they might have to forfeit political power. Their herd instinct rallied them behind the new Chancellor.

Two other factors have helped to consolidate the new West German government. The first was the lack of restraint and common sense which Adenauer showed during his last weeks in office. On September 30 he was recommending that British Prime Minister Harold Macmillan should resign; on October 1 he was uttering a solemn warning about the machinations of the British Labour Party. During the next week he trenchantly criticized the American decision to send wheat to the Soviet

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Union, claimed to have offered an independent deal to Khrushchev by letter (the Russians denied this, and nobody knows whether such a letter was ever written), and referred to his British allies as "only half-friends." The comment of the London *Economist* was, "Cheerfully dropping a few last clangors, Dr. Adenauer is preparing to go." But the echo of the clangors lingered.

Democracy with a heart

The second factor in the consolidation of the Erhard government was the new Chancellor's own deportment. The man whom Adenauer declared to be "devoid of political talent" quickly showed his understanding of the foreign political situation. He met De Gaulle on the latter's home ground in Paris and was not overwhelmed. He stated his firm determination to look for a path to German unity, and expressed guarded approval of American probing of Soviet intentions and of Anglo-American interest in removing causes of East-West friction.

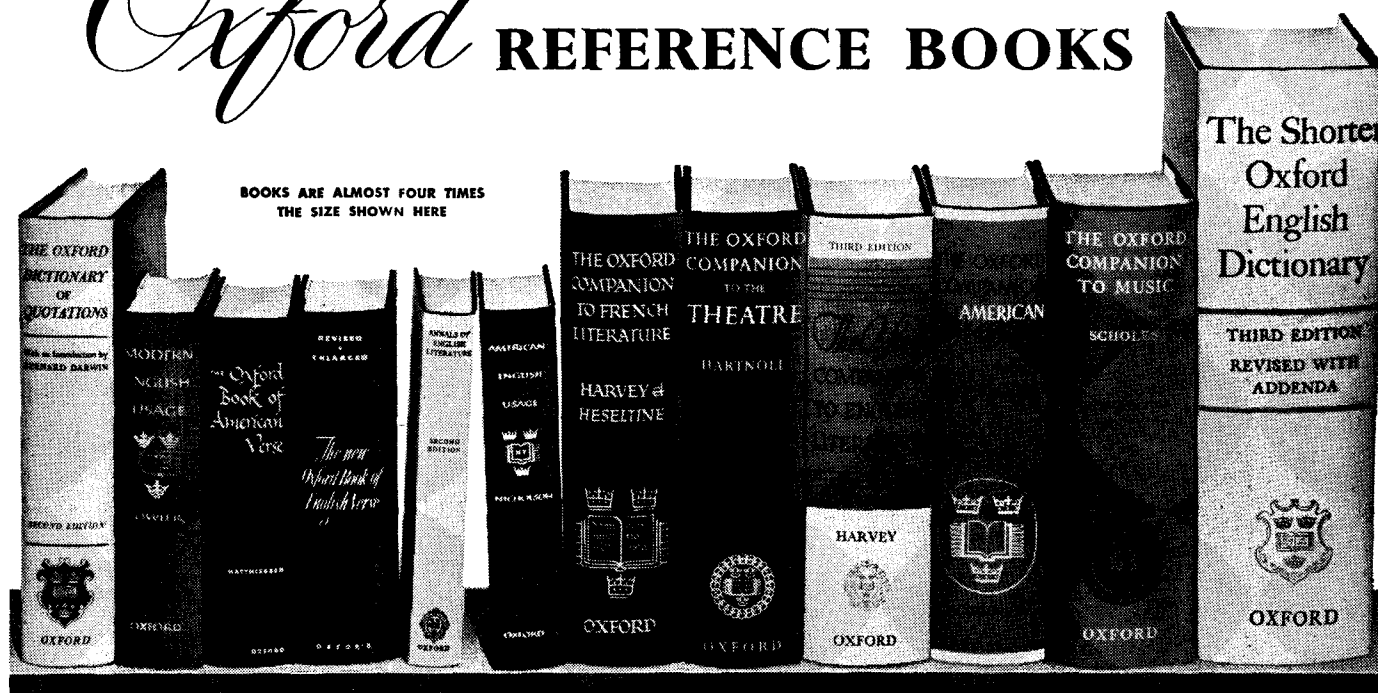
For the home political front he proclaimed "democracy with a heart," the founding of a classless society, and the arrest of "an exaggerated social policy which suggests to people that they can forever earn more while working less." Commentators in Bonn noted that he was coining some useful slogans but had no fear of making himself unpopular in the national interest.

The stability of the Erhard Administration quickly became an acknowledged fact. Erhard, indeed, came into a sound inheritance. More than ten million East German refugees had been fully integrated into the West German economy; seven million new homes had been built since 1950; exports were once again rising quicker than imports; trade union agitation for higher wages had waned, and the impetus of the trade union movement had declined as a result of so many union demands being met. In spite of the failure in October of the Stinnes Bank and the rumors in November of financial difficulty in the mighty Krupp steel and engineering combine, the new Administration inherited a buoyant national economy.

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LETTERS TO AND FROM THE EDITOR



Children who need adoption

SIR:

The article, "Children Who Need Adoption," by Rael Jean Isaac in the November *Atlantic* gave me some concern about the effect which this article will have on the general public, which does not have access to information and statistics which refute much of what the author has stated.

If the statistics for the years 1958 through 1963 for the state of Connecticut were quoted correctly they would read, "In 1959 there were 1092 adoptions of which 47% were by stepparents or other relatives. Fifty-three (53) percent were by non-related persons, and 21% of this group who were not related to the adopting parents were placed independently while 79% were placed by public and voluntary agencies."

In the following year, 1960, there was a total of 1112 adoptions, an increase of 20. Of this total 49 percent were adopted by stepparents or other relatives, 51 percent (573) were adopted by unrelated persons; 4 percent of this number were independent placements, and 96 percent were placed by public and voluntary child-placing agencies. Since 1960 the total number of adoptions has continued to increase, as has the number adopted by nonrelated persons. In 1963 there were 699 children adopted by nonrelated persons. Of this group less than 3 percent were independent placements and approximately 97 percent placed by public and private agencies.

Although I cannot speak for the agencies in the country as a whole, I can speak for all the agencies in

Connecticut in relation to the author's statements indicating that adoption agencies are rigid and unrealistic in their requirements of adoptive parents. All of the Connecticut agencies have reviewed their policies so that maximum age of adoptive parents, ownership of home, accessibility of office, are not requisites.

BERNARD SHAPIRO, COMMISSIONER
*State Welfare Department
Hartford, Conn.*

What actually seems to have happened in Connecticut, from Mr. Shapiro's statistics, is that when the law first went into effect in 1959 there was a ten percent drop in nonrelative adoptions and there was a dramatic pickup in 1961. The figure of 254 adoptions in 1959 should not be compared in the case of Delaware to the subsequent figures which are only for adoptions by unrelated persons. Such adoptions did go from 144 in 1960 to 128 in 1962.

The reader must decide whether the error has any bearing upon the central argument of the article—that since adoption agencies have no real body of knowledge concerning how to select adoptive applicants and rely instead largely upon arbitrary requirements, the lifeline of independent placement, with careful supervision of adoptive couples by the investigative agencies of the court, must be kept open.

—RAEL JEAN ISAAC

SIR:

While this is by no means the only point on which I disagree with the article "Children Who Need Adoption," I do feel compelled to call to your attention a glaring error of fact, which I am sure you will want to correct. I refer to the assertion that there are in Massachusetts

a substantial number of foster children eligible for adoption who cannot be placed because "the state will permit them to go only to Catholic homes."

This statement by your author is totally inaccurate. There is no such large group of children, and there is no basis for suggesting that the religious provisions in Massachusetts statutes prevent available children from being placed for adoption.

JOHN R. MCGAUGHEY, DIRECTOR
*Division of Child Guardianship
State Department of Public Welfare
Boston, Mass.*

SIR:

As the author of the first study cited by Rael Jean Isaac, I am concerned with the arbitrary selection of data that served to distort findings concerning selection of adoptive parents. Her selection of evidence overemphasizes the tendencies of caseworkers to disagree with each other. Additional distortion is provided when conclusions from the data and her interpretations are mixed indiscriminately in the same paragraphs.

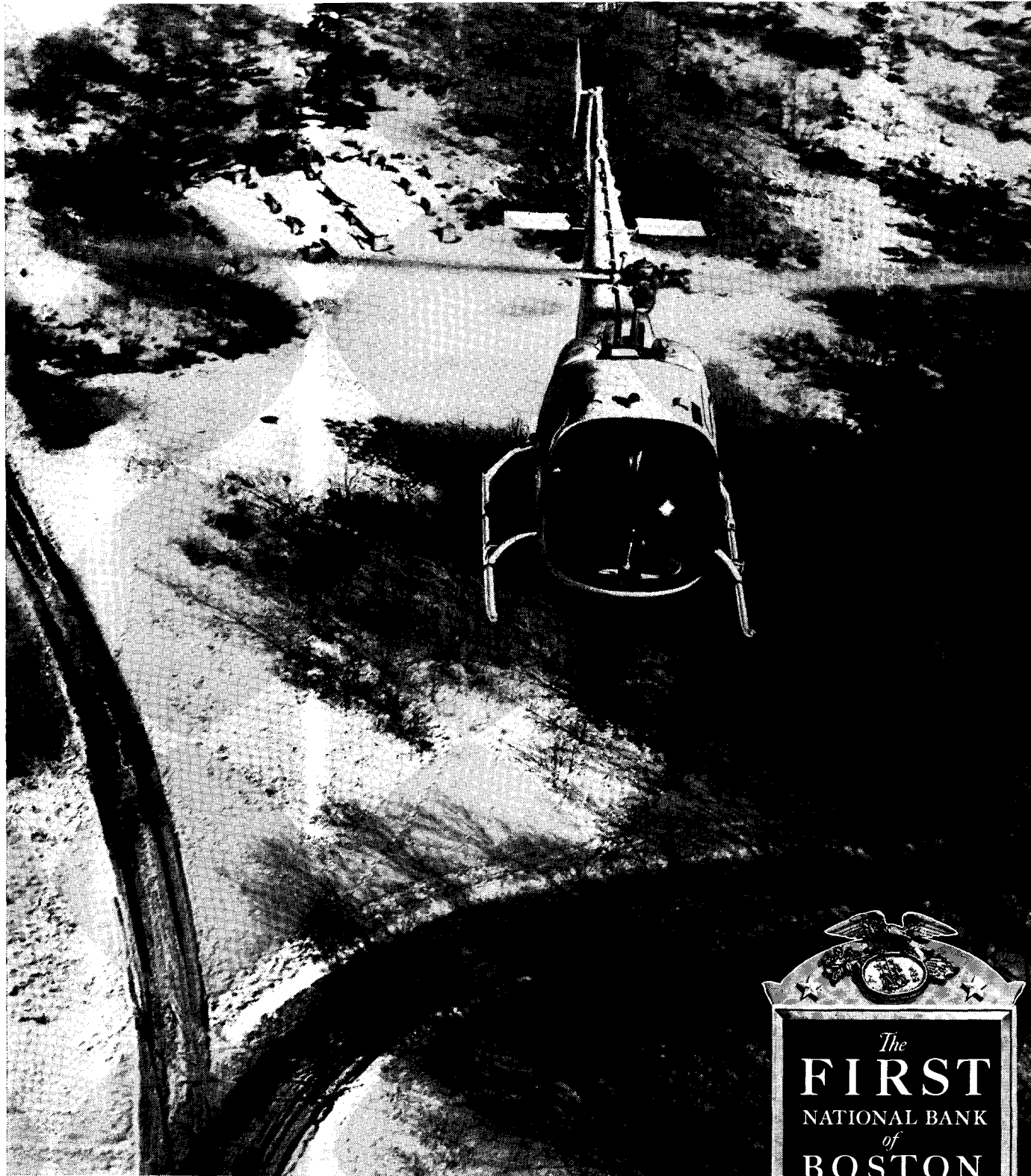
Do adoption agencies really deserve such a bitter one-sided attack? As a research psychologist, I have been especially impressed with the willingness of caseworkers in adoption to participate in research that is sure to reveal shortcomings in their practice.

DONALD BRIELAND
*State Department of Mental Health
Springfield, Ill.*

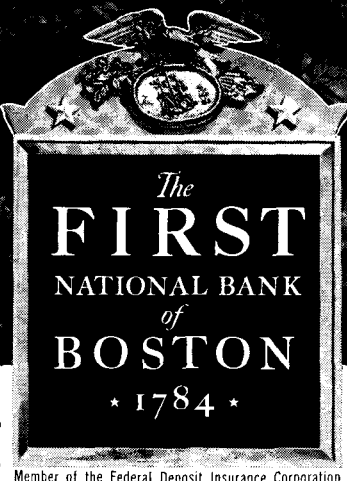
SIR:

Mrs. Isaac's article may be a radical view, but it is also a realistic

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view. In twelve years of study of adoption in the United States and Canada I have seen much of what Mrs. Isaac portrays. I also agree that the current drive to monopolize adoption services in the hands of agencies and thus to make independent adoption placements difficult, if not impossible, is by no means in the interest of all children who need families. Also, in the kind of society like ours, in which different interest groups have unequal power, the members of minority religious groups, such as Jews and the non-affiliated, receive discriminatory treatment as potential adopters if independent adoption is abolished.

You have done a service to children and to many would-be adoptive parents by giving a hearing to this point of view.

H. DAVID KIRK
Associate Professor of Social Work
McGill University
Montreal, Canada

SIR:

I read with interest and considerable concern the article "Children Who Need Adoption." I shall not comment to any extent on a number of inaccuracies presented: the mistaken, outmoded concept of "matching" which the author presents; the lack of any recognition of the need for protection of the child and the adoptive parents in independent placements; the statement that the black market in babies is practically defunct.

Rather, I should like to point out a glaring error made specifically in regard to Maryland. The writer of the article stated that in Maryland a couple must register, "generally with the Department of Public Welfare, before taking a child into their home. . . ." True, a number of years ago a registration law was in effect in this state. This was repealed, however, in 1950 — chapter sixty-three of the Acts of the Legislature. The registration statute has been dead for over thirteen years, and I shall appreciate your calling this fact to the attention of your readers.

RALEIGH C. HOBSON, DIRECTOR
State Department of Public Welfare
Baltimore, Md.

SIR:

We wish to commend you for the excellent article "Children Who Need Adoption."

In reading over the statistics, we notice that there seems to be an error concerning adoptions in Connecticut. In 1959, New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania had a general increase in adoptions of 25 percent while Connecticut had a decline of 10 percent. This means that Connecticut had an actual drop of 35 percent in relation to the surrounding states. Although the number of unrelated adoptions in Connecticut has risen so that it is now higher than it was in 1958, before the elimination of private placements, it should be noted that Connecticut has been releasing more children for adoption who are in foster care than in the years prior to 1959, and has been bringing in children from overseas.

In spite of the fact that Connecticut offers better facilities and aid to unwed mothers, the Department of Welfare had to admit that many unwed mothers are leaving the state to place their babies privately. Surveys have shown that a certain number of unwed mothers will never go to agencies. We believe New Jersey has the best solution concerning this problem, in that every adoption receives a complete home study prior to legalization.

MRS. ARTHUR GLICKMAN
Adoptive Parents Committee
West Englewood, N. J.

SIR:

Publication of Rael Jean Isaac's article by a magazine of the stature of the *Atlantic* is regrettable. The author chooses extreme examples of rigid and inconsistent agency practice, skillfully uses and distorts these into an attack on adoption agencies, at a time when, as she truthfully points out, the number of adoptable infants is increasing and the number of couples seeking to adopt is decreasing because of improved methods of treating infertility, and other factors.

The basic principle of agency adoption is to find for each child entrusted to its care and custody the family best able to meet his needs, and to protect the interests of the child, who cannot speak for himself. Most adoption agencies do not have rigid requirements on age and absolute infertility, but seek couples who are reasonably mature, happily married, and able to give affection and care to a child not born to them. Many agencies accept couples with one or more of their own or their

adopted children; third and fourth placements are becoming common.

GEORGE K. WYMAN, COMMISSIONER
State Department of Social Work
Albany, N. Y.

The international poultry traffic
SIR:

Charles W. Morton's article, "The International Poultry Traffic," in your November Accent on Living is the most irresponsible piece of journalism I've seen. He is saying, in effect, that an international "Cosa Nostra" in Switzerland is deliberately sabotaging American chicken in Western European markets by deflavoring it. His theory is that consumers will begin to hate it, hence us.

American poultry exporters developed a 180,000,000-pound-a-year market in Europe as the result of a lot of hard work since 1956. The European Economic Community scuttled most of this in 1962 by tripling the tariff on poultry almost overnight (the levy is now almost 48 percent of the value). The Six have openly sabotaged us in a highly functional high-rise office building in Brussels, not cloak-and-dagger boys "behind the discreet facade" of a Geneva mansion.

You might also tell Mr. Morton the American broiler industry wouldn't know what a "battery-bred" broiler looked like outside of a scientific laboratory. He owes it to himself to see at least one modern farm and taste one "porcelain-finished" broiler or turkey, although industry people who have read his ridiculous statement wish he were a porcelain Chanticleer!

WILLIAM A. HAFFERT, JR.
Garden State Publishing Company (Business Farming, Eastern Feed Merchant, Broiler Industry, Poultry Digest, Petfood Industry)
Sea Isle City, N. J.

It is always a satisfaction to have the reaction of a disinterested and thoughtful reader.

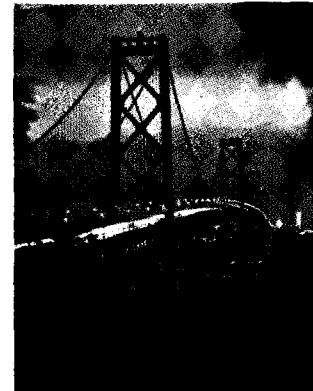
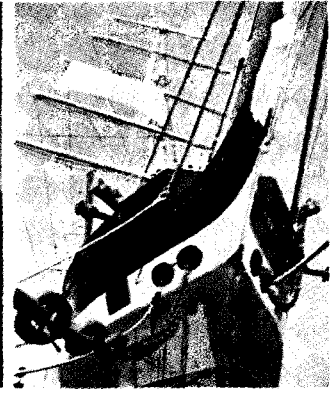
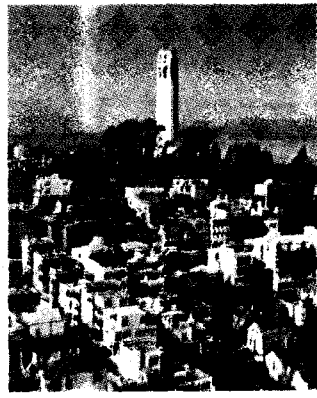
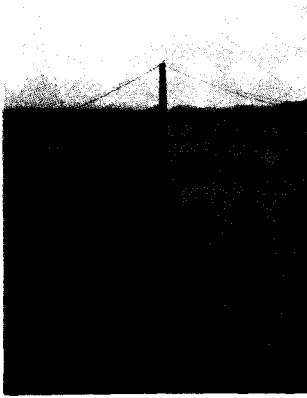
— CHARLES W. MORTON

A correction

SIR:

In reference to your Report on Washington (December *Atlantic*, page 8), I'm afraid our Arizona neighbors will resent your donation of their eighty-six-year-old Senator Carl Hayden to New Mexico.

AMANDA IRVIN
Rosemead, Calif.



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JOHN FITZGERALD KENNEDY

1917-1963

It is in keeping with the ATLANTIC tradition that we should strive to give the long view of our late President. We turn to Harvard's leading historian, Samuel Eliot Morison, for an estimate of President Kennedy's place in history; then to Archibald MacLeish, the poet, for the speech that he delivered in the presence of the President at the dedication of the Robert Frost Library at Amherst College last October; and finally, because there is solace for us all in listening to the magnificent words with which the President himself rose to an occasion, we quote the stirring passages in which he paid his tribute to Mr. Frost and identified himself, as no President before him has done so poignantly, with "books and men and learning." — THE EDITOR

A EULOGY

BY SAMUEL ELIOT MORISON

THE last time I spoke with President Kennedy was in February, 1963. I had come to Washington to obtain the support of the Foreign Service for the last phase of my Columbus work — a joint flying expedition with a friend from Bogotá to photograph all islands and places that Columbus discovered. I had an appointment with McGeorge Bundy; and after I told him what I wanted, he said, "Wouldn't you like to see the President?" Of course I would; so McGeorge, after peeking through a crack in the door to the President's study to make sure that he was not busy with someone else, let me in. Mr. Kennedy greeted me cordially, asked me what I was about to do, approved it, and then, instead of waving me out, called my attention to a model of the clipper ship *Flying Cloud*, which had just been given to him. That led to a talk about her history and her all-time sailing record of eighty-nine days New York to San Francisco, around Cape Horn. The President, without conveying any feeling that I should retire, showed me some of the other ship pictures and models in his study, and left it to me to decide when to leave. That was typical of Jack Kennedy. No matter how urgent and weighty were the affairs of state, he could always find time

to greet an acquaintance in the easy, unhurried manner of a gentleman meeting an old friend.

President Kennedy had a great sense of history. He studied it in college, read it extensively after he graduated, wrote a good book on American history, *Profiles in Courage*, and regarded his Administration as picking up and continuing the central liberal, Jeffersonian tradition in American history. As an example of this, I recall his rebuke, on January 9, 1961, a few days before his inauguration, to the General Court of Massachusetts, which had become almost a symbol of corruption. Instead of clichés and comfortable platitudes about the dear old Bay State, he quoted the words of Governor Winthrop, to the effect that the people of Massachusetts should always remember that they were "a city upon a hill," under "the eyes of all people." The lesson, I fear, has not been deeply heeded, despite Governor Peabody's efforts to drive it home.

Courage Mr. Kennedy never lacked: courage to differ publicly from the appeasement ideas of his father and elder brother; courage as an MTB commander in the last war, when, his *PT-109* sliced in two by a Japanese destroyer and sunk, Skipper Kennedy assisted in rescuing the floating survivors;

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even towed one of them, his burned engineer officer, ashore by gripping the tie-ties of the man's life jacket with his teeth. After reaching shore, Lieutenant Kennedy did not relax but swam out into the sound in the hope of intercepting a rescue vessel, was in the water all night and just able to make shore in the morning. A severe injury to his back resulted from that brave night's work, but Jack Kennedy never let it keep him from active life. His courage, however, was not the bullheaded courage of Theodore Roosevelt; he had patience, he could wait, and work quietly for his New Frontier program. Witness his patience with the slow-moving Congress; T.R. would long ago have exploded and called names. Kennedy added serenity to courage, and that quality made him all the more effective.

Courage alone is not enough qualification for a President of the United States, but it is one of the qualifications of a great one, like John Quincy Adams, the President whom Mr. Kennedy most admired. Calvin Coolidge, the one Massachusetts President between Adams and Kennedy, won his reputation in history, such as it is, by evading great issues. John F. Kennedy, on the contrary, made his reputation by meeting them head on. He came to the presidency at a crisis in the cold war; and whether future historians will say he was right or wrong in refusing American aid to the 1961 invasion of Cuba, I do not dare to predict. But there can be no doubt that his courageous confrontation of Khrushchev in the matter of the Russian missiles in Cuba not only saved our country from a deadly menace, but convinced the Soviets that they had best be wary in the future. It was a turning point for the better in our relations with the Communist world.

In a high degree Mr. Kennedy had the power of decision, and of correct decision, too. For him there were no hesitations, no faltering, no sleepless, tossing nights; but a quick, intensive study of all possibilities, conferences with members of his inner Cabinet who were best cognizant of the situation, and the decision was made.

Defense was one of President Kennedy's weightiest problems. He inherited a situation in which the Soviets had atomic capability at least equal to ours, and at a time when the shibboleth of "massive deterrent" was obsolete. He had to decide between differing estimates of Army, Navy, and Air Force officers, and of many civilians and leaders of industry too, how best to spend what the country could afford on weapons. With a keen sense of reality, he opted for paring down the strategic bomber force and building up the ICBM, yet not neglecting mobile naval and military striking forces for limited objectives. No other President, except Lincoln and Franklin D. Roosevelt, has had to make so many

decisions vital to his country as Mr. Kennedy was forced to make in the two years and ten months of his Administration.

Amid conflicting issues of foreign policy and defense, Mr. Kennedy always kept before him the objective of world peace, with the premise that we can only maintain peace through strength, not weakness. He consistently, insistently, sought détente with Soviet Russia. The test-ban treaty may in the future be considered the crowning glory of his short Administration; but he knew very well that it was only a beginning. Although I do not claim to be privy to his thoughts, I believe that he felt there existed a certain community of interest between the United States and Russia, upon which he must build; that the really great menace to our civilization is Communist China; and that by careful diplomacy we may gain Russia for the side of the free world.

Among the many domestic issues which President Kennedy had to face, the most serious was that which has been called the Negro revolution of the 1960s. This, too, he faced courageously, and, I may add in no pejorative sense, politically; for he knew that in the framework of our federal system there are limits to what the federal government can do. What the Kennedy Administration did in this respect fell short of the demands and expectations of many liberals and Negroes, yet went far ahead of what the Southern white Democrats regarded as wise or even possible. On this subject the President made his own fresh estimates and decisions. He saw clearly that after a century of freedom, and in an era when native Africans were becoming independent, the American Negro could no longer be denied the full rights and privileges of American citizenship, which actually had been promised to him almost a century ago.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY was remarkable not only for his courage and wisdom in meeting the challenges of our day; he chose to take the most important steps ever made by a President of the United States to foster literature and the arts. A product of Boston and of Harvard, he did what John Quincy Adams tried but failed to do: he transplanted the cultural values of that community to Washington, D. C. Mrs. Kennedy, his fair partner in this enterprise, by her excellent taste and boundless energy transformed the White House into a residence worthy of the chief magistrate of the Republic, which it never had been. At the presidential inauguration, Mr. Kennedy gave a principal role to New England's and America's favorite poet, Robert Frost. At a party in the White House for the American Nobel Prize winners, which my wife and

I had the honor to attend, and which was conducted with an elegance that no European court could have surpassed, he entertained American writers, artists, and scholars of all races. And, as an example of his wit, the President addressed his guests thus: "This is the most extraordinary collection of talent, of human knowledge, that has ever been gathered together at the White House -- with the possible exception of when Thomas Jefferson dined alone!"

In view of the fact that previous presidential administrations have been largely indifferent to the arts, President and Mrs. Kennedy's effort has been of vast significance in making the cultural aspects of American civilization respected; within three years the capital city, hitherto an artistic and literary desert, has become one of the leading cultural centers of the United States. And all that Mr. Kennedy did was done with such grace and humor. For instance, when, two years ago, a Boston club gave me a dinner in honor of the completion of my naval history, President Kennedy, at that time in conference with Prime Minister Macmillan in Washington, was asked to send me a message. Instead of doing the conventional thing, he telegraphed to the chairman, Professor Howard Mumford Jones, "I want to assure Admiral Morison that I am doing my best to revitalize American maritime history. Prime Minister Macmillan and I will drink a toast to Professor Morison as we sail down the Potomac in the *Honey Fitz*. I hope that we can sustain the high traditions of seamanship and craftsmanship which he has set for so many readers and friends." Truly, it may be said of Mr. Kennedy, as was said of another great man of Irish stock, Oliver Goldsmith, *Nihil tetigit quid non conavit*.

Incidentally, I wish to point out that, with the exception of Abraham Lincoln, the Presidents of the United States who have done most for the people, who stand highest in the estimation of historians, were gentlemen born and bred -- aristocrats in the proper meaning of that much abused word. These Presidents were Washington, both Adamses, Jefferson, both Roosevelts, Wilson, and Kennedy. Is it not significant that all these great Presidents were well-educated men of gentle background and upbringing?

By the time John F. Kennedy acceded to the presidency in 1961, the turbulence and fanaticism of what we call McCarthyism had subsided, but the evil done by that sinister figure in our history has

lingered on, nourishing black hatred and lunatic fringes of the left and the right. Let us hope that President Johnson may cope with this menace and do his utmost to protect the United States from being torn apart by factions who would turn our country into something very different from the free, liberty-loving Republic that our fathers founded.

In the advance release of the speech which President Kennedy intended to deliver in Dallas on that fatal Friday, November 22, he declared, "America today is stronger than ever before." He begged his country to exercise its strength "with wisdom and restraint . . . that we may achieve in our time and for all time the ancient vision of peace on earth, goodwill toward men." For, said he, "As was written long ago, 'Except the Lord keep the city, the watchman waketh but in vain.'" American policy, he said, must be guided by learning and reason, "Or else those who confuse rhetoric with reality, and the plausible with the possible, will gain the popular ascendancy with their seemingly swift and simple solutions to every world problem. . . . Voices are heard in the land," continued the President's text, "voices preaching doctrines wholly unrelated to reality, wholly unsuited to the sixties, doctrines which apparently assume . . . that peace is a sign of weakness."

"We cannot expect that everyone . . . will 'talk sense' to the American people, but we can hope that fewer people will listen to nonsense. And the notion that this nation is headed for defeat through deficit, or that strength is but a matter of slogans, is nothing but just plain nonsense."

Alas, that we shall never again see that bright, vivid personality, whose every act and every appearance made us proud of him, and who gave us fresh confidence in our country, even in ourselves. Alas, that we shall not again hear that ringing, virile voice, those words, so well chosen and phrased, in such perfect diction. With his death something died in each one of us; yet something of him will live in us forever.

So I close, thanking God for giving us a President such as John Fitzgerald Kennedy, praying the Almighty to have mercy on this whole land, and so to rule the heart of His servant President Lyndon Johnson that he may execute justice, maintain truth, and carry forward the work of his predecessor in bringing internal peace to this troubled country and eternal peace among the nations.

Reprints of our tribute to the late President are available for those who wish them.

THE GIFT OUTRIGHT

BY ARCHIBALD MACLEISH

THIS is not the first time I have assisted a President of the United States to start a library. The first occasion was some twenty-odd years ago at Hyde Park in the state of New York, where a building had been constructed to house the papers of Franklin Delano Roosevelt; which was all very well except for two facts: that I was Librarian of Congress at the time, having just been appointed to that office by Mr. Roosevelt, and that the Library of Congress, until the date of my appointment, had itself been the usual repository for presidential papers.

Mr. Roosevelt's invitation to me to speak at Hyde Park — if "invitation" is the word I want — was, I daresay, kindly meant; there was to be nothing personal about the affront. But it is one thing for an invitation to be kindly meant and another thing altogether to accept it in kind, particularly when it involves a speech by the director of the library to which invaluable papers *ought* to have gone, celebrating the opening of the library to which they are going. I made, I am told, a memorable impression. Indeed, my friend and classmate Dean Acheson, on whose unfailing candor I have always been able to rely whether I wanted to or not, assured me on my return to Washington that no public servant in the history of the Republic had ever appeared to better advantage with his pants firmly caught in the crack of the door.

There are differences, of course, between that day and this. I don't work for Mr. Kennedy; or if I do, it is from the private heart, not from public office. And as for the Library of Congress, it has long since grown accustomed to the alienation of hoped-for papers, some having been alienated as far west as Independence, Missouri. But whatever else is altered, the fact remains that a library, or the idea of a library, is here again in process of inauguration by a President of the United States and that I seem again to be part of the proceedings. If precedents mean anything in this revolving world,

the probability must be very great indeed that no good will come of it.

No good, that is, to me. Amherst can be more hopeful. And so too can this October valley and the old, soft, lovely hills off to the west of it where I have lived for half a biblical lifetime. The people of this countryside may forget in ordinary human course what anyone says on this occasion, but they will remember for many, many years that a young and gallant President of the United States, with the weight of history heavy upon his shoulders, somehow found time to come to our small corner of the world to talk of books and men and learning.

I say "small corner," not in modesty but in *Yankee* modesty, which is a different thing. We may not be as conspicuous at this end of the Commonwealth, Mr. President, as some you must have heard of at the other, but we bear up. We remind ourselves that it was a citizen of this very town of Amherst who was once described by a famous daughter as "too intrinsic for renown," and we like to think that now, nearly a century after Edward Dickinson's death, there are still men in these valley villages and up along the Deerfield, Bardwell's Ferry way, and in the hills behind, who deserve the tribute of Emily's unfractured crystal of pure poetry, pure praise. But whether we are right or not — whether we and our neighbors are too intrinsic for renown or merely too remote for notoriety — we know an honor when we see one, and your presence here we take to be just that: an honor to this college and these counties and ourselves.

Not to mention Robert Frost. For Frost, of course, is another matter, as he always was. There is an old Gaelic tale of the West Highlands called "The Brown Bear of the Green Glen," which has a whiskey bottle in it so definitively full that not a drop can be added, and so fabulously copious that nothing is lost, no matter how you drink it. Frost's fame is like that bottle: it can't be added to because it is full already, and it won't draw down however

it is drunk. We may name a library for him. We may go further than that; we may give his name to the first general library ever to be called for a poet in America, which is what this library will be. We may pass even that superlative of honor; we may designate as his the first general library but one in the entire world to bear a poet's name — the one being the A. S. Pushkin State Public Library in farthest Kazakhstan in the U.S.S.R. We may do what we please. Nothing whatever will have happened to the bottle; it will merely continue to be full.

This, I suggest, is a phenomenon which might well concern us on this particular occasion — the secret of that bottle. Is it the mere bulk and body of the fame which keeps it so miraculously brimming — the fact that no poet of our age, with the single exception of Yeats himself, had as much fame in his lifetime as Frost had at the end of his? Is it the quantity of the reputation, the number of people who knew Frost's name or recognized him on the streets or crowded into those wonderful talkings which some called readings and lined up afterward for autographs they rarely got?

I doubt it, and so do you. We know a little in our time and country about fame in bulk and its effect on lasting fame. At least we know what happens when a whole new industry is established, dedicated to nothing but the manufacture, in larger and larger quantities and in shorter and shorter periods of time, of crude bulk reputation; we have seen its fruits. If great actresses are in short supply, as they invariably are, two or three to a century being about all the natural processes can produce, the industry will assemble you a dozen assorted Greatest Actresses in a single season, inflate them with adjectives, and launch them like blimps to float about for a year or three or maybe five or longer. But then what happens to them? Or to the greatest novels, the greatest plays, detergents, sedatives, cigarettes, laxatives, which circle with them?

Or even to the greatest men. And even when they are great? For the industry processes everyone, true as well as false. Let the actual thing itself appear — Keats's seldom-appearing Socrates in fact and in the flesh — and the assembly line will multigraph him and pass him current by every mechanical means until nothing is left of the single, human fact of the man himself but his bubble reputation in as many million mouths as the new technology can activate. It takes an Einstein to survive it. And even Einstein had reason to be grateful for the isolation of his vast achievement out among the galaxies of space and mind where the copywriters couldn't follow.

Yet Frost too survived, and with no such adventitious aid. Everything about him — the seem-

ing simplicity of his poems, the silver beauty of his head, his age, his Yankee tongue, his love of talk, his ease upon a lecture platform — everything combined to put him within easy reach — which still could not quite reach him. No one in my time upon this planet was so pursued by fame as Frost, so "publicized" in the specific sense and meaning of that word. But even now, a few months after his death, the "public image," as the industry would call it, has already begun to change like elms in autumn, leaving enormous branches black and clean against the sky.

Frost too, it seems, but in a different way, an opposite way, is "too intrinsic for renown," too intrinsic for renown to touch. Something in the fame resists the fame as burning maple logs — rock maple, anyway — resist the blaze. And what it is, I think we know. At least there is an evening, not many years ago or many blocks from here, an evening others in this room remember, which might tell us. It was his eightieth birthday. Frost had been in New York where every possible honor, including some not possible, had been paid him, and returning here to Amherst and his friends, he fell to talking of what honor really was, or would be: to leave behind him, as he put it, "a few poems it would be hard to get rid of." It sounds a modest wish, but Frost knew, as his friends knew, that it wasn't. Poems are not monuments, shapes of stone to stand and stand. Poems are speaking voices. And a poem that is hard to get rid of is a voice that is hard to get rid of. And a voice that is hard to get rid of is a man. What Frost wanted for himself in the midst of all that praise was what Keats had wanted for himself in the midst of no praise at all: to be among the English poets at his death, the poets of the English tongue.

Which means something very different from being talked about or passed from mouth to mouth by reputation. Reputation — above all, literary reputation — is a poor thing. It rises and falls. Consideration leads to reconsideration, fashions change, and no one yet has heard the verdict of posterity because posterity has never come. Frost will be praised and then neglected and then praised again like all the others. It wasn't reputation he was thinking of that wintry evening; it was something else. To be among the English poets is to *be*, to go on being. Frost wanted to go on being. And he has.

It is this fact — this actual and not at all imaginary or pretended fact — I wish to speak of for a moment: the persistence of this man. It has a certain relevance to what we do here. On the surface of these proceedings Frost's part in them is purely passive: nothing is asked of him but to receive the honor we now pay him and to relinquish a great name he does not own, having bequeathed

it to the future — three syllables to be carved above a doorway, Frost and stone to age together. In fact, however, if one includes among his facts the fact I speak of, these roles are quite reversed: like that of the citizens of Colonus at the death of Oedipus in Sophocles' great play, the passive part is ours. He gives; we take.

Not that Frost was Oedipus precisely, except, perhaps, in his constant readiness to talk back to sphinxes. But there is something in the ending of that myth that gives this myth of ours its meaning. You remember how it goes: the wretched, unhappy, humbled, hurt old king, badgered and abused by fate, gulled by every trick the gods can play on him, tangled in patricide and incest and in every guilt, snarled in a web of faithful falsehoods and affectionate deceptions and kind lies, exiled by his own proscription, blinded by his own hands, who, dying, has so great a gift to give that Thebes and Athens quarrel over which shall have him. You remember what the gift is too. "I am here," says Oedipus to Theseus, King of Athens, "to give you something, my own beaten self, no feast for the eyes. . . ." And why is such a gift worth having? Because Oedipus is about to die. But why should death give value to a gift like that? Because of the place where death will meet him:

I shall disclose to you, O son of Aegeus,
What is appointed for your city and for you —
Something that time will never wear away.
Presently now without a hand to guide me
I shall lead you to the place where I must die!¹

And what is that place? The Furies' wood which no man dares to enter, the frightening grove sacred to those implacable pursuers, ministers of guilt, who have hounded him across the world.

These things are mysteries, not to be explained,
But you will understand when you have come there.

The gift that Oedipus has to give is a great gift because that beaten, suffering self, no feast for the eyes, will face the dark pursuers at the end.

Frost, I said, was not Oedipus, and so he wasn't. But he too has that gift to give. And I can imagine

¹ Adapted from Robert Fitzgerald's translation, *Harcourt, Brace*.

some future reader of his poems in the library that will bear his name feeling, like Theseus, that the beaten and triumphant self has somehow, and mysteriously, been given *him* — a self not unlike the old Theban king's. Quarrelsome? Certainly, and not with men alone but gods. Tangled in misery? More than most men. But despairing? No. Defeated by the certainty of death? Never defeated. Frightened of the dreadful wood? Not frightened, either. A rebellious, brave, magnificent, far-wandering, unbowed old man, who made his finest music out of manhood and met the Furies on their own dark ground.

We do not live, I know, in Athens. We live now in an insignificant, remote, small suburb of the universe. Reality, if one can still speak of reality, is out beyond us in the light-years somewhere or farther inward than our eyes can see in the always redvisible divisibilities of matter that is only matter to eyes as dim and dull as ours. Homer's heroic world, where men could face their destinies and die, becomes to us, with our more comprehensive information, the absurd world of Sartre, where men can only die. And yet, though all our facts are changed, nothing has been changed in fact: we still live lives. And lives still lead to death. And those who live a life that leads to death still need the gift that Oedipus gave Athens, the gift of self, of beaten self, of wandering, defeated, exiled self that can survive, endure, turn upon the dark pursuers, face its unintelligible destiny with blinded eyes and make a meaning of it: self, above all else, without self-pity.

This is the self that Frost had, and has given, and will go on and on to give, and we should thank him for it.

Far in the pillared dark
Thrush music went —
Almost like a call to come in
To the dark and lament.

But no, I was out for stars:
I would not come in.
I meant not even if asked
And I hadn't been.



POETRY AND POWER

BY JOHN FITZGERALD KENNEDY

THIS day, devoted to the memory of Robert Frost, offers an opportunity for reflection which is prized by politicians as well as by others and even by poets. For Robert Frost was one of the granite figures of our time in America. He was supremely two things: an artist and an American. A nation reveals itself not only by the men it produces but also by the men it honors, the men it remembers.

In America our heroes have customarily run to men of large accomplishments. But today this college and country honor a man whose contribution was not to our size but to our spirit; not to our political beliefs but to our insight; not to our self-esteem but to our self-comprehension.

In honoring Robert Frost we therefore can pay honor to the deepest sources of our national strength. That strength takes many forms, and the most obvious forms are not always the most significant.

The men who create power make an indispensable contribution to the nation's greatness, but the men who question power make a contribution just as indispensable, especially when that questioning is disinterested, for they determine whether we use power or power uses us. Our national strength matters; but the spirit which informs and controls

our strength matters just as much. This was the special significance of Robert Frost.

He brought an unsparing instinct for reality to bear on the platitudes and pieties of society. His sense of the human tragedy fortified him against self-deception and easy consolation.

"I have been," he wrote, "one acquainted with the night." And because he knew the midnight as well as the high noon, because he understood the ordeal as well as the triumph of the human spirit, he gave his age strength with which to overcome despair.

At bottom he held a deep faith in the spirit of man. And it is hardly an accident that Robert Frost coupled poetry and power, for he saw poetry as the means of saving power from itself.

When power leads man toward arrogance, poetry reminds him of his limitations. When power narrows the areas of man's concern, poetry reminds him of the richness and diversity of his existence. When power corrupts, poetry cleanses, for art establishes the basic human truths which must serve as the touchstones of our judgment. The artist, however faithful to his personal vision of reality, becomes the last champion of the individual mind

Photograph of President Kennedy and Archibald MacLeish courtesy of Amherst College.

and sensibility against an intrusive society and an officious state. The great artist is thus a solitary figure. He has, as Frost said, "a lover's quarrel with the world." In pursuing his perceptions of reality he must often sail against the currents of his time. This is not a popular role. If Robert Frost was much honored during his lifetime, it was because a good many preferred to ignore his darker truths. Yet, in retrospect, we see how the artist's fidelity has strengthened the fiber of our national life.

If sometimes our great artists have been the most critical of our society, it is because their sensitivity and their concern for justice, which must motivate any true artist, make them aware that our nation falls short of its highest potential.

I see little of more importance to the future of our country and our civilization than full recognition of the place of the artist. If art is to nourish the roots of our culture, society must set the artist free to follow his vision wherever it takes him.

We must never forget that art is not a form of propaganda; it is a form of truth. And as Mr. MacLeish once remarked of poets, "There is nothing worse for our trade than to be in style."

In free society art is not a weapon, and it does not belong to the sphere of polemics and ideology. Artists are not engineers of the soul. It may be different elsewhere. But in a democratic society the highest duty of the writer, the composer, the artist,

is to remain true to himself and to let the chips fall where they may. In serving his vision of the truth, the artist best serves his nation. And the nation which disdains the mission of art invites the fate of Robert Frost's hired man — the fate of having "nothing to look backward to with pride, And nothing to look forward to with hope."

I look forward to a great future for America — a future in which our country will match its military strength with our moral strength, its wealth with our wisdom, its power with our purpose.

I look forward to an America which will not be afraid of grace and beauty, which will protect the beauty of our natural environment, which will preserve the great old American houses and squares and parks of our national past, and which will build handsome and balanced cities for our future.

I look forward to an America which will reward achievement in the arts as we reward achievement in business or statecraft.

I look forward to an America which will steadily raise the standards of artistic accomplishment and which will steadily enlarge cultural opportunities for all of our citizens.

And I look forward to an America which commands respect throughout the world, not only for its strength but for its civilization as well.

And I look forward to a world which will be safe, not only for democracy and diversity but also for personal distinction.

DEATH OF A MAN

BY JOHN L'HEUREUX

No eternal trumpet cleft the air,
no planet stopped its sullen course
to gaze in wrath and vengeance; only this —
a man of goodness died.

Conscience was his guide and God
who saw his golden spring coiled taut
to justice, saw intention and desire
flower for a while in action and the promise
of an action, saw his failure
as the necessary flaw of man.

He makes the sun come up on good
and evil, sends the rain and snow;
hardly strange then He allows for apples,
stables, bullets: everything is perfect
in its time. And time is His.

One does not lightly strike down God's anointed.
For him — his lifeless body cradled
by his queen in life — a shot perfected spring
and hope of spring, fulfilled desire,
cleared his eyes to vision: light forever.
But for the world, darkness.

God sees, allows, and loves
in ways we do not ripely understand.

Let mankind hobble home now on its knees.

Vance Packard

THE INVASION OF PRIVACY

If information is power, argues VANCE PACKARD, Americans today should be uneasy about the amount of detail now being ferreled out about them by agencies both public and private. This article and its sequel, "The Right to Privacy," which will appear in the March ATLANTIC, have been drawn from Mr. Packard's new book, THE NAKED SOCIETY, soon to be published by the David McKay Company.

BY TELESCOPING time a bit let us look in on a reasonably successful family in a typical city of the Land of Liberty, 1964. Mom is at the department store trying on a new dress. A closed-circuit TV camera hidden behind a mesh screen is recording her moves to make certain she does not pocket any of the store's merchandise.

Dad is at a conference table at the office talking to a group of colleagues about the operations of his department. The man sitting next to him is an undercover agent hired from a nationwide detective agency by the president of the company to keep tabs on the performance of key subordinates. Elsewhere, an investigator is on the telephone chatting with Dad's banker about the size of Dad's account and any outstanding loans. It seems that Dad had recently applied for an insurance policy on his personal property.

Son John, just out of college, is seated in a chair with a pneumatic tube strapped across his chest and an electrode taped to his palm. John has applied for a job as a sales representative for an electronics concern. He is now undergoing the usual lie detector test to probe his honesty, his possibly dangerous habits, and his manliness. Meanwhile, an investigator is talking to one of John's old professors back at college concerning

any political opinions John may have expressed during class discussions.

Daughter Mary, sweet girl, is still only a sophomore in the public high school. She is in the classroom struggling with a 250-item questionnaire. It asks her to reveal whether her parents seem to quarrel a lot and whether they have ever talked to her about sex and whether she is worried about menstrual disorders. Her responses help the school to understand her better.

All these things obviously would not happen on the same day to one family, but all of them happen every day to a great many individuals. All have become common enough occurrences to raise somber questions about the drift of modern society. Are there forces now loose in our world that threaten to annihilate everybody's privacy? And if such forces are indeed loose, are they establishing the preconditions of totalitarianism that could endanger our personal freedom?

The methods for observing, examining, and exchanging information about people are individually cloaked in reasonableness. And some perhaps have comic overtones. But when we view them collectively, we must consider the possibility that they represent an insidious impingement upon our traditional rights as free citizens to live our own

lives. Many of these new forces are producing pressures that intrude upon most of us where we live, work, shop, go to school, or seek solitude. Millions of Americans are living in an atmosphere in which peering electronic eyes, undercover agents, lie detectors, hidden tape recorders, and outrageously intrusive questionnaires are becoming commonplace. Privacy is becoming harder and harder to protect; surveillance is becoming more and more pervasive. Justice William O. Douglas of the United States Supreme Court has commented, "The forces allied against the individual have never been greater."

The surveillance of citizens in the United States, and in much of Western Europe, has been growing year by year. One indication of the extent of it in the United States is seen in an analysis of the U.S. security system made a few years ago. Even then, more than 13,500,000 Americans — or approximately one fifth of all jobholders — were being scrutinized under some sort of security or loyalty program. In 1962 the Department of Defense alone conducted security investigations on 826,000 individuals.

Surveillance of individuals for security, loyalty, or general behavior is most rampant in southern California. In this area the majority of families have one or more members under some form of watch, either as defense workers or public employees or motion-picture studio employees or recipients of welfare benefits. For most of these people at least one investigator is bound to be calling on next-door neighbors to inquire about their backgrounds or living habits.

The United States government employs more than 25,000 professional investigators, not including counterintelligence and espionage operatives. Federal investigators, however, represent only a small fraction of the total number of people in the nation who earn their living investigating other people. There are hundreds of thousands of private, corporate, municipal, county, and state investigators.

Much of the surveillance of individuals by trained investigators has been made easier by the proliferation of record-keeping in our increasingly bureaucratic society. I found it dismaying to learn how much information about one's private life is readily available to any skilled investigator who knows where to check accessible records and make a few routine inquiries for a curious client for a total fee of less than fifty dollars.

When I asked an investigator about my own credit rating he said, "Give me a couple of hours." Within that period he called me back and gave me data from a credit report on me. It contained a fairly thorough summary of my life, employers, agents, abodes, and offspring for the past two decades, and the precise assessed value of my home in

Connecticut. He chuckled and added, "They say that though you pay your bills, you occasionally take your time about it."

Most American adults with jobs, cars, houses, charge accounts, insurance, and military or government records can assume that they are the subject of at least one specific dossier, more probably of several. Most of these dossiers contain facts that are relatively impersonal; but a great many contain thick reports with intimate details. Many also contain erroneous or adverse information that may be handicapping the person in his career without his being aware of the source of the handicap.

The U.S. Civil Service Commission, which has checked on nearly everyone who has applied for federal employment since 1939, reportedly has nearly 250,000 dossiers that contain adverse information.

Its central index, of approximately 7,500,000 dossiers, is just one of the many files on individuals that have grown to massive proportions in recent years. The Defense Department maintains a central index of members of the armed forces, civilian employees, and a great many people, including scientists, who work on defense contracts. The Federal Bureau of Investigation, of course, has its extensive central file. The House Un-American Activities Committee reportedly has accumulated a card file of more than a million names. The Association of Casualty and Surety Companies maintains a vast nationwide clearinghouse of information regarding claimants. Very recently its file contained 18,200,000 entries of bodily injury or workmen's compensation claimants. The Bureau investigates or scrutinizes about one fourth of all claims, which means it conducts about 500,000 investigations a year. And then, of course, there are the credit bureaus in every part of the United States as well as in Canada, England, and Australia that are affiliated with the Associated Credit Bureaus of America. Through rapid exchange arrangements any bureau can draw upon files kept on more than one hundred million individuals.

A FURTHER indication of the increase in surveillance since the beginning of World War II is the tremendous amount of electronic eavesdropping occurring through the use of hidden microphones, remote taps on telephone lines, and electronic monitoring by closed-circuit TV. An electronics expert who has worked closely with many U.S. intelligence officials told me: "In all major cities the government maintains hotel rooms with eavesdropping equipment already installed through a nearby wall. When a person under surveillance goes to such a hotel, the proper authori-

ties arrange for him to be put in the proper room." The head of a firm specializing in "anti-intrusion" services said: "We are on a monthly retainer with a number of companies to give their premises an electronic sweeping each week for hidden bugs and taps."

In the novel that George Orwell wrote about the year 1984 he envisioned that the advances of electronics had enabled his fictional totalitarian leader to install a telescreen in each living space of the realm. In this way the tyrant could maintain virtually total visual and audio surveillance when he chose. As Orwell put it: "You had to live — did live, from habit that became instinct — in the assumption that every sound you made was overheard and, except in darkness, every movement scrutinized."

If Mr. Orwell were writing his book today rather than in the 1940s, his details would surely be more horrifying. Today there are cameras that can indeed see in the dark. There are banks of giant memory machines that conceivably could recall in a few seconds every pertinent action — including failures, embarrassments, or possibly incriminating acts — from the lifetime of each citizen. And brain research has progressed to the point where it is all too readily believable that a Big Brother could implant an electrode in the brain of each baby at birth and thereafter maintain by remote control a certain degree of influence over the individual's moods and behavior, at least until his personality had suitably jelled.

Fortunately for the human race, a good many people are becoming apprehensive about the wonders bestowed by electronic research. Fortunately also, most of the devices are a bit expensive to be used against whole populations (though the prices are coming down), so that the present uses are mostly selective. Nevertheless, in the course of a year literally millions of Americans are watched or overheard electronically without being aware of it.

Each year several thousand TV cameras are being sold to industry, and such giants as General Precision, General Electric, and RCA are among the companies selling them. Seattle's classified phone directory lists fourteen local companies offering to sell or install closed-circuit TV. Some of the TV cameras used in industry are for such prosaic purposes as watching instrument panels or furnace operations; others are for watching people. In some instances the people involved know about the people-watching, as at the gates of an IBM plant for research in Endicott, New York. In others, it is done secretly.

Mr. Max Kanter — president of ITV in New York, which rents or sells closed-circuit installations — explained that if you wish to conceal the equip-

ment, even the lens need not show. He said, "If there is screening material or mesh to conceal the camera, and if it is focused at some point beyond, the lens can look right through the screening material." (His charge for renting basic equipment for one week is about two hundred dollars.)

The makers of TV cameras for surveillance have not only learned to miniaturize them to a thickness of only about four inches, but they have learned that by shooting into a mirror they can install the cameras vertically in a wall that has a four-inch air space. The fact that the FBI uses closed-circuit TV in some of its surveillance work came out in the trial of a Navy yeoman suspected of spying.

Hidden still cameras are also in wide use for recording the activities of people. A company called Cameras For Industry has been aggressive in selling plants, stores, and banks on Automatic Photo Systems that can now be rented for pennies a day. The cameras operate silently, can take thousands of pictures in a single loading, and, it is explained, they either can be used openly or can be concealed. The camera can be triggered by a photoelectric eye. Or if a clerk is handing you a document he can first insert it in a number-stamping machine; and the act of stamping will trigger a hidden camera beamed at you.

Then there are the tiny cameras used by investigators or others seeking evidence. Some are built into cigarette lighters. As the owner lights his cigarette his thumb action simultaneously triggers the camera.

THE impetus for much of the development of many of these surveillance devices came from the defense and space research and from efforts to keep up with the Russians in this area. Advances in infrared photography resulted largely from research for aerial reconnaissance, as did automatic tripping devices for cameras. Many early developments in closed-circuit TV were for use in surveillance of machines and dials as well as people at missile-launching complexes. Transistors made possible miniature transmitters for use in satellites, where every ounce counts.

Evidence of remarkable Russian techniques inspired the U.S. government to plunge into research and development contracts in the field of surveillance and counterintrusion. The discovery of a tiny microphone embedded in the great seal of the United States that hangs behind the U.S. ambassador's desk in our Moscow embassy was more of a shock to our technicians than has ever been admitted. A man intimately familiar with the search for this microphone confided: "It was an advancement of the art by the Russians that we were not then up to. We were not equipped to spot it be-

cause they had placed across the street an enormous transmitter beamed to bounce signals off the buried cavity device, and that giant transmitter was operating in a very, very high frequency spectrum we were not equipped to detect." The British Embassy inspired the Americans to tear the ambassador's office apart, literally, because our British cousins confided that they had detected at their own embassy a signal they could not identify.

More than one hundred hidden listening devices have in recent years been found in U.S. embassies and residences in Soviet bloc countries. A picturesque example of Soviet advances in miniaturization was discovered accidentally by a U.S. military attaché at a Moscow bar when he picked up a martini not intended for him. The "olive" in it, according to a *Time* account, contained a transmitter, and the tiny toothpick stuck in it was an antenna.

One step the U.S. government is now taking to protect secret discussions in its embassies in certain countries is to ship portable rooms to the embassies. Such a room is sent as a knockdown package and assembled inside the embassy. It is shielded on all sides to prevent transmission of sound and is so built as to permit visual inspection under, over, and all around the room for any wires.

U.S. companies can make microphones and transmitters just about as small as anyone could conceivably desire. A transmitter is now available which can fit inside a lipstick tube or a ball-point pen, or which appears to be a lump of sugar. Microphones smaller than a twenty-five-cent piece are being made and widely used.

At least thirty U.S. companies are now involved in manufacturing electronic eavesdropping equipment. One of the larger companies making concealed listening devices, Solar Research, Inc., in Oakland Park, Florida, claims that in 1962 its sales increased fourfold within a year. Some companies sell only to law enforcement agencies; others sell only surveillance equipment to law enforcement agencies but sell counterintrusion devices to private concerns; and some seem interested in selling whatever they have to anyone who has the money to pay for the devices. There is no law against manufacturing or selling bugging devices, and pitifully few laws, F.C.C. regulations, or court decisions against their use. I had no difficulty, for example, in obtaining catalogues from several companies. And I saw on display in the window of an electronics shop on Forty-third Street in New York City a device that automatically starts a tape recorder when a telephone conversation starts.

When one West Coast manufacturer of "bugs" was displaying his new models to the convention of the American Society for Industrial Security, he cautioned that sales were "subject to pertinent

regulation." But, he added, "I cannot be responsible for the integrity of the user. I'm not going to ask the buyer what he does with it." (A leading electronics magazine, incidentally, has advertised for \$22.50 a Be A Spy correspondence course which includes instructions in bugging.)

Manufacturers of tiny tape recorders have been conducting large-scale advertising campaigns in large-circulation newspapers and magazines. A full-page ad for the pocket-size Minifon, which can be concealed in a briefcase, not only cited its value in recording routine memos and conferences but pictured its "wristwatch" microphone, its "inconspicuous tie-clip microphone," and its "unique telephone pickup," which can be attached to a telephone receiver to record phone conversations.

IN THE course of my research I was given a number of demonstrations by people who were clearly experts in the arts of bugging and de-bugging. Those offering their services to the public as anti-intrusion specialists were perhaps most willing to discuss openly the problems involved. Raymond Farrell, manager of Bondwitt Sound Engineering Company in New York, explained: "If we're serving the public, we're anti-intrusion specialists; if we're serving the law lawfully, we're intrusion specialists."

As he and I were chatting in an office, he took out of his briefcase a transmitter the size of a small matchbook. At his suggestion we went down the hall to a room where two girls were chatting and with their permission placed it and its tiny microphone on a table several feet from them. We returned to the office where we had been talking. He closed the door and turned on his receiving box. The conversation of the girls came through loud and clear. He said the girls could be heard at least a block away, and perhaps two blocks, depending on conditions.

The most impressive demonstration was put on for me by Ralph V. Ward of Mosler Research Products, Inc., in Danbury, Connecticut. He is one of the leading authorities in the free world on surveillance devices. His company and its predecessors pioneered in making miniature surveillance devices for federal agencies, including some in the international field. As sales manager he spends a good deal of time in Washington taking orders and soliciting research and development contracts. "We have not run out of wonders," he said. The Mosler company now also makes much of its equipment available to state and city agencies and to licensed investigative agencies. And it offers to industry a complete "security" kit containing a host of tools for detecting bugging devices for slightly more than three hundred dollars a kit.

The amiable Mr. Ward demonstrated, item by item, the tools that go into one of the pigskin satchels sold to federal and other official agencies. The filled satchels are produced in lots of one hundred and contain both bugging and de-bugging tools. One interesting item was a microphone mounted in rubber a quarter of an inch thick. It can be slipped under a hotel door. Another device was the spike mike, a microphone attached to a spike nearly a foot long. It can be driven into walls or doors, which serve as resonators. In the United States its use is legal only on a court order.

The challenge today is not to make the bugs small but to make them more undetectable, for use in spots where the occupants are security-oriented and likely to make checks. A transmitter, no matter how small, is fairly easy to spot by an anti-intrusion expert with "room-sweeping" equipment. He hears a squeal in his receiver when his electronic "mop" gets close to a hidden transmitter. A buried microphone with a tiny wire leading to a remote tape recorder is vastly more difficult to detect. Thus the transmitter is considered to be most appropriate for quick hit-and-run jobs, whereas the mike wired to a remote recorder is preferred for permanent installations.

Some of the places to tape hidden microphones in a room are at the back of desk drawers (because people usually do not go all the way back even when searching), in the upholstery, or to the underside of a bed. If a long-term bugging with a transmitter is planned, there is an advantage in putting the transmitter in an electric clock or TV set or in a light fixture so that it can draw its power from the building's electric power source.

Another favored spot for hiding bugging devices is within the frame of a picture on the wall. Mosler sells a nice pastoral picture that has a very thin transmitter pasted inside the paper covering the back of the picture. A visual search would not detect this transmitter even if the picture was taken off the wall. These pictures are particularly favored for installation in hotel or motel rooms where the person under surveillance is going to stay.

The base of a telephone is also a favored spot for making a quick installation of a bug. Mr. Farrell demonstrated to me that such an installation can be made in one minute. There are two ways to install the bug. A two-wire tap using a small transmitter in the base gives you only the telephone conversation. A three-wire tap includes a wire that jumps the hook switch and thus broadcasts all calls and in addition all conversation going on in the room when the phone is not in use.

As counterintrusion skills have advanced, the professionals have sought to place their microphones beyond the probing range of the metal-detection sweepers now widely used. This means placing the

mike behind the wall and as far away as possible. Mr. Ward explained: "Normally the best way to bug is through a pinhole that is too small to see in the imperfections of the woodwork or the plaster. Visually, you wouldn't find the pinhole." (Researchers are already at work to develop pinhole finders.)

But even with a pinhole the presence of a microphone buried in the wall may produce a slight signal on the metal detector if it is just inside the plaster behind the pinhole opening. Now, Mr. Ward indicated, a tube mike has been developed. This permits you to put the mike several inches back from the pinhole. The tube, which can be a plastic resonator, leads from the pinhole to the mike. This reduces the chances that the microphone will be detected by any metal-detecting device. Dr. Leo L. Beranek of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, an authority on acoustics, has described devices that can be placed on the outside wall of a room under surveillance. Voices inside the room set up mechanical vibrations that may be detected by such a device placed against the outside wall. Most experts hired for counter-intrusion work feel insecure unless they can inspect all rooms around, above, and below the room they are guarding.

As for the highly directional microphones that reputedly can pick up conversations from great distances, a sizable amount of folklore on the reach of such microphones has developed. Published reports that they can pull in voices from a distance of 1200 feet or through closed windows are apparently without basis. But some do bring in conversations 100 to 150 feet away under moderately noisy conditions, and up to 500 feet if conditions are ideal.

The first of these miracle mikes to receive much attention was the parabolic microphone, placed at the focal point of a reflector. Such giant saucers were first seriously developed during World War II, before radar, and proved to be much more sensitive than the human ear in detecting approaching aircraft. An effective parabolic mike requires a reflector with a diameter of at least three and preferably six feet. This makes it somewhat cumbersome for most sleuthing purposes, but it can be concealed behind bushes or in a truck whose open rear end is covered with black muslin or in the darkened balcony of a conference room.

Another kind of long-range mike is the so-called machine-gun type, consisting of a bundle of tubes of varying lengths, each of which brings the sound to a microphone at the rear. Such an arrangement of tubes tends to eliminate most sounds not almost directly in front. Cumbersomeness is again a prob-

lem. The picture of the one I saw in operation indicated that the longest of the pipes was about seven feet. The man using it was behind bushes. Attorney Edward Bennett Williams says that this type of mike proved to be practical in gaining evidence of blackmail involving a motion-picture actor in California. The blackmailer, being suspicious that the man might wear a bug, specified that the actor meet him at a remote place on a beach and wear only bathing trunks. The actor complied, but a machine-gun mike a few hundred feet away in the dark was able to pick up enough of their talk to provide incriminating evidence.

Still a third type of long-range mike is produced by Electro-Voice, which specializes in developing microphones for broadcasters. Recently it developed a single-barrel mike which is about seven feet long. A TV network has used it to pick up the voices of questioners at presidential press conferences, to pick up the sounds of distant bands in parades, and to pick up, from the sidelines, the voices and sounds of body impact of players at football games. The National Football League now has banned it because it was broadcasting too many obscenities. Electro-Voice has had inquiries from, and made sales to, a number of people who presumably were not broadcasters, but it has no knowledge of the number of these mikes actually being used in investigative work. Its big mike costs about a thousand dollars. A simpler nonelectronic way to eavesdrop on distant conversations — if the eavesdropper does not need recorded evidence — is to employ a lip-reader with binoculars.

One of the most prevalent forms of bugging is to conceal a microphone and transmitter on the body. Miniaturization has made this feasible; and unfortunately there is no reason to fear prosecution. Dick Tracy with his "watch" microphone is considered a clumsy amateur by the experts. With a simulated wristwatch there is the hazard that the wire leading up the sleeve from the "wristwatch" may be observed. Also, the wrist is a poor location for a mike because it is often in motion, and a mike on the wrist cannot easily be pointed toward the speaker under surveillance.

A spot favored by many experts for placing the mike on the body is behind the tie, fairly low down so as not to pick up interference from the heartbeat. Tape recorders are now small enough so that there is little chance that they will be detected if taped to the body. However, the experts prefer use of concealed transmitters rather than recorders. The transmitter will broadcast to a tape recorder that can be several hundred feet away, and the transmitter is favored because even a fairly powerful transmitter can be made much smaller than a good concealable recorder. Also it can operate without reloading longer than a tape recorder. And if a

person is caught with it during a frisk, the information recorded on a distant tape up to that point cannot be destroyed. The transmitter can be carried in a coat pocket with its antenna going up to the armpit and down the sleeve. Or it can be hung around the neck with the neck cord doubling as an antenna.

One of the best places to put either a transmitter or small recorder, according to a man who has submitted to police frisks to test his theory, is just above the coccyx. Another favored way of concealing a transmitter and mike is to pack them inside a king-size-cigarette package designed to feel as soft as a real package of cigarettes.

THERE are a variety of tailing aids that can be attached to an automobile. One simple transmitter which broadcasts a pulsing tone signal is mounted on four magnets and can be attached to any clean metal surface under the car in a matter of seconds. It can be heard for a mile.

The art of wiretapping — which is, at least technically, a more illicit form of eavesdropping — has also seen some improvements in recent years. One method has been to attach a miniature transmitter to the tapped listening post. This not only is more convenient but has the advantage of reducing the chance that the tapper can be traced if a tap is discovered.

Tappers frequently pose as telephone repairmen, and some who engage in tapping on a large scale even buy or build imitations of the green telephone company trucks.

Tools for the more elementary kinds of direct wiretapping cost less than \$25.00. And for \$4.25 you can purchase a little device that feeds a telephone conversation into a tape recorder. It can be installed in three seconds by pressing its suction attachments against the back of the telephone receiver.

However, when you get into transmitters, automatic recorders, and many of the microphoning tools that we have discussed, the prices soar. A professional eavesdropper is likely to require an expensive bag — or truckload — of tools. An examination of four catalogues issued by producers of surveillance equipment (Mosler, Tracer Electronics, Inc., W. S. J. Electronics, and R. B. Clifton Electronic Surveillance Equipment) gives some idea of an eavesdropper's overhead. Here are some sample prices:

Transmitters for wireless wiretapping. Prices range from \$65 to \$200, depending upon whether signal must be broadcast one block or three.

Picture-frame transmitter, \$215.

General-purpose transmitter, to be planted inside

room, \$95 to \$137, presumably depending on quality.

Transmitters for concealment on body, \$150 to \$220.

Device for automatically starting tape recorder when conversation begins on tapped telephone line, and for stopping when conversation stops, \$76 to \$105.

Since a few states ban even the possession of wire-tapping equipment by private parties, the Clifton catalogue states at the end of its price list: "Caution — in many parts of the world there are certain laws which prohibit using some of the items above. It is the sole responsibility of the buyer (and not the seller) to ascertain through legal counsel how these laws may apply to the use of each item purchased." Tracer Electronics simply notes after some of its items: "Sold for use subject to pertinent regulations."

A QUITE different kind of electronic surveillance and control has become possible through the development of the giant memory machines. Each month more and more information about individual citizens is being stored away in some gigantic memory machine. The information about individuals is usually being fed into the supercomputers to serve a socially useful or an economically or politically attractive purpose. But will this always be so, especially in the case of memory machines that are building up cumulative files on individual lives?

All the storing of information makes one wonder. Dr. Robert Morison, director of Medical and Natural Science for the Rockefeller Foundation, has commented, "We are coming to recognize that organized knowledge puts an immense amount of power in the hands of people who take the trouble to master it." It may be significant that increas-

ingly it is those who hold the office of controller in U.S. corporations who are promoted to the presidency. Their control of the computers gives them an edge in information over their competitors.

If information is power, Americans should be uneasy about the amount of information the federal government is starting to file in its memory banks. There are, for example, the gigantic memory machines which the Internal Revenue Service is starting to use to check data from our tax returns against data accumulated about us from other sources, such as employers and banks. The computers also watch for unlikely patterns. Obviously these memory banks are useful tools for fair and efficient tax collecting. But what are the implications for two decades from now, in 1984? If future bureaucrats choose, they can build up so-called "cum," or cumulative, files on each taxpayer over decades, and thus will have, instantly recallable, a vast amount of personal information about the living habits of every adult in the nation.

One computer maker, Bernard S. Benson, bluntly concedes that concentration of power in the form of accumulated information can be "catastrophically dangerous." He suggests that individual privacy ultimately may be at the mercy of the man in a position to push the button that makes the machine remember. At an international conference on information processing sponsored by UNESCO in Paris, he reminded his colleagues that it was "high time" they started devoting part of their conferences to discussing how to ensure that any new accomplishments will be beneficial to mankind.

Whatever the benefits, the marvelous new electronic devices with memories or ears or eyes are serving to push against the boundaries of each individual's privacy. Electronic eyes and ears are being put to a host of ingenious uses for the purpose of people-watching.

THE CURE by ALLAN SEAGER

A Story

After taking an honors degree at Oxford, ALLAN SEAGER was an editor of VANITY FAIR magazine under Frank Crowninshield. Now professor of English at the University of Michigan. Mr. Seager has published about eighty short stories and five novels, the latest being AMOS BERRY, HILDA MANNING, and DEATH OF ANGER. The following story is included in A FRIEZE OF GIRLS, being published this month by McGraw-Hill.

ONE grim March morning I decided not to get up. It was not the soft implacable discouragement the day offered that held me bedfast, for it was a day like any other at this season. A cold fog would hang in the quads until noon, when perhaps the gloom would weaken and you could spot the quarterhearted sun, pale, remote, fuzzy. I never wanted to get up on days like this, but unless I did, and by nine, my servant was empowered by the rules of the college to call a doctor. It seemed like a good idea.

When he came into the sitting room and found my breakfast uneaten, I could feel his disapproval seeping through the wall. Thought I had a hang-over probably. He knocked at the bedroom door.

"Come in, Haines," I called.

He came in, clucked like an old hen, and said reproachfully, "A long lie, sir."

"Yes."

"You didn't eat your breakfast."

"I think you'd better call a doctor. I'm not well." In any dialogue with Haines I had long since cast myself in the role of the young master, because it impressed him and squeezed from him phrases I had seen only in novels.

"Very good, sir. Touch of flu?"

"Probably." I felt hot and languid.

The doctor agreed. He was a red-faced little man with a bushy mustache and a D.S.O. ribbon in his lapel. He examined me deftly and quickly. "Touch of flu," he said. "Stay in bed over the weekend." He put the stethoscope in his bag,

snapped it to, and was on his way out the door. I coughed once.

As if I had shot at him, he whirled and performed what every doctor has told me since was a brilliant piece of diagnosis. "Any sputum?"

"Yes," I said.

He whipped two little oblong pieces of glass out of his bag and took a sample. As one knows vague disconnected facts like the capital of Iceland, I knew that sputum samples were connected with the diagnosis of tuberculosis, but cases of TB, like arson and heartbreak, were things that happened to other people, not to me, and I turned over and went back to sleep.

An hour later the doctor came stamping back into my room. "You've got tuberculosis. Where do you want to go, Switzerland or the States?"

Half-asleep and feverish, I sat up. "How bad is it?"

"I can't tell yet. Take a taxi this afternoon, come to my office, and I'll take an X ray of your chest."

"Oh, I can walk."

"You won't be walking much from now on."

"Can't you give me some idea, just a conjecture?"

"I can't be sure, but from the look of those slides I'd say a year and a half in bed."

I did not believe this. I had once been flung sixty feet through the air from an auto wreck, landed on my head, knocked my upper teeth horizontal, and I had not gone to bed at all. "I think I'd better go home."

"I'll just stop in and tell your dean. Two o'clock, don't forget," he said, and went out.

AFTER the X ray the doctor informed me that I was a far-advanced case and I could very probably look forward to a cure lasting two years if everything went well. This still did not make sense. Lie down for two years?

Back in bed I became pretty gloomy. I seemed to have been betrayed, but by whom? I should have to ask my body, "Why didn't you let me know?" But of course, it had let me know. In December I had swum in a meet, and afterward in the Junior Common Room I couldn't get warm in front of a roaring fire. For weeks I had been so tired that if my cigarettes were across the room, instead of getting up automatically and getting them, I would become conscious of their location as a problem and ask myself, "Do you really want a cigarette badly enough to go all that way to get them?" And I had had this cough, infrequent but persistent.

I also resented what I took to be the doctor's jaunty attitude when he asked where I wanted to go, Switzerland or the States. I had no choice. I had fourteen pounds in the bank. If I were going anywhere, it would have to be home. It was 1933. I was certain my father couldn't pay for two years in a sanitarium. It was degrading to throw myself on charity, and I didn't know how to make the throw in any case.

I lay on my sofa drowsily worrying. Every now and then the coal would clink as it shifted in the fireplace. Fourteen pounds would take me about two thirds of the way across the Atlantic. Although I didn't really think they would let me board in the first place, I could see the ship putting me off in a jolly boat about seven hundred miles east of Ambrose Light with some iron rations and a flask of water. I would row myself in, the water black, the ice forming on the oars, my cough stifled in the bitter wind. The picture was a nineteenth-century engraving of a pitiful subject, but it seemed to symbolize my plight, and I rowed away most of the afternoon.

The next day I was the beneficiary of a gratuitously kind act. This is rare, and I have never forgotten it. John Philips from West Virginia, who was at Christ Church across the street, came in to see me. He had heard rumors. I corrected them.

"I'm going to see the Rhodes Trust. They've got a lot of money," he said. "They own De Beers."

John's mind worked with a beautiful, simple directness. There was money there. He went and asked them for some. It would never have occurred to me, but he came back with a check for two

hundred pounds made out in my name. For an hour it was incredible.

With nearly a thousand dollars in hand I grew more cheerful. I knew next to nothing about tuberculosis. I had the childlike faith of the uninitiated in all doctors. Now that I had some money to pay them with, I was sure they would cure me if I were obedient.

My English friends packed me up and bought me passage on the *Olympic*, an old Cunarder now long out of service. I had stopped worrying because I was filled with the excitement of going on a journey. In my room I held an auction of personal effects. Any lurking notion that I had a mortal disease was smothered by these preparations, and when an ambulance came and the bearers got stuck going down the winding staircase from my room, it all seemed hilarious. The dean came out of his rooms, shook hands, and wished me luck while the bearers were pulling and hauling. Finally I was carried across the quadrangles in the mist. I made my last good-byes. They shoved me into the ambulance, and away we went to Southampton.

A friend of mine, John Durkin of Queen's, had volunteered to accompany me and see me aboard the *Olympic*. He knew no more of tuberculosis than I, but the ambulance made it seem serious, so he courteously carried on a bright conversation to cheer me up. He stopped the ambulance two or three times at pubs and brought me sustaining pints of mild and bitter. The doctor had forbidden me cigarettes, but he had said nothing about beer, which is well known to be nourishing. Once when we passed a clump of people at a narrow turn in a village street, John stuck his head out the back door of the ambulance and yelled, "Take off your hats, damn you. We've got a dead man in here." And they took off their hats. On the whole it was a pleasant journey.

I remember nothing of going aboard, but I can remember waking up in the ship's hospital. It was clean, but there were so few amenities that it suggested the Cunard Line frowned on sickness, a willful refusal to come to grips with life, and believed that if you went sick at sea, you deserved nothing better. The wall was the simple hull of the ship, studded with lines of heavy rivets, and while I knew that the North Atlantic was only an inch or two away from my hand, I felt safe and snug. The ship's surgeon, a Mr. Somebody, visited me, an Irishman with a shattered face, knobbed and seamed in a sullen red. He was very kind, brought me cigarettes after meals, and spent literally hours beside my berth talking about everything under the sun. Only later did it occur to me that he had nothing else to do. I was the only person in hospital, and it must have been dull for him to sit alone in his surgery, reading. It was also later that someone

told me that ship's surgeons were men under clouds, chronic drunks, unfortunates who had inadvertently removed both kidneys, mistaken cyanide for aspirin. From his color and his unfailing garrulity, I think Mr. Somebody was the first of these.

Another pleasant feature of the voyage was the food. True, it was English food, but it was English food striving to impress foreigners, the tourists, and while I doubt if the Line was so slack as to hire an actual Frenchman as chef, somebody in the galley had heard about French cuisine, and the food tasted good. I ate like a wolf. Before each meal I would be given a vast chart to select from; and I remember breakfasts of bacon and eggs, York ham, creamed codfish, grilled kidneys, small steaks, two-rib mutton chops, and other kickshaws. I would eat them all, turn over, and go to sleep until the steward shook me gently and offered me the program for lunch. Mr. Somebody was assiduous at taking my temperature and weighing me. During the seven days my temperature went down to normal and I gained seven pounds. I knew that these were very good signs. It was a rough crossing, March, and Mr. Somebody told me that most of the passengers kept to their berths, felled by seasickness. It did not affect me. I felt fine.

We docked late at night in a blizzard. I had cabled my friend Frank Adams, and he met me. I dressed, and I felt so good I walked off the ship. We took a taxi to the Biltmore, and I went to bed. I had barely waked the next morning when Frank was back. He had half a dozen nickel hamburgers in a sack, with onion. "I knew this place was too expensive for you to eat and sleep here both," he said. There is nothing like sickness to bring out the kindness of friends.

AT THE University Hospital in Ann Arbor I was checked, examined, and tested all over again. I weighed on entry 147 pounds at six feet, one and a half inches. I had cavitation, two holes in my left lung, and infiltration, a spot as big as a half dollar in my right. My fever had begun again, a low nagging heat that made it tiring to read for more than a quarter hour at a time because my eyes got so hot. An affair with needles, not acupuncture but artificial pneumothorax, was successfully begun to collapse my left lung, and complete rest was ordered. I was bored nearly out of my mind.

I had some cards engraved and sent them to my friends:

Mr. Allan Seager
At Home
University Hospital

No Cocktails

No Dancing

This brought me a great many visitors, some of whom tried to smuggle me drinks of bad whiskey. The nurses didn't like them. They forbade them these simple corporal works of mercy, and for the next four months I lay there making what I could out of the cracks in the ceiling. At night I got up and walked around the room a little so I wouldn't lose the use of my legs.

Toward the first of July the doctors told me there was a vacancy coming up at Trudeau Sanitarium at Saranac. At Trudeau you had to be ambulant. The doctors at Ann Arbor said I could start sitting up on the edge of the bed with my feet hanging for twenty minutes a day. Next would be sitting in a chair; then, presumably, a few tottering steps around the room. I didn't dare tell them I could walk all right, so I solemnly went through their routine for three days. The first day I was allowed to walk, I decided to take a tub bath. I left my room and walked down the middle of the corridor without hanging on to anything. The nurses came like a flight of birds. They settled on me, twittering and clucking, trying to get me to let them bear me up, but I said, "Beat it, ladies. I'm all right." I walked on to the bathroom, drew my bath, and lay in it. It felt good after all those months of wet washrags.

The day I left, the head nurse told me that the Travelers Aid would meet the train in Detroit to see that I was wheeled safely to the train for Saranac. I said I didn't believe I needed a wheelchair, but the head nurse, wrinkled by duty, said that I must have one. A friend of mine, a girl, came with me as far as Detroit. She had thoughtfully brought along a pint of Golden Wedding, the favored label among the local bootleggers. I took a compartment for privacy, and we drank the frightful whiskey with water from paper cups and laughed the whole way. I was feeling my freedom. The countryside looked fresh and new, and so did the girl. We had a wonderful time.

As the train slowed down in the Detroit station, I saw a tiny old lady pushing one of those high wooden wheelchairs alongside the train. She wore a cloth hat with a label sewn to the front with TRAVELERS AID on it. If I didn't get in that wheelchair nobody would, and she would have come all that way for nothing. But if I did get into it, could she push me? I had shot up to a hundred and eighty pounds. The train stopped. If I seemed to stagger as I got off, it was not from the weakness of my malady. I said good-bye to the girl and walked as circumspectly as I could over to the old lady. "Were you expecting a TB patient from Ann Arbor, madam?"

"Yes, I was," she said. I could tell she was tough and conscientious.

"I really don't need the wheelchair."

"It was ordered for you. Get in," she commanded.

I got in. It was embarrassing enough as it was, this little woman bending to the task of rolling a big healthy-looking guy around a railroad station, but I must have assumed what I can only describe as a roistering pose in the chair, for a well-dressed woman passed, and I heard her say to her escort, "I didn't know they did that for lushes."

THE Trudeau Sanitarium is now obsolete, its services discontinued, and its buildings house a high-level project having to do, I believe, with the theory of games. In my day, living there was rather like living in a fraternity. The men and women were separated and assigned to cottages, each with space for twelve or fifteen people. You had a dressing room and a screened porch where you slept.

My roommate was a Swiss who said he was a "mechanical" dentist. This seemed to mean that his trade was making dentures, and, apparently to keep his hand in, there were always a few loose teeth scattered on the table in his dressing room. Meals were served in a central dining hall, and after each one you returned to your porch to cure. Curing was lying still, breathing the fresh mountain air, and sleeping if possible. I couldn't do this because of Karl's problem. He had not only chest TB but also some kind of hyperthyroidism, and he couldn't sit still. He paced up and down ceaselessly and meaninglessly all day, like a big cat in a zoo.

In October, when the snow came, he nearly prevented me from sleeping at night, too. I was persuaded to buy one of the early electric blankets, warm but fairly primitive affairs, which shorted on a couple of my friends, who were wakened in the dead of night by little rings of flame dancing on the bedclothes. Karl, however, had so many wool blankets on his bed that he used a bookmark pinched from the library to tell where to insert himself. About eight o'clock at night he would start to prepare for bed. He would pull on the pants to a sweat suit over a pair of flannel pajamas, tie the ankles, crumple the *New York Times* and *Herald Tribune* and stuff them down into the legs until he looked like a tackling dummy; then he would tie the waist and stuff the top, put on a knitted cap, two pairs of wool socks, a pair of gauntlets, and he would get into bed and rustle. This is enough to deter if not entirely prevent sleep. It was often forty degrees below at night, and for two weeks it did not get above twelve degrees below at noon. Usually you slept on your back with two pillows crisscrossed over your face, the Adirondack Pack. You pulled the blankets up to the base of

the nose, leaving only it exposed and greasing it beforehand so it wouldn't freeze to the pillow.

It was Karl who challenged George Kelly to a duel, implementing the challenge with a case of pistols with beautiful long blue barrels. I knew by this time that worry and confinement could make people strange, but when I heard that Karl wanted George to go up the mountain, with seconds, that they would stand back to back and take ten paces forward, turn, and fire, all as in a novel, I didn't believe it. I asked Karl to show me the pistols, and he did, but he wouldn't say how George had insulted him.

It was certain that George had said or done something Karl could take as an insult. George was a big, shrewd, red-faced, knowledgeable Irishman. The year before, he had been playing tackle for Manhattan College. Somebody threw a block on him, and he coughed half a pint of blood on the field. They tried to get him to a doctor, but he waved them away — "I'll just finish the season." He played four more games, let a doctor examine him, and was sent posthaste to Saranac. He knew what he had all the time. His parents had died of it.

He was a bad patient because he treated the disease with scorn. It was ridiculous to be felled by Lilliputian bugs, fifty thousand of which, we were told, could pass through the eye of a needle without touching the sides or one another. George made elaborate jokes about it that set the whole sanitarium laughing. He took the common plight, contemptuously turned it upside down, inside out, and for all but the butts of them, his jokes wore away the endemic fear that seemed to hover in the spruce trees at night when the wind kept you awake. In a sanitarium everyone is passive, waiting hopefully. George was active.

There was a man there from the Long Island City fire department. I forget his name because we called him Chief. The Chief was a friendly round little guy, and he was just short of what in the South they call blood simple. He did not have tuberculosis. He had osteomyelitis on his ribs — "Sorta like moss," he said. He had to have an operation to remove the affected parts. Since it was similar, perhaps identical to the operation for removal of ribs in tuberculosis, the thoracoplasty, he had been sent up here. He did not have to cure, and he had the run of the place at all hours. One day George Kelly got hold of him.

"How long before they give you the rib, Chief?"

"Oh, three, four days. Thursday, I guess."

George looked at the floor and said, "Uh-huh." Then he said, "Feeling pretty good?"

"Oh, yeah, George. Nothing to do. Eat good. Sleep. You know."

"Yeah, yeah, yeah," George said, frowning. "I mean, mentally."

"Mentally?" An expression of wonder came over the Chief's face. Nobody had ever asked him that before, apparently. "How do I feel in my mind? Wonderful. Never better."

"You sound as though you're looking forward to it." This, sourly.

"It's coming. I gotta. What else?"

"Yeah, sure." George looked at him now. "Back in Long Island City when the fire bell rings, you slide down the pole —"

"I ain't always in bed when the bell rings. Sometimes I'm playing checkers."

"OK, OK. So you jump up or slide down and get on the truck and you zoom off to the fire and you run up ladders and wrastle the hose —"

"Oh, it's more tetical than that, George."

"But, goddamn it, that's what you *do*, isn't it?" George roared.

"Well, gee, yeah, but —"

"All I'm asking you is, do you think you'll be able to do it after the operation?"

"Sure. They said —"

"They said." George spat right on the floor, a grave offense here. "Look, Chief, you know Doc Speidel, first assistant surgeon?"

"Sure."

"You know how he limps when he walks. kind of pushes with his right leg?"

"Bone TB," the Chief said confidently. "He had his knee scraped, they said."

"They said."

"Well —"

"Speidel had the rib, too, didn't he?"

"Yeah."

"Well, the reason he keeps pushing with that right leg when he walks is to keep him going in a straight line. See, Chief, what they don't tell you when you get the rib, it destroys your sense of direction. You walk round in circles."

The Chief stared at George maybe fifteen seconds. "Honest?" he said.

"Look at Speidel. He's smart. He worked it out. He pushes, but I don't know about you getting up on a ladder. How do you walk in circles on a ladder?"

The Chief listened no more. He spun around and ran out of the cottage. You were supposed to walk at two and a half miles an hour, but the Chief ran like a whitehead. Dr. Speidel was with a patient, but the Chief burst into his office, waving his arms and shouting, "Oh, no. You can't do this to me. Oh, no. I know all about you, Doc. No, sir. You can't do this. I ain't gonna letcha."

"What's the matter, Chief?" Dr. Speidel said.

"You cut out my ribs? No, sir. Take away my job? No. I know all about you, Doc. No, sir, you can't do it," the Chief babbled. "The rest of my life walking round in circles? Nix."

Patients blow their tops not infrequently, because of the confinement and the strict regimen, worry about money, worry about death, and Speidel was used to this, but he also recognized a sinister foreign richness of invention in the Chief's outburst. "Who've you been talking to, George Kelly?"

"You bet. He's the only friend I got here."

Wearily, Dr. Speidel went to work cleaning up after Kelly. It took about an hour to calm down the Chief and settle him for the operation. Later he chewed George out, but halfheartedly, because I think he realized obscurely that George was on his side, deviously, obliquely on the side of life.

The sanitarium's conscientious efforts to inform its ignorant population about their disease spread misconceptions that floated like thistledown at random among the patients. One day after a lecture Jake, the upholsterer, sidled up to George and asked, "George, have I got a lesion? What the hell's a lesion?"

George was always ready to go. "You go downtown to the movies once a week."

"Yeah."

"You seen these kids playing in the alley beside the theater, huh?" George always assumed his hearer's diction, a gambit to solicit plausibility.

"Sure. Playing marbles."

"Uh-huh. You're sure it's marbles they're playing."

"Sure I'm sure. I used to play when I was a kid. We drew a big ring and —"

"But you never went and picked up one of them marbles."

"Kids don't like you to bother 'em when —"

"Those things ain't marbles, Jake. Them're little round stones, not perfectly round but round enough to play with. Them're your lesions."

Jake was a little smarter than the Chief and he knew George. "OK. So these are the lesions of tuberculosis. How come the kids're playing marbles with 'em?"

In a wonderfully *négligé* manner George shrugged and said, "You've heard of gallstones. Calcium."

Conviction began to cramp Jake's hamlike face. "Yeah, but how do the kids —?"

"How many sanitariums are there in Saranac? Fifteen, twenty? I dunno. Somebody must be getting the rib every day. Every time they open you up, they find lesions. Why, hell, they took about a pint of 'em out of old Mrs. Underwood."

"But how do the kids —?"

"Out of the trash barrels."

"You mean they throw our lesions into trash barrels?"

"So they're pearls or something? What you want they should do with 'em? Put 'em in a bottle and give 'em to you? Let the kids have some fun, Jake."

"But these are colored. They look like marbles."

"So you never had any colored crayons when you were a kid? Where'd you come from — Green Point? Red Hook?"

TIME had taught the authorities that the puritanic regimen so beneficial to the disease could not be maintained without any breaks. It sent people up the wall. With no official announcement, merely by the seepage of custom, new patients learned that the week between Christmas and New Year's was a licensed Saturnalia. If you didn't fall on your face before the head, you could carouse, and visiting between the men's and women's cottages was winked at.

Preparations began as early as October. With childlike glee, as if they were breaking the rules at a boarding school, the men began to make dates with the women for the Christmas holiday. The marriage tie did not seem to hold. It was a saying that you left your spouse behind at Utica. There were half a dozen patients who had been divorced by their husbands or wives as soon as the tuberculosis was diagnosed. The staff lectures taught us to be selfish, to watch ourselves, to take care of ourselves, to listen to ourselves. We were selfish.

I had done very well, eating, lying in the open air, walking a little. My fever had gone. My weight stayed put. I was cheerful. About the first of December I was allowed full exercise, two hours of walking a day, the caloric equivalent, they said, of eight hours' sedentary work. One hour was to be walked in the morning, another in the afternoon, with rest between. Conscientious people owned pedometers and paced off their miles exactly. I did my walking with George Keller, and we were more casual. (It was better to walk in pairs. One could watch the other's cheeks and warn him if they began to freeze. It was cold.) George had heard it was exactly two and a half miles to Peck's Corners, a grocery store under a big oak tree, and we began to walk our five miles at one whack, there and back. Then we timed ourselves: two hours at first, then an hour and a half, and finally we did our best time, mostly at a dogtrot, forty-eight minutes. After a fortnight of this, my fluoroscopes and X rays looked so good that Dr. Spedel told me I could leave after the first of the year. Let me hasten to add that I think the improvement ran parallel to me on those long stumbling runs across the mountains but was not necessarily caused by them, although it may have been. We breathed a lot of fresh air.

Somebody went up the mountain, cut down a spruce, and fitted it into a tub in the living room of our cottage. Nobody could remember to buy decorations in Saranac. A few people tossed cigarette foil into the branches, and that was all our Christ-

mas decoration. It was not all our preparation however. What people did remember when they went into Saranac was to dicker with bootleggers. After long bargaining, all the men in the cottage made up a pot and sent Jake, the upholsterer, to buy a five-gallon can of alcohol from the man who had set the best price.

Christmas Eve I went to a party in another cottage, and I didn't drink any of this alcohol. As I was dressing Christmas morning three men came into my room and said, "Can you do this?" as they lifted their arms from the elbows.

"Sure," I said, and did it.

"We can hardly do it," they said.

"What do you mean?"

"It's hard. We think there was something in the alcohol."

"Can you see all right?"

"Yes, but it's hard to lift our arms."

"Is everybody like this?"

"All but Pops." Pops was a Latvian shoemaker. All he did was play checkers. He had told us Christmas Eve we were swine to drink.

I looked around the cottage. Everybody but Pops was trying to lift his arms, and Pops was laughing. It is rare to see an occasion when clean living clearly pays off, and he was enjoying it. At last someone went and pulled a resident chemist away from his tree and his gifts and persuaded him to do an analysis on the alcohol. A deputation from our cottage stood and watched.

"It's full of pyridine," he said finally. "You go on drinking that stuff and you'll be paralyzed."

It was then that McGinley took over. He was a young lawyer from the Bronx, a protégé of Ed Flynn's. He was often visited by the bishop of the diocese, and that good old man always left him a bottle of fine episcopal rye whiskey. McGinley was a light case. He looked a little like Adolph Menjou, and that was a sinister way to look in those days. In a snap-brim hat and a camel's-hair overcoat, he went downtown to see the bootlegger who had sold us the liquor.

In a side pocket of his overcoat, McGinley clenched his fist and extended a stiff forefinger. He said, "Look, Mac, I come up from the city for Christmas to see some friends of mine. They're up at the Trudeau Sanitarium, you know?"

"Yeah."

"These friends of mine, they got the con, see? They're sick."

"They all got the con at Trudeau."

"That's right. Now these friends of mine, they're sick, it's Christmas. Maybe they don't see another Christmas. I want 'em to have a good time, see?" As he spoke, McGinley would occasionally thrust the muzzle of his forefinger against the cloth of his pocket. "So I give 'em a little dough to buy some

alcohol. A little Christmas cheer, you unnastand.”

“Yeah.”

“They bought that alcohol from you, Mac.”

“So?”

“So this, they’re lying up there half-paralyzed.”

“So it’s my fault they get stinko and —”

Softly, McGinley said, “This ain’t stinko paralyzed. This is nerve paralyzed. That alcohol was full of pyridine, Mac. That’s poison. They had it analyzed by a chemist in a laboratory. These guys, they ain’t got enough trouble being eaten away with the tuberculosis, no. You got to sell ’em some pyridine so they can be paralyzed, too.”

By this time the bootlegger had begun to sweat the big drop. “Honest to God, I didn’t know. I just get the stuff off a truck that comes through. I didn’t —”

“Now, how’s it going to be, Mac? You want to make it right with my friends? Or” — McGinley let it hang a moment and then finished in a low slow ominous voice — “maybe you want a little trouble for y’self.” And he gave the side of his pocket a last poke.

Fluttering with terror, the bootlegger pressed the original purchase price, seventy-five dollars, on McGinley and gave him a new five-gallon can of alcohol he swore was pure. He would drink it himself. McGinley grudgingly accepted the money and the can, leaped into a taxi, and came back up the mountain. It was a nice stroke of work.

On the day I left, George Kelly, McGinley, and Jake, the upholsterer, came down to Saranac to see me off. The Rhodes Trust had told me I could resume my scholarship, and I was going to stay with a friend in Virginia until I sailed for England. I felt there was a certain arrogance in my departure, in having plans beyond these mountains, in leaving at all because I left these friends behind. As we waited on the station platform for the train, feeling the involved ironies of each other’s good wishes, it was George who loosened us up with the gallows humor we were used to. “Well, you won’t be going alone,” he said as he pointed to two long pine boxes stacked one on top of the other at the end of the platform. It was funny then, desperate, but funny, yet only now do I see how courteous it was.

FIFTEEN

by WILLIAM STAFFORD

South of the bridge on Seventeenth
I found back of the willows one summer
day a motorcycle with engine running
as it lay on its side, ticking over
slowly in the high grass. I was fifteen.

I admired all that pulsing gleam, the
shiny flanks, the demure headlights
fringed where it lay; I led it gently
to the road and stood with that
companion, ready and friendly. I was fifteen.

We could find the end of a road, meet
the sky on out Seventeenth. I thought about
hills, and patting the handle got back a
confident opinion. On the bridge we indulged
a forward feeling, a tremble. I was fifteen.

Thinking, back farther in the grass I found
the owner, just coming to, where he had flipped
over the rail. He had blood on his hand, was pale —
I helped him walk to his machine. He ran his hand
over it, called me good man, roared away.

I stood there, fifteen.



Is There a New Germany?

by Martha Gellhorn

In the course of the past year MARTHA GELLHORN, the author and noted foreign correspondent, paid an extended visit to the Federal Republic of Germany and, confining her attention almost exclusively to students, sought to determine whether this younger generation could in time be responsible for a "New Germany." Here are her findings.

TO CRITICIZE, to doubt, to probe the Germans is by now not only anti-German but apparently un-American. In eighteen years, we have turned an astonishing emotional and intellectual somersault. Have the Germans done anything of the sort? Is there a "New Germany," or is there simply another Germany? My acquaintance with Germany began in 1924 and continued until the end of the Nürnberg Trials, though from the summer of 1936 until American troops entered Germany during the war, I watched from a distance and listened to those who had escaped the fatherland. In these post-war years, while the United States has become officially more loving every minute toward its former enemy, I have been reading of this New Germany, and wondering. Last winter I returned to West Germany to try to find what must be New Germans, those who were children or newly born at the end of the Second World War, so young then as to be untouched by the poison their people fed on for twelve years.

I had one introduction, to a Hungarian journalist established in Germany after the Hungarian revolution of 1956. My plan was to visit universities; I meant to meet Germany's future rulers. Hitler was a freak in German history in the sense that he was semiliterate; Germany is normally directed by university graduates, and the academic title Doctor has always abounded in German governmental circles. From the University of Hamburg, through

those of Free Berlin, Frankfurt, Bonn, and Munich, I was passed along by students, either casually met or introduced by the student self-government in each university. We were strangers, they having no ideas about me and I no ideas about them. There was nothing official in this tour. I would wander into a student government office and chat with anyone I could find, and in turn they whistled up anyone they could find with spare time and a wish to talk; though I did try to meet all kinds, ranging from socialist to nationalist to don't-know. These boys and girls were in their twenties; they had known no other form of government than "democracy." They had also grown up in an affluent society, though few of them were rich, but none was miserably poor as were the European students of my youth. I liked some of them very much, and thought some almost as detestable as their fathers had been in their brand-new brown uniforms in the pre-war universities.

In my opinion there is no New Germany, only another Germany. Germany needs a revolution which it has not had and shows no signs of having; not a bloody, old-fashioned revolution, with firing squads and prisons, ending in one more dictatorship, but an interior revolution of the mind, the conscience. Obedience is a German sin. Possibly the greatest German sin. Cruelty and bullying are the reverse side of this disciplined obedience. And Germans have been taught obedience systemati-

Photograph courtesy of German Information Center.

cally, as if it were the highest virtue, for as long as they have been taught anything. They are still so taught, beginning at Mom's knee and continuing through the universities. Twice their victors have imposed "democracy" on a people who never fought for it themselves. Democracy may not be the most perfect form of government (E. M. Forster was right in saying "Two Cheers for Democracy"), but it is the best we have yet found, because it implies that the citizen has private duties of conscience, judgment, and action. The citizen who says Yes to the state, no matter what, is a traitor to his country; but citizens have to learn how to say No and why to say No. Germans are still trained as before in their old authoritarian way; the young are not rebels either. At their best they are deeply troubled by their state and suspicious of it; at their worst they are indistinguishable from their ancestors — the interests of the state come first — and they are potentially dangerous sheep.

The adults of Germany, who knew Nazism and in their millions cheered and adored Hitler until he started losing, have performed a nationwide act of amnesia; no one individually had a thing to do with the Hitlerian regime and its horrors. (This amnesia began as soon as the conquering Allies entered Germany; not a soul could be found who had approved Hitler or harmed a fly.) The young realize this cannot be true, yet one by one, each explains how guiltless his father was; somebody else's father must have been doing the dirty work. Santayana observed that if a man forgets his past he is condemned to relive it. Germans trained in obedience and dedicated to moral whitewashing are not a new people, nor are they reliable partners for anyone else.

There has always been a small minority of Germans who thought of themselves as members of the human race first, and Germans afterward; there still is such a minority, and they are exiles-at-home. For the sake of humanity, it is to be hoped that their numbers will grow until, for the first time, they wield power in Germany. But if what makes Germans the way they are — the home, the churches, the schools, the universities — does not change, Germany will continue to be itself. It is fat, rich, and happy now, and no German wants a war; life is good. What happens if life becomes less good? And no one seems to notice that peaceful Germany is, nevertheless, the one great obstacle to peace in Europe. We quarrel with Russia over the divided Germans as over a festering bone; and no one considers that the fears of our former allies, now enemies in the Soviet bloc, are not hysterical fantasies but are based on a long memory.

It is worth remembering that the German national anthem is, as before, "Deutschland über Alles," and that the second and third verses, de-

leted by the Allies as too aggressive, were restored immediately Germany became independent, and are sung with enthusiasm. There is a German problem, and it will not be solved by denying it or acting as if the problem were a geographical one; let Germany be united, and all will be dandy. The problem is moral, and only the Germans themselves can handle it. They talk ceaselessly about democracy, but "democracy" is a virtuous slogan, without meaning. Until Germans really believe that the state is the servant of the people, and each man is responsible for his acts and his conscience, and that orders are not their own justification, Germany merely changes its leaders, not its character.

THE forms of teaching in German universities are the exercise (a small study group of twelve to twenty-four students), the seminar (up to two hundred students), and the lecture in the large amphitheater (about six hundred students). The students learn by dictation from above, the unquestioned professorial word, the assigned books: they listen for thirty hours a week or more. Many students said bitterly that the only sure way to pass examinations and get the essential degree was to repeat to your professor what the professor had told you. Young Germans, throughout their schooling, are taught to memorize facts but are not guided to relate facts, experience, observation, and emotion to produce their own personal thought.

High school teachers and professors (like judges) have tenure of office; regimes may come, regimes may go, but the opportunist pedagogue or jurist can remain at his post. Denazification courts (which Adenauer objected to as early as 1949) deal only with physical brutality; there is no penalty for having misled and lied to young minds. The old boys are still around, and the young assistant professors, if they hope to advance, must be very tactical with them. German professors are hierarchical figures. It is not surprising that, up to 1957, modern German history, as taught in high schools, stopped at the end of the First World War. Now the Nazi era is rushed over lightly in the last year of high school, and a knowledge of the Nazi period is not required for a university degree; it is an optional subject. German educational methods and a lot of German educators seem to me worse than useless in preparing citizens for life in a free society.

German universities are the size of small towns: ten to twenty-two thousand students. All the young complain of the loneliness of these institutions. The universities are factories for 'earning by heart'; it is no part of their job to provide more than teaching. Dormitories are scarce and for the lucky few. Though the students, for human and economical

reasons, would love to live in dormitories, the German government is opposed to housing students as we do. Students are considered radical, and it is perilous to concentrate them together. This is an ironical joke; 60 percent of the students at Munich University voted for the ruling reactionary Bavarian party, while the Socialist Students Club has exactly forty members out of a student population of 22,000. Furthermore, the only students who always live together in houses are members of the Korps (the dueling societies) and their allied fraternities, the Bursenschaften (non-dueling societies). Roughly, these groups may be compared to American fraternities, as membership is by invitation and the houses are not supported by the state or university but by the "elders," former members. Thirty percent of all German students belong to the Korps and the Bursenschaften and are the largest homogeneous group in the universities; these fraternities are also strongholds of traditionalism and nationalism and have been throughout their history. The German government makes a small financial contribution to any student organization which undertakes political education. Government money is given to the Korps and the Bursenschaften, which are completely right wing, but no money is given to the tiny left-wing Socialist German Students League. Even more than in America, German governmental circles find it convenient to confuse socialism with Communism. From observation, I would say that the only people in Germany who believe wholeheartedly in the democratic process as a form of government are socialists.

The students, lost in these giant universities, and in their separate homes or solitary lodgings, join groups: some for fun (jazz, photography), some for politics (Young Christian Democrats, Young Socialists), some for study or argument (English literature, current events), some for sports. In every university they also have compulsory student government called ASTA: "compulsory" because all students must pay dues. ASTA manages the student restaurants, gets out a newspaper, arranges meetings, and discusses student problems with the academic authorities, but less than half the students vote in their own elections or bother with ASTA in any way. ASTA is immensely organized and bureaucratic. I mentioned this, seeing the mountains of mimeographed paper and the charts and the proliferating departments and officers in the headquarters of Berlin University's ASTA. "After all, we are German," said the young president, a charmer wearing a Russian-style astrakhan cap, large specs, and clearly endowed with a saving skepticism. Then there is a president of all German students, elected by the ASTA presidents of each German university. This gives you a hint of the organization-man aspect of German life.

I attended various seminars and lectures and found them more than depressing. Here is an example: a session of the Advanced English Seminar at Frankfurt University. One hundred and thirty students sat in tiers in a fine modern lecture room while their instructor talked to them about the works of John Steinbeck. The course was an analysis of the "characterization, structure, plot and language" of *Tortilla Flat*, *The Grapes of Wrath*, *East of Eden*, and *Of Mice and Men*. This two-hour session was taken up with a discussion of the difference between "plot" and "story." Eager students raised their hands and, speaking excellent English, babbled on about this matter, which seemed pointless to me, both as a writer and reader. No one mentioned the meaning of Steinbeck's novels. No one was concerned with Steinbeck's picture of the human condition, with understanding and sharing experience. No one commented on the furious moral indignation which drove Steinbeck to write his earlier books. At the end of the term, the students would know the names of all Steinbeck's characters and every detail of his plots and stories better than Steinbeck does, and that is all. The instructor looked like an American, with bow tie, crew cut, horn-rims; he behaved like an actor playing the part of a young American teacher. After class I asked him where he had learned to speak American. "I learned in Germany," he said. "All I needed was the accent. So I went to the University of Chicago for a year and I got it."

It was not my impression that the majority of students resented this intellectual sterility and doubted the value of their education. In any case, they cannot afford to dissent; a university degree is not a status symbol in Germany; it is essential to middle-class getting ahead. A postgraduate degree, which allows the lifelong title of Doctor, is better still. Observe that the Chancellor of Germany is called Doctor, and so is the manager of the Kempinski Hotel in Berlin. Young Germans want to get ahead. Power, nowadays, is wealth. A pretentious and patriotic young woman, rising fast in a Frankfurt publishing house, put it neatly: "We must work hard, for ourselves and for Germany." The university degree is a big step up on the ladder of success. In the universities, only 5 percent of the students come from working-class homes: perhaps the working class is fortunate not to have its young shaped for so long in such old, tight, unhealthy molds.

THE cities were all different in atmosphere. Hamburg, the most different of all, is a port, and the outside world is somewhere near. The government of Hamburg is socialist, and so is the government

of the province; perhaps because of this Hamburg is the home of that *Time*-like weekly, *Der Spiegel*, which for long has been the only effective opposition in Germany. It is odd that a weekly magazine, patterned on the gadfly side of *Time*, should take over the role of a political opposition.

By accident I met three students in Hamburg who fascinated me; they seemed like symbolic characters in a morality play. Johann was studying medicine, Hans was studying political science, and Trudi was studying law. Johann was very good-looking, fair-haired, blue-eyed, dressed in an English duffle coat and speaking slightly cockney English. He was so gay, outspoken, and unlike a German that I could not decipher him until he explained that his mother was Jewish, had fled Germany after a short prison term in the early Hitler days, and he had therefore been brought up in England until the age of twelve. We agreed, he and I, as the days passed, that the very best thing that could happen to Germans would be an early transplanting into some less authoritarian country, so that they got their first ideas in an open climate. Hans was a giant, looking rather like a Teutonic boy Abe Lincoln. He was also an oddball; he could not endure his father for good personal reasons and extended this dislike to the entire older generation, which severed his connection with traditional Germany and with traditional obedience. Moreover, he had had an enlightened history teacher in high school, and had thus really studied the Nazi era, ending by going to Belsen with some thousands of other young Germans, who went, he thought, largely out of curiosity, though some made the journey as an act of mourning. Hans was deeply impressed by what he had studied and by Belsen itself; he had learned to be a liberal on his own and meant to become a journalist when he finished his studies "to tell people the truth so it can never happen again."

Trudi, the law student, was a natural Hitler maiden.

We drank bad coffee in a cheap café in the red-light district. Horse steak was advertised on the wall, a jukebox played, the other customers occasionally erupted into drunken shouting. The boys and I found the place funny; Trudi thought it disgusting. The boys felt little esteem for the Adenauer government and all its works, and said so in detail. Trudi objected angrily; she did not consider it right to run down Germany, especially in front of a foreigner. Her reaction was typically German. I heard it often and could not understand it until a bright young journalist in Munich explained: Germans identify their government with their country; therefore any attack on the established political authority is unpatriotic. I believe this, and I think it weird and deadly. When Republicans

used to foam at the mouth, if speaking of Franklin D. Roosevelt, neither they nor anybody else thought them traitors to America; they were recognized as Republicans.

Johann dismissed the girl's burst of nationalism by saying, "She's old-fashioned." He concluded all our remarks on Germany: "In comparison with other democracies, Germany is still learning to crawl."

Trudi fidgeted so much that we decided to move on. The boys suggested an espresso bar where we could get decent Cappuccino coffee. Trudi did not want to go, saying, "I hate to see German girls catching those oily Italians."

"Would it be all right if they were catching Germans?"

"That is different," said she.

To humor her, we stopped at the only student café in Hamburg, but there was no room to sit, and most of the benches were crowded with dark-skinned students, Arabs, Orientals, Africans. Trudi wrinkled her nose and said, "You see, it is not a very nice place."

WEST BERLIN was a stunning surprise. I had not seen the city since the first winter after the war, when Berlin was a wilderness of jagged gray stone. From my reading, I imagined something like a fortified medieval town, cramped, crowded, stoical, hemmed in by the Wall. West Berlin has three airports and is a displeasingly spread-out city, ruinous in taxi fares. It is as garish as if the people had just struck oil, jammed with expensive cars and expensive shops, and the Berliners are not heroes of the front line: they love their hometown, make good money, like being newsworthy and important; and so they stay. There are material inducements as well: an automatic reduction of 5 percent in income tax, a "welcome gift" of \$75 for moving to the city, a marriage grant of \$750, repayable in ten years, with 25 percent off for every child born in Berlin. And young men in Berlin are exempt from military conscription. These are all perfectly sound reasons for living in West Berlin, and it is high time we stopped being sentimental about the place. For political reasons it may be expedient or vital to keep free Berlin ticking busily, but to act as if it were the stronghold of our faith and the new Jerusalem is absolute rot. We should also stop calling it, in our idiotic slogan, "the showroom of the West." The West, whatever it is, is a lot better than this overdramatized city.

Germans should not be so outraged by the Wall; they built similar walls everywhere in Europe not too long ago. It is a concentration-camp wall with thugs in guard towers ready to shoot their own

people as they used to shoot others. The bus hostess, who was either declaiming on the brutality of the Communist East Germans or selling us postcards and colorslides, neglected to point out that for nearly seventeen years East Germans could escape quite easily to West Germany, and did so in millions. They had to come without portable possessions, but they did not arrive in a foreign land where they were unwanted and lonely. They emerged from the West Berlin underground into the arms of their compatriots and within a short time were better off, materially, than they had ever been before. West Germany needs so many workers that it imports labor; refugees from East Germany get special consideration. They are not refugees, in the tragic meaning of that word; they are German citizens at home in another part of their country.

You see plenty of uniforms about the place: Russian soldiers in East Berlin, American soldiers in West Berlin; French and English troops are inconspicuous. *We* think the East Germans are puppets of Russia. *They* think the West Germans are puppets of America. What if the two German regimes are puppet masters themselves, and shrewdly run their own separate shows, profiting from the cold war and from two opposed gigantic sugar daddies?

Those West German young who do not regard Germany as the center of the universe take a pretty detached view of the Wall and East Germany. They don't see how Germany can be reunited without war, and they do not want war. There has been one splendid change of heart in Germany. The great majority of the younger generation abhors militarism, armies, and uniforms. A pre-tentious young woman in Frankfurt amazed me by saying, "Losing the war means losing East Germany and East Berlin. It is terrible. This is something our elders did without asking us. But we must accept. And make here first." It would have been a nobler sentiment if she had said "starting the war," but one should be grateful for small favors, such as a recognition of cause and effect. A young sociologist at Frankfurt University who had studied in America on a Fulbright grant was blessed with the clearest mind I met. He was just and penetrating about America and used the same eyes on his own country. "Ulbricht and Adenauer are the ones who prevent a solution. They need this quarrel to stay in power. We must recognize East Germany and the Polish frontier; you'll have to guarantee West Berlin. Eighteen years is long enough for a dangerous tug-of-war."

East German refugee students who get scholarships and are favored sons, have emotional reasons for following the Christian Democrat party line. In West Berlin, the pink-checked president of the local chapter of Refugee Students from East Ger-

many said that they didn't want an H-bomb war to reunify Germany. They realized this would be no use to them. But he foresaw a swap with Poland — give back East Poland and get back East Germany. He hadn't figured out why the Russians would part with their slice of Poland.

He wanted Germany to be proud, "like America." After the war, America (few speak of the Allies) held the Nürnberg Trials and created democracy here; "they treated the Germans like children." I heard this often, in various terms from a variety of students. We should apparently have shot the war criminals but not embarrassed the Germans with recorded trials. As for democracy, we ought somehow to have imposed it and not have imposed it. There must be a *German* democracy, he said, made by Germans and honoring German ways, traditions, and customs. *German* democracy is the battle cry of the serious fascists. Only crackpots paint swastikas on synagogues or meet in noisy Nazi style.

In Munich, the Prussian-born president of another student refugee organization said that "a young German looks behind and sees fifty years of mistakes and atrocities. Better forget it and become a European. But De Gaulle says it will be a Europe of nations, so I have to remain a German. This *isn't* Germany — the other part is gone. We must get it back to be whole." He is pro-military, Prussian still. He wants the H-bomb given to NATO, where German officers hold high rank. He believes that the government should have emergency powers to dismiss parliament and rule by decree. "All our symbols were discredited by Hitler — our flag and our country. What is there for us to do? Most young people think of work and their own careers. The Hitler regime had a spiritual side; people were actively engaged. Now there is apathy. No one knows what democracy means; no one knows what Germany means."

It is safe to generalize here: the conservative, the traditionalist, the authoritarian young want Germany to be reunited and powerful. The socialists, the democratically minded want to accept the present frontiers for the sake of peace on earth. That leaves the usual bulk of the uncommitted, the young who care about living their own lives quietly. The Federal Republic is the only homeland they know; they are not "hurting for anything," as American G.I.'s used to say. The unification of Germany is not a subject that torments them.

FRANKFURT is hideous, rebuilt, prosperous, and more bearable than Berlin. It is not pretending to be other than it is: business is better than usual, and a socialist regime is in power. I liked this city

only because of a tiny seed, planted long ago by an inspired officer in the U.S. Military Government. This seed is called "Seminar für Politik," and as far as I can see, it is the best legacy we left to Germany. The Germans copy all our materialism; here in a small clean building we left behind something of what we ought to mean. The seminar is free, in every way. Young people, most of whom earn their living by day, come here from six to eight o'clock in the evening and are encouraged, led, lured into thinking for themselves and asking the basic question of free men: *Why?* A woman who is wise, loving, and intellectually honest runs this school; she is a Catholic and a socialist, an interesting combination in Germany, where the government has been dominated by clerical reactionaries.

After listening to the young and their young teacher argue, question, learn about Nietzsche and determinism, we went off to a café, where I tried to get at something that puzzles me: the role of German women. There were six girls and two boys who invited themselves; it was a mistake to let the boys join us. Even these girls reacted largely in the traditional German way; they secede before the male. I suggested to them that there was something very wrong about German women, who, in my opinion, are the Arab women of the West. Since they bring up the children and manage the home, they must fatally instill into their offspring their own unquestioning respect for authority, beginning with father and going on inexorably to a ruler. How can there be hope for the inquiring mind and the free spirit if the women are such abject intellectual and moral slaves? The girls did not get too far with this question, disappointingly. The boys suggested it was fine for women to study and work until they had children; after that, their place was in the home. But one boy, on leave from military service, finally said, "The worst thing for the young women is their old mothers" — their old mothers who forever teach blind obedience, handing on this sin from generation to generation.

A bit of that evening's conversation is revealing and worth reporting; and it must be emphasized that these young people were as near to our sort of free-wheeling young as one can find in Germany.

I asked, because I wanted to know, whether Germans had ever fought foreign or domestic tyrants for their own freedom. Or did they only fight non-Germans, on orders from above?

The second boy, an open-faced shipping clerk, explained. "Germans think carefully before revolting. What is on this side, what is on that side? So they do not."

"Do they think carefully before following a dictator?"

"But then they cannot protest for they would be killed."

"They're killed fighting others, too."

"There was 1848," the clerk said hopefully. They all trot out 1848, hopefully. It is pitiful the way they cling to the most inept, inadequate, spineless, and brief revolution in Europe as their passport into democratic society. "And at the time of the Peasants' Revolt, Martin Luther told them not. So they could not because the Catholic Church was against them."

"If you mean," said the girl medical student, with large spectacles and dimples, "Can it happen again in Germany, obeying the bad orders, then the answer is Yes."

"But what is so wrong with us?" the clerk asked. "Ten years after the war, we were already best friends with England and America. But if we want to be more left and freer, America will not like it."

THE university in Bonn is housed in a baroque palace, and the town is pretty, snug, and old between the hills and the Rhine. All travelers know the desperate feeling that one must quickly get out of a place, a country, and the irrational fear that one won't. Many people have this reaction to Germany; in Bonn, the capital of a great power, the sensation of being closed away became very strong. Yet Germans have an enviable free currency, and they journey in hordes all over Europe. Foreign newspapers arrive. Still the Germans, more than any other people I know, seem isolated in their country and in their Germanness. During Nazism, this was actually true; the claustrophobia persists.

Everywhere in Germany I had been asking the young about Jews; how did German students feel now, how did their elders feel? Few of them knew any Jews (there are some 25,000 left in Germany); and the subject is delicate: it becomes at once an attack on their nation and their parents. As for the elders, none would admit to having ever approved the murderous Nazi anti-Semitism, and practically everyone claimed to have helped Jews to escape to Brazil. A professor in Berlin said that there was no racial feeling whatsoever in Germany; on the contrary, the Germans fell over backward to avoid all discrimination. He himself had just passed a Pakistani when he would have failed a German. "But I said to myself, oh well, he is going back to his own country."

Anti-Semitism has gone underground; it is an illegal emotion. Anything that is disliked can be safely called Communist; Jewish, as a term of abuse, is reserved for private conversation or letters to the newspapers. Yet if you pry too hard, you get sharp reactions from Germans. The treatment of Negroes in the United States is cited to prove

that we are no better than they were. And once I was told an instructive story by a Berlin editor; a group of hand-picked, simon-pure, democratic young Germans were sent on a trip to the United States. On every Greyhound bus, in every train, they heard anti-Semitic talk. They returned scandalized. Such talk can be answered by pointing out that the United States is not an ideal democracy, but there are plenty of unsleeping people who will never give up trying to improve it.

I held a private seminar in my hotel room in Bonn—four young people who talked all day. They were the editor of the Christian Democrat student newspaper; a medical student, son of a Lutheran pastor who had been jailed by the Nazis; a girl member of the Liberal Club; and the girl secretary of the German-Israel Club, which has branches in every university. The German combination of excessive factual knowledge and illogic was never more wondrously displayed, but they were nice young people, muddled in heart and mind.

The medical student said, “If you protest against authority here they say you are a fool or a Communist. My parents don’t like it that I am so mixed in politics in the university because they have had experiences of politics.”

This appears to be a universal rule: all the young are warned by their parents not to think or act politically—in short, to be sheep as their elders were, though of a different passive nature. “We were punished once,” the elders say.

“We must discuss with Russia,” the medical student went on. “We cannot keep this cold war up forever. But we have a problem here. Any boy who is Catholic must vote for the Christian Democrat party because the priest tells him to. We cannot have a democracy if priests tell people how to vote.”

This did not go down well with the editor, a member of that party. The argument meandered off into another one about birth control, which is against the law in Germany, the editor being in favor of forbidding birth-control information and the girl liberal protesting against this interference by the state in private life.

Most interesting was their talk of anti-Semitism. The medical student was impressed by the girl secretary of the German-Israel club. “It is wonderful for a German to be doing this work,” he said, while the girl stiffened. He could not quite believe it though, and finally asked her if she had Jewish ancestors, which she did not; she is studying theology, to enter the Lutheran Church as a pastor. She said that she had noticed an increase in anti-Semitism among the older generation, though young people were pro-Israel or indifferent. However, a few weeks ago in the student restaurant,

anti-Semitic tracts were distributed on all the tables; the culprits had not been found. She had visited Israel twice, before and after the Eichmann trial; she was studying Hebrew for her theology degree. “We reach out the hand of friendship to the young Israelis but there is difficulty that they take it. The Herut party, which is anti-German, called us Germans enemies of humanity. And also one Israeli has one mind; you talk to another and he has another mind. It is very difficult if there is no general way.”

The editor had gone to Israel to report the Eichmann trial for his student magazine. He had “a very interesting discussion with an Israeli girl. She suggested that Germany had become a ghetto for Germans.”

None of them knew how to take that, and they were startled by my laughter.

The girl theologian said, “Ben Gurion told that he made the Eichmann trial to educate the young Israelis. They were different after it.”

“You mean they learned to be pro-German?” the medical student asked.

Probably the reason for the sensation of claustrophobia in Germany derives from just this: the incurable egocentricity of German thinking. Their inability to put themselves in the place of others, even briefly, is like being blind and deaf. It really is *Deutschland über Alles*; everything returns to them. There was a peculiar lack of curiosity among these young about other people outside Germany. And yet they talked to me with righteous indignation about bad treatment they had received in foreign countries: in a shop in Finland a woman had refused to serve one of them, in Denmark a waiter had been hostile, on and on. It was useless to explain that these countries had suffered abominably at the hands of Germans; these small slights were a trifling penalty for the history of their country. “But we did nothing,” they would cry. “We are innocent.” True, and yet, where is the imagination? This same line of reasoning applies to post-war Germany; what Germany endured during two years after the war was terrible. They never remind themselves of what others endured not only for two years after the war but during six and a half years of war. The very notion that a large part of the world has unhealed and unhealable wounds inflicted by Germany, and that there must be some punishment for crime, is an outrage to them. “What have we to pay?” asked a budding young politician, president of the Munich Students Christian Democrat League. “We are innocent.”

All Germany looks rebuilt and spotless, but much of this no doubt comfortable new construction is ugly; Munich is restored and lovely. You do find yourself observing that the best architec-

ture seems to derive from the genius of others: pseudo-Greek, pseudo-French; the overall effect is prosperity and charm. Most Germans are overweight and dressed against the cold; in Munich they are more affable than in the other German cities.

Here I met a group of happy students, happy because they lived in a dormitory, boys and girls together, which they managed themselves. It was a tangible proof that the dormitory system is good; the students were not only pleased with their living conditions, but they had a chance to develop normal human relations and did not, as do almost all German students, solemnly call each other Herr and Fraulein, or treat each other with the caution that marked communal talk among other young people. These laughed freely, were frankly critical of their university and government, were not afraid to think and to speak, and had the habit of doing both. They are not taken in by the whitewashing of the past, but they are not interested in the past; the present concerns them. As one of them said, "The only safe, approved subject for discussion now, in Germany, is anti-Communism." They said that any dissent, any hostility to the powers that be was immediately branded as Communism; a German

form of McCarthyism is growing, if not already here. They fear this, as a limit on their ability to make a really free country and be responsible citizens. Some students had predicted, with despair, that a Salazar-type dictatorship would be the next step in German history. These Munich students did not believe Germany would have an official dictator but do believe that their state is moving more and more to the right, with less liberty for the individual and increased censorship of the mind. They pointed out that America is envied for its wealth and power, nothing more.

Germany has certainly gobbled up the forms of our materialism, but our two most valuable articles of export — the Declaration of Independence and the Bill of Rights — are unknown. Perhaps we no longer know much about them ourselves. In Bonn, the student editor had said, "The young need somebody to show the way. There is no one. We have no elders." That is a genuine cry of distress. Few German elders are fit to answer it. The new generation needs a New Germany; they can hardly expect the older generation to build democracy for them. But have they themselves the imagination and guts required to do the job?

Coming in the **March ATLANTIC**

The New Atlantic Supplement

MEXICO TODAY

There is a feeling of exuberance and ferment in the art and creative writing that is coming out of Mexico today. In addition to poetry, short stories, and painting, the new Atlantic Supplement will include articles by leading critics and experts in the fields of contemporary music, literature, art, archaeology, foreign affairs, and economics.

THE RIGHT TO PRIVACY

by Vance Packard

FAREWELL TO CARLYLE SQUARE

by Sir Osbert Sitwell

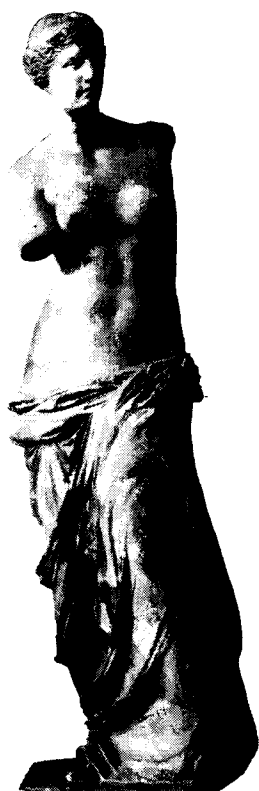
WHATEVER HAPPENED TO WOMEN'S RIGHTS?

by Paul Foley

EXHIBITIONSHIP

by Ernst H. Gombrich

André Malraux's decision to send the VENUS DE MILO to Japan as an inducement for the Olympic Games and Pope John's earlier offer to have Michelangelo's PIETÀ travel to New York for the World's Fair have prompted this expostulation by ERNST H. GOMBRICH, director of the Warburg Institute in London and the author of ART AND ILLUSION.



I KNOW an old retired and retiring director of one of the world's great museums who likes to sum up the attitude of some of his young colleagues in the phrase, "Whatever shall we do next?" We know the latest answer. The *Venus de Milo* will be wrapped up, crated, and sent from the Louvre to Japan. It will make headlines and attract the crowds. Those of us who may want to pay tribute to a classic ideal of beauty that may not be fashionable but is still worth a moment of reflection will have to exchange our ticket to Paris for one to Tokyo. Or if we cannot afford this and decide to go to Rome instead, we may discover at the place where we hoped to find solace and inspiration in Michelangelo's *Pietà* a little notice: "Come to the World's Fair: back soon." Whatever will they do next? Take out the windows of Chartres and send them to a show? Lend the caves of Lascaux to Egypt for the promise of one of their pyramids? It would cost a lot, but it could be done, and would it not further understanding among men or at least among transport contractors?

Satire apart (though it is sometimes difficult, as a Roman poet said, not to write satirically), what is it that makes the guardians of our artistic inheritance so subject to whims and so eager for stunts? Perhaps it is unfair to blame them too much, for they are driven into this attitude by public pres-

sure: the pressure of success and the menace of failure. Exhibitions attract, museums repel. The museum has been denounced for so long as the morgue of dead art, the vault for mummies, that a museum director can hardly be blamed if he tries to shout it from the housetops that his own museum is alive, that it moves with the times and responds like a kaleidoscope to any shake of fashion.

But even these hectic efforts to remove the faintest smell of mustiness and to keep up with every new trick of display technique are, one suspects, of comparatively little avail. Parties of schoolchildren and sightseeing tourists will make the round of the galleries, but what of the citizens who own and support the collection? We are all guilty here. We know the museum is there, we are proud to think of its treasures, but it is precisely because we know or hope that these will always be with us that we let the days slip by — and go to exhibitions instead. For the exhibition puts the pistol at our heads; it is now or never that we can see these works assembled at so much cost from all parts of the globe, and so it has to be now. The museum may own better works, but they can wait.

Moreover, the exhibition has a social incentive that is quite out of reach of the permanent collection. For the exhibition will always stand high on the list of likely conversation topics at parties. We can turn to our dumb-looking neighbor and ask with perfect propriety, "Have you been to the exhibition of Japanese basketwork?" Even if she says no, we can tell her about it. But social conventions normally discourage us from asking our fellow citizens whether they have ever visited their own museum? Even less are we expected to describe

the content of one of its galleries, where, possibly, superior basketwork has been displayed for many decades. And so the exhibition flourishes, first as a prospective topic and then as a remembered one. The museum lingers in the shadows, a place that reproaches us with its very presence and with its countless showcases which we could and should see and enjoy if only we had the leisure.

What other solution can there be, then, but to transform museums into exhibitions? To exploit the attraction and the menace of change? To invent excuses for loans and for impermanent shows? To ask, in other words, "Whatever shall we do next?" because the question is raised by the public?

And yet, I think, this drift toward sensationalism must end in disaster. Physical disaster, possibly, for the transport and shuffle of frail and precious objects are obviously fraught with danger; psychological disaster certainly, for works of art should provide more than momentary stimulation. For good or ill the museum is a resting-place, the treasure-house where the heirlooms of the past which were cut adrift by the wars of princes and the greed of collectors found a haven at last. It is restful for us, too, to know that they are there, that we can seek them out and consult them whenever we feel like it. Perhaps there are not that many people who desire this reassurance. But they are the ones whose needs are genuine and should be respected. It should be possible for them to visit their favorite painting, statue, or vase for a few minutes without having to search and to learn that it was removed to the stores or sent to Timbuktu to make room for some circulating circus. Granted that a museum is, at best, an imperfect setting for a work of art, it is at least a second home and not a wandering sideshow.

Above all, of course, we must rally to protect the works of art that can still be found where they grew, in the place and setting for which they were created. How rewarding it is to make the pilgrimage to the little chapel of the cemetery of Monterchi where Piero della Francesca's majestic *Madonna del Parto* has looked down on the worshipers for five hundred years. How grateful we must be to see Titian's *Assumption of the Virgin* again on the high altar of the Frari in Venice for which it was painted and which therefore enhances its meaning and its splendor.

How wonderful it is that there still are the old churches and old palaces in the towns of Europe, with their wall paintings and their monuments telling of a mode of life so different from our own — narrow, perhaps, and grim, but all the more intense. If ever the old saying that the whole is more than the sum of its parts had relevance, it is surely true of these products of a slow and deliberate growth, with their layers of decoration and their

sequence of donations. Every chapel tells the story of generations; every villa proclaims the aspirations of men, with their idiosyncrasies, their good luck, and their follies. And yet even these survivals are threatened, and their number is dwindling every day. In Italy the murals of the masters are increasingly being detached from the walls on which they were painted and removed to museums. There may be no choice here. The clouds of fumes raised by the torrent of motor traffic have begun to eat into the pigment. The frescoes will perish unless they are removed to air-conditioned rooms. Already we have seen a fabulous show of detached murals wisely displayed in the Florentine Belvedere far above the dust and exhaust that fill the street of that once peaceful city. Soon, perhaps, Giotto's frescoes may follow the *Venus de Milo* to Japan or the *Pietà* to New York.

Soon, perhaps, but not yet. So far this is only the nightmare of a worried art lover. There are still old churches and splendid palaces and villas. And there are still museums, treasure-houses to which we can return throughout a lifetime to see old friends and discover new ones. And once we have made such friends we almost cease to care whether they stand on sacking or on silk, whether we must look for them in a crowded showcase or find them in a place of honor with a new spotlight and a springing fountain. Indeed, some perverse souls may prefer the crowded display because it shows more of the treasures that have been amassed and offers us a greater opportunity to make our own discoveries.

For, the decisive argument against all the techniques that play with works of art as if they were objects of salesmanship is that there is no substitute for the pleasures of discovery. Museums may look labyrinthine and uninviting to the uninitiated, but to those who have discovered their worth they offer the prospect of a lifetime of explorations. To those of us who have acquired this taste for the permanent and inexhaustible, the exhibition offers mainly frustration — here today and gone tomorrow.

Needless to say, there are exhibitions which are worth the sacrifice. To see the whole work of a Poussin or a Delacroix assembled in one spot we may gladly put up with a sense of inadequacy. But for the rest, let the museum return to its proper function, which was and is to preserve, protect, and make accessible the relics of the past which have unfortunately lost their original context. There used to be a real meaning in the designations of conservator, curator, and keeper. What alternative titles do those who betray this trust propose? The *Venus de Milo* was not made for the Louvre. But it has come to reside in it, and it now belongs to Paris, no less than does the *Mona Lisa*, which the King of France inherited from Leonardo himself.



Each position of a windmill's sails has its own meaning. Here, miller Onne has set his sails to show that he and his mill are resting. There are 991 windmills in Holland.

You can tell by the windmill that it's lunchtime in Holland

Come to Holland and see the windmills in action. They're fascinating. They drain ponds, grind corn, cut wood, pump water, and even give messages. At this pump mill near Rotterdam, miller Onne has positioned his sails in a straight cross to show he's stopped work for a short while, perhaps to eat lunch.

If you're planning your maiden voyage to Europe, you'd do well to make Holland your first stop. You get an astonishing amount of country for the mile. And for the dollar.

A three and a half hour tour of windmill land, by boat or car, comes to \$3.50. A week on a yacht that sleeps six costs as little as \$200, skipper and all. A two hour canal cruise costs about fifty cents.

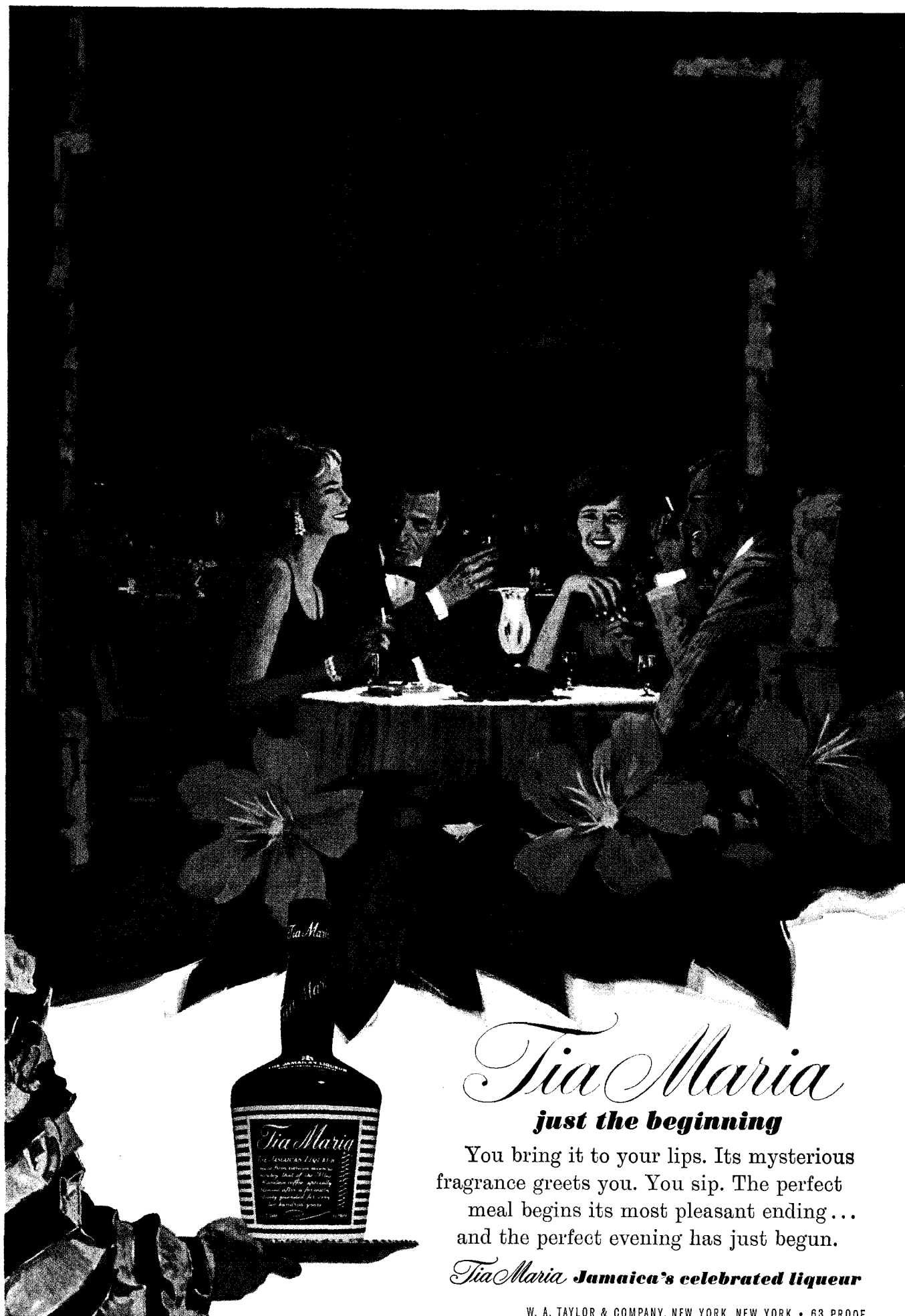
And to top it all, Holland offers you the warmest people you're likely to meet in all your European travels.

The Dutch feel a special kinship with Americans. They greet you with a smile. They put their hands out only in friendship.

You'll find no language problem in Holland. English is their second language. Children learn it at school.

So come to Holland first. And come on a Dutch carrier—by air or by sea. Much more fun.

For further information, talk to your travel agent, or write the Netherlands National Tourist Office, A.N.V.V., 605 5th Ave., N.Y. 17, N.Y.



Tia Maria

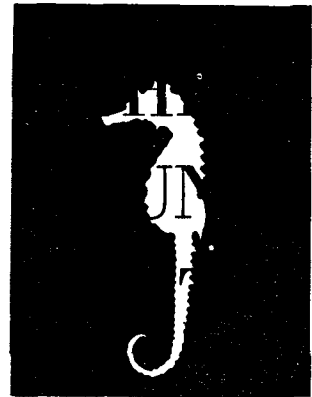
just the beginning

You bring it to your lips. Its mysterious fragrance greets you. You sip. The perfect meal begins its most pleasant ending... and the perfect evening has just begun.

Tia Maria **Jamaica's celebrated liqueur**

W. A. TAYLOR & COMPANY, NEW YORK, NEW YORK • 63 PROOF

There is every evidence of an increasing interest in ATLANTIC poetry. As an incentive for writers yet unestablished, twice a year we set aside a number of pages in the ATLANTIC to be devoted to the work of young poets.



AQUARIUM

BY SHIRLEY KAUFMAN

Fish under water, weaving the clear
and equal cubes with silent movement,
fins and eyes, leave no paths
as they pass. They are contained
in paleness like an inner rind,
and lose their shadows in a rain
of light through scales, transparent tails.

And we so late emerged (fin
that stretched to water pulled like a wing
to sky), see how the crabs step sideways
on the points of their slippery joints;
how catfish float, testing with short picks
of whiskers the liquid space before;
how fastening in fear, the sea
anemones close petal tentacles.

Like fugitive swimmers out of a dream
of tanks we come, compassless. Only
the small, round openings of our mouths
for signals. The shape of our softness public,
but secretly at home in warm waters.

Giant turtles just below the surface
hang from their own reflections, heavy
with overlapping plates of shell.
Light flows. We feel our way. Slowly
begin to close the bony pieces
of our disconnected selves.

MORNING SONG
or
Everything in Life Is Worthwhile but Living

BY JOHN COWLES

Charge the shivering daisies down
Down, down the vaulting sun
With a merrimerry hey-ho
Down the daisies down!

Vault the crimson, crimson sun-
Spun wind and whistling down
With a merrimerry hey-ho
Down the daisies down!

Fling the thorny thistle down
Down, down the pitted path
With a merrimerry hey-ho
Down the daisies down!

Drink this morning's melted snow
Forgetting how your murders grow
With a merrimerry hey-ho
Down the daisies down!

PHOTOGRAPH OF A LATE POET

BY TIM REYNOLDS

Stranger to me, even then he was unworlding —
not as you are, in whom death hangs
motionless, lazily finning barracuda-fashion,
but swiftly, as coffee subverts a sugar lump,
infiltrating him while he posed even, crumbling
the cooling fingers around the still warm pipe.
Like the woman camera-caught in the morning papers
midway down from parapet to concrete
he is held falling in this imponderable half-life
as though at swordpoint over a black blood trench
across which I can only stammer the usual riddle:
Did having dealt a lifetime with this matter
make those minutes easier when in the brain space
collapsed upon itself, then rived apart,
supernova, throat turned sphincter? Posed, frozen,
the eyes like poems smile and answer nothing.

WILD BLACKBERRIES

BY FRANCES McCONNEL

We dressed for December then,
When the heat crawled on our skin:
Not an inch open to the thorns
Except our mouths, necessary to tongue
The berries from our bruised fingers.
My father put socks on our hands
And with old strong hat pulled to his ears
He led us into the thickest thorns.

That bright July heart above us
Beat its anguish to our heavy bones.
Our juices fermented from the pores
Became blood with the berries' smears.
Yet we plucked the fruit lightly;
Stalled in our protection while
Thorns clawed at our hair
But fell away. Gladly the hot berries,
Juicy berries, melted our quick tongues.

There were creatures at odds with us.
Chiggers so sly and small
The pungent oil filtered none away.
If there were a way to revoke them
My father would have known it.
Even fat ticks are known
To bury in the picker's skin:
Our harehound pup came home
Dramatized with the black bulbs.

Also the yellow-banded bees,
The ones that bumble into your legs,
Attack your sneakered feet,
Denied our protection.
Those bees nest near the briars,
Under the lame grass we trampled,
Are easily shaken to erupt
From the earth in lava bubbles.

And so run then, run home
To the scrubbed kitchen; wash
The green spiders from the harvest;
Husk your hot bodies;
Shower away the afternoon;
And in white dress and shirt
Taste the blackberry, absorbed
Summer in fragrant cream, black suns
Dancing in the white, white summer sky.

THE SCANDAL

in Unemployment Insurance

ANONYMOUS

In unprecedented numbers, honeymooners, housewives, vacationers, and strikers are receiving benefits from the unemployment insurance fund. In the following article, an office manager of the Employment Service reveals the antiquity of our unemployment insurance laws.

IN NEW YORK CITY it was a society-page wedding and the pretty bride had landed a prize catch, a prominent young executive. On Monday morning the bride quit blushing long enough to appear at the Buffalo Employment Service office to file a claim for unemployment compensation. Under the New York law she was justified even though she quit her job to accompany her husband to a new locale. She continued her search for work just long enough to collect twenty-six weeks of benefits, and then retired to the suburbs to become a housewife. After all, why should she work? With her husband earning more than \$10,000 per year, the tax-free unemployment check was preferable to taxable wages.

Across the country, in Oregon, an employee was caught embezzling funds and was promptly discharged. The next day he reported to the office of the Oregon Employment Service at Eugene and filed a compensation claim. After sitting out an eight weeks' disqualification period, he drew benefits paid for by his former employer.

In Columbus, Ohio, an executive was retired from a company at age sixty-five and promptly filed for unemployment compensation. An unusual case? No — only if you consider that he receives \$7000 per year in dividends from company stock.

Last year a local union in Rhode Island voted to go out on strike. The workers received \$5.15 an hour and decided this was too meager a wage. The employer was pressured into a new wage settlement after he discovered that his employees were drawing benefits paid for by a tax on his payroll.

These scenes are becoming more and more common throughout the nation as Employment Service

people try desperately to apply antiquated laws to atomic-age problems.

The avalanche of honeymooners, vacationers, retired people, pregnant women, and freeloaders, all drawing benefits, has made it apparent that the present legal structure is hopelessly outdated. The unemployment insurance law passed in the mid-thirties was designed to combat a completely different set of problems from what exists today. Yet only haphazard changes have been made in the law to plug some of the more obvious loopholes that have developed.

One of the major problems facing the unemployment insurance program is the federal-state system of operations. The Wagner-Peyser Act of 1933, creating the Employment Service, and the Social Security Act of 1935, establishing the unemployment insurance system, form probably the most unusual federal-state program ever to exist. Under these acts the federal government provides the funds and establishes the policy for the Employment Service. The states themselves operate the unemployment insurance program. The result is a hodgepodge of fifty separate unemployment insurance laws, with each state pulling in a different direction. The legal manuals and interpretations are so extensive as to leave Employment Service claims takers in a state of confusion.

Another situation that is difficult to justify is the federal Bureau of Employment Security's collecting a special payroll tax from the nation's employers to operate the Employment Service, while at the same time each state is collecting payroll taxes to support the state unemployment insurance fund. Both the

federal and state governments are thus maintaining their own books on identical employers to finance the same program. This duplication of record-keeping is both time-consuming and extremely expensive. If the federal government already has the social security system of employer accounts set up, why must the state also go to the expense of collecting payroll taxes?

Employers too are finding cause to complain. Tax rates have soared as many states have become hard-pressed to retain solvency of their trust fund. Most states are operating on a tax rate nearly double the rate of ten years ago. Despite the fact that they have been operating at the maximum tax level allowed by law, several states have gone broke and have been forced to borrow from a special federal contingency fund.

Employers and Employment Service personnel alike are beginning to ask, "Are all these claimants really entitled to benefits?" "Are we paying benefits to people who are not really attached to the labor market?" "Do we need to take a long, hard look at our unemployment insurance system?"

The working woman has provided probably the largest area of abuse in the unemployment insurance program. When the original law was established, very few women were in the labor force. Today, one out of four women is employed, and the job turnover of women is more than three times that of men. Women comprise only 20 percent of the labor force, yet they draw close to 40 percent of the unemployment insurance benefits. The law is not equipped to cope with this situation, and the result is a financial drain on the program.

Take the pregnant woman for instance. Under the present system, thirty-five states pay benefits to women who have quit their jobs because of pregnancy. Only fifteen states disqualify an expectant mother from receiving compensation.

Only twenty states disqualify a woman for quitting her job for a domestic reason. In all other states, a woman can quit her job because she is needed at home, or she can move to a new locality and draw benefits. The only requirement is her signed statement that she is seeking employment.

Then, of course, there is the married woman who dutifully reports each week to the office to sign for a benefit check. Her husband is employed at a very good salary, and the tax-free compensation is just what the doctor ordered. She may be the mother of several small children and have no intention of ever working again. In all fifty states, all that she must do to receive compensation is to say that she desires employment. Probably every U.S. Employment Service office in the nation each week witnesses a mother, a baby in her arms, sign a benefit check.

The food-processing industry has created an addi-

tional problem that the present law is unable to cope with. In the West, the Midwest, and in Maine, the food-processing industry conveniently employs thousands of women from September through May. Each June they converge on the Employment Service to sign up for three months of benefits. The majority of these women do not want work during the summer and look forward to a paid vacation with their children. All they need to do to draw their check is to report to the office each week and state that they desire employment.

Another chiseler is the real vacationer, the claimant who spends two weeks visiting relatives and draws benefits at the same time. For an unemployed worker familiar with the law, this is not hard to arrange. He reports to the office, states that he desires to leave the area to seek employment, and obtains two courtesy report forms. As long as he reports to the office in the town he is visiting, he has fulfilled his only legal requirement for benefits. During the summer of 1962, most Western Employment Service offices reported that Seattle was the place to look for a job! Was it coincidence that the World's Fair was also being staged there?

One of the most difficult problems to solve is the question of the retired worker. Only ten states have any statutory provisions to reduce or stop the payment of benefits to retired individuals. The other forty states allow a person to draw both retirement pay and unemployment compensation. If an individual cares to study the law before retiring, he can juggle his base-period wages so that he can draw two complete series of benefits.

Another administrative headache is the factor of incentive for additional income. For instance, take the single man engaged in logging or construction work. He probably earns \$6000 to \$10,000 during a six- to eight-month season. After being laid off, this worker is better off financially if he takes the \$40 to \$55 in compensation than if he works. His tax-free benefit check is probably greater than his paycheck would be after taxes.

This philosophy is particularly prominent where a state paying high wages and benefits is located near a low-income rural state. The unemployed worker returns to his home state where he can live more cheaply and draws a large benefit check from the state he worked in. The local office many times is hard-pressed to offer employment that pays as much as the individual receives in benefits. In this situation, the claimant just leans back and takes a winter vacation, all expenses paid.

The low amount of wages required to draw compensation is another subject receiving national attention. Most states qualify the unemployed by using wages in the one-year period prior to filing a claim. In many states, the amount required is ridiculously low. Twenty-six states ask only \$300 in

the base-period year. An additional twenty-one states cover people with \$600 or less in the base period. This leaves only thirteen states requiring more than \$600 to qualify for compensation.

These figures are so low as to include part-time workers, housewives, students, and just plain loafers in the unemployment insurance program. It is obvious that such workers are not fully attached to the labor market, yet we continue to use these Depression figures to qualify individuals for benefits.

In recent years, organized labor has influenced unemployment insurance legislation, and in New York and Rhode Island workers on strike can receive benefits. Here we have an example of an employer being taxed on his payroll to pay compensation to workers on strike against him. Other industrial states are feeling the influence of organized labor on legislation, and unless the public becomes more aware of this situation, many more states will probably cover the striking worker.

The story goes on and on: thirty-five states allow a person to draw compensation for quitting his job; thirty-two states permit an individual to receive benefits even though he has been discharged for misconduct; and thirty-seven states allow the jobless to continue his claim after refusing suitable employment. True, most of these states assess a period of disqualification, but usually after five to eight weeks the individual again receives his benefit check.

Actual fraud to obtain benefits is quite rare, and most Employment Service administrators feel this is not a great problem. The biggest stumbling block is the loose wording in the unemployment insurance laws which allows a claimant much leeway in legal interpretation. Most state laws permit a worker to quit a job with "good cause" and to draw compensation. Not a single state law actually defines what constitutes "good cause," and thus the door is opened to liberal legal interpretation.

As one state agency administrator recently said, "I think it is time for us to take a look at this program and decide what we are attempting to accomplish. Are we trying to cover only the loss of primary family income or are we just trying to distribute money to whomever is out of a job?" He further observed that "national coordination or direction is not only poor but is totally lacking."

Most state Employment Service personnel believe the law has failed to keep pace with the present labor market and economic conditions. The result is a straying from the original concept of insuring a family against loss of its primary income.

Just how to bring fifty separate unemployment insurance laws up-to-date is not quite clear, but all concerned agree it must be done. Many agency directors have looked to Washington, but the attitude of the Bureau of Employment Security is one of complacency and reluctance to interfere in state

affairs. Over the years, there have been many amendments to the basic Social Security Act of 1935. But most of these amendments have been made to expand coverage, not to curb abuses.

At nearly every session of the state legislatures, various amendments are offered to modify some provision of the unemployment insurance law. Most of these amendments are made upon the recommendation of some special-interest group or some uninformed congressman. The result is an ever-widening gap between state laws, and little is accomplished toward correcting the problems.

Under the Social Security Act of 1935, which created the unemployment insurance system, the federal government was to finance the program with a 3 percent tax on employers' payrolls. A state had the prerogative, under the law, to set up its own unemployment insurance program if it met the federal standards that were established. In this event, 90 percent of the payroll tax would then go to the state unemployment insurance fund.

These federal standards were very lenient, and all states immediately set up their own programs. Employers then paid a 2.7 percent payroll tax into the state unemployment insurance fund, and only .3 percent went to Washington to operate the U.S. Employment Service.

In this situation Congress does not have control over the state unemployment insurance funds, but it does control the purse strings. If the federal claimant-eligibility requirements are raised, the states must raise theirs to correspond, or the federal funds to the states will cease.

Here, then, is the key to any real national reform of our archaic unemployment insurance system. If Congress were to raise the federal standards so that a claimant would have to prove he is attached to the labor market, all fifty state legislatures would be forced to take a more realistic attitude toward their unemployment insurance laws.

If our federal benefit requirements were raised so that anyone who quit his job for a personal reason or was discharged for misconduct was deemed ineligible, we would be back on the road to where actions rather than words would be the qualifying factors. By adopting laws more specifically worded than our present vague statutes, we not only could eliminate the loopholes that now favor the non-legitimate claimant, but we could provide better protection for those entitled to benefits.

Many experienced Employment Security people feel that 30 percent of the current unemployment insurance claimants could be legislated off the dole with no moral injustice involved. If this 30 percent saving could then be applied to the task of retraining men and women who are legitimately attached to the labor market and whose skills have become obsolete, some real progress could be made.

Father and Son

MAURO SENESI

MAURO SENESI is a young writer who lives in Florence and contributes to various Italian newspapers and magazines. His first short story published in America appeared in the ATLANTIC in the autumn of 1961. He has since finished the English version of his novel, LONG-SHADOW, and is working on a new book. The following story has been translated by Elaine MacLachlan.

WE BOYS did many makeshift jobs, because there aren't any industries in our town. At sowing and reaping time we went as seasonal help to the farmers, while in the other months of the year we tried to work things out in one way or another. That summer, for instance, we settled down to hunting vipers, right in the worst of the heat, when they come out of the rocky clay of our hills and you can hear from afar their poisonous hissing.

The idea had been that of the priest of Saint Lazarus, who was a tall, red-faced priest, with a short cassock so you could see his trousers underneath. He had come to our town just a while ago, and right away he had tried to set up a straw hat industry. The Lord must have put a means of living in every part of the earth, he used to say. But the industry soon failed, and then the priest thought of the vipers. There were lots of them in our hills: they had to be caught alive and sent to the city, where their poison was removed to make medicine out of it.

It seemed wonderful to us that even the poison of vipers could be useful; it was a thing to make you believe in God really and truly. But at the beginning we had been reluctant to accept the priest's

invitation — vipers scare everybody — and only when we saw that he himself had already earned enough to buy a silver candlestick did we decide to follow him toward the Gullies, several other boys and I.

The only adult who joined us was the father of Peter, whose name was Othello and who always took part when something unusual, against nature, was going on. So then, among the hills of the Gullies, it was one great babylon of grimaces and affronts, as we looked for the vipers, because the boys knew it, that Othello —

I alone kept quiet, I was Peter's friend; but the others really didn't let a chance go by to have Othello within calling distance so they could take their minds off the fear they had hunting vipers. They shouted the filthiest insults at him. Anyway, he was used to it and didn't react.

The one who felt it was Peter. I saw his face turn gray every time and then red while a desperate, powerless hatred, whether against the boys or against his father, rippled in his eyes.

From one hill to another the priest wore himself out to silence the boys, waving his fists and faded cassock in the sun, but he'd break out laughing too, and once when I arrived unexpectedly at the top of a slope I saw him hiding and shouting, like the others, filthy insults at Peter's father, cupping his huge, calloused hands, and he was bright of face like he was when in church preaching against the Devil.

Othello stayed off by himself, and it seemed as though he didn't even hear. He caught more vipers alone than the rest of us put together. He would fix them with his little red eyes, and they'd

let themselves get forked easily, almost as if there were between them a mysterious agreement.

He was a small man, an albino. The sun made his hair shine, and you could recognize him from a distance. His skin was smooth and white, more so than a woman's, even now in summer, only under his cheeks it was traced with a labyrinth of fine, purplish blood vessels.

Peter was the opposite of him, dark of skin and eye, with a beard already tough at fifteen: it was really absurd that he should be the son of Othello. Sometimes I'd tell him so, that maybe he was just a whoreson bastard, and instead of being offended he would look at me gratefully, with a sad smile on his cracked lips.

He'd tell me: "I'd rather my mother had a thousand lovers than be son of that man." And he never looked toward the next hill, where Othello was crouched waiting for the vipers. Peter would take out a picture of his dead mother to show me that she was a beautiful woman, with a broad chest, and couldn't have contented herself with a man like Othello, who wasn't a man.

But at the end my friend would let his arms fall tiredly and he'd lower his eyes, too, almost as if he were ashamed even before me, his only friend since schooldays, because the other boys wouldn't have anything to do with him, with the son of Othello. What's the difference between fathers and sons? And so at times they called him dirty names too.

Then we'd go back to hunting for the vipers again. We'd raise the stones slowly, one by one, and we'd be ready with the forked stick, while our hearts beat hard from the fear. And when the viper was there, grayish and sleeping, we'd approach it softly, and suddenly thrust the sharp wooden fork into the clay with all our strength, so as to squeeze the viper under its head, and we'd push and push, so that it couldn't escape from that clutch with its metallic writhings. We would see its poisonous teeth bite at nothingness, and we'd feel strong and victorious as archangels; then the fear would leave us.

Once Peter told me he'd make a bigger stick for himself, to catch his father like that, in place of a viper.

THE heat increased every day on the hills, and so did our hatred of Othello. The insults became fiercer and fiercer, and some boys had even reached the point of throwing stones at him. But the man didn't care. We saw him giggling as he forked the vipers, a fair small figure against the gray background of the clay.

We all had cracked and swollen lips except Othello. The sun left him white and intact, as if he didn't belong to life, which in summer is all

hot and turgid; we saw it was so when we had in our forks the head of a viper. And from the face of Peter I saw it was so, for his face was always sweaty, with the blood pulsing, making heavy blotches on his skin.

My friend suffered a lot. The insults rebounded from the next hill to strike him, a whipping every time that left him breathless, suffocating in pain and hate.

"What have you got to do with your father?" I'd say, to try and help him. But it was useless; anyway, both of us knew that sons always have something to do with fathers. We find them waiting for us as soon as we enter life, and one never gets free of them; our destiny is bound to theirs.

Sometimes Peter tried to fool himself, and he'd tell me he was going to change his name and go to a faraway city, where no one would know he was the son of Othello. Or he'd invent detailed plans to kill his father, in a low, grave voice: all it would take was a split in his fork so that one of the vipers would get free. Then the dead are forgotten.

One day my friend really tried to rebel. All of a sudden he, too, began shouting filthy names at his father, more fiercely than the other boys, with his neck stretched like a dog's when it's baying. His voice was strong and sure at first; it filled all the hills.

Even Othello heard it, and he looked toward us a little, as if pained. The other boys shut up, astonished. Only after a while they all started laughing, the priest too, but softly.

Peter's voice soon grew hoarse, and yet he went on for as long as his breath lasted, because while he was shouting the others kept quiet, and it's better to hurt yourself on your own than be hurt.

Peter must have felt he was finally a boy like the others as he shouted against Othello, but at the end, when sunset came and the others took the road to town with their cans full of vipers, he burst out crying, his face buried in the hot clay until his mouth, his nose, and his eyes were filled with it.

Othello, too, had gone away, taking the high road through the hills to get ahead of the others. And we returned to town when it was already dark. Only a few vipers were moving convulsively in our hamper.

Again Peter started talking to me of his plans for killing his father: he wanted to put a viper in his bed. Those are things we boys say, especially at night, but I was a little afraid, because there was so much desperation in the voice of my friend.

One day after another, the sun grew hotter and hotter, and we returned toward the Gullies to look for the vipers. I kept hoping that reaping time would soon come, but I sensed that something would happen first, because the air on the hills was too tense and heavy.

It happened right in the middle of the afternoon, when all of us were already sweating and could hardly move. We heard a cry from the next hill, and it was different from the usual ones; it had terror in it.

We saw Othello flailing his arms crazily, we saw him run limping toward us and then fall down. It didn't take much to figure out that a viper had bitten him, finally.

The priest and we boys approached him slowly. We were tired and that's why we couldn't run.

Othello writhed on the ground, with his leg bared, white and hairless. Near the ankle there were two bluish marks, where the viper had sunk its teeth.

The man was crying, the tears running fast and full down his cheeks, but we stood motionless around him. The priest said he didn't know quite what to do: the wound needed sucking, but we all had cracked lips.

Just to be scrupulous, the priest asked: "Isn't there anyone whose lips are whole?"

There wasn't anyone. All of us had swollen, bloody lips, on account of the heat and the salt that's under our hills.

The man in a low voice begged: "Save me, someone, oh, my son, save me." He was writhing on the arid ground, and the tears kept flowing from his eyes. Who would have thought a man like that had so many tears?

"We can't suck the wound," said the priest, without anguish. "And he certainly won't last long enough to be carried into town." He looked at Peter, whose lips were the most cracked of all, and then the priest shrugged his shoulders. "We'll have to hope in the divine mercy," he said to Othello.

The man struggled, but none of us felt any anguish. We were used to seeing the vipers in the

fork, and it seemed more or less the same thing to us. We stood still, waiting, with our sweaty faces; there really wasn't anything else to do, since we all had cracked lips.

Little by little as the sun went down, our shadows lengthened lazily over the steep hillside. All at once one of them moved; it seemed as though an impetuous breeze had pushed it, yet the air had remained motionless and heavy.

We tried to stop Peter but we were too late. He had already thrown himself onto the ground beside his father and was sucking the poison from the wound, contracting his face out of repulsion, yet sucking hard, as at times children at their mothers' breasts do.

I didn't understand why Peter, who wanted to kill his father, was now saving him, and yet I sensed that what was happening was right.

The lips of my friend were bleeding. The poison of our vipers does not forgive, and he would die, and yet it seemed right to me all the same.

He sucked the white leg of his father for a long time, and the priest also squeezed it to get all the poison out; then Peter stood up again and began to spit. We forced him to run toward the town, but his lips swelled fast, and after a while my friend couldn't go on anymore.

So then we took him, I by the arms and the priest by the legs, continuing to run, with all the boys behind, in a desperate procession over the path through the hills.

It was a useless race, we knew. By now the son of Othello had found the way to break the chain binding him to his father, the only way sons have. He restored his life to his father, and so they were even, divided at last.

We ran uselessly toward the town, which was up high, distant, still lit by the sun, while the darkness pursued us, and in a little while it would overtake us.

SWALLOWS

BY THOMAS HORNSBY FERRIL

The prairie wind blew harder than it could,
Even the spines of cactus trembled back,
I crouched in an arroyo clamping my hands
On my eyes the sand was stinging yellow black.

In a break of the black I let my lashes part,
Looked overhead and saw I was not alone,
I could almost reach through the roar and almost touch
A treadmill of swallows almost holding their own.

LIVE AND LET LIVE



by *Gerald W. Johnson*

GERALD W. JOHNSON is the author of biographies of Woodrow Wilson, Franklin D. Roosevelt, Andrew Jackson, and John Paul Jones. The following article is the last of three pieces drawn from his forthcoming book, *HOD-CARRIER: NOTES OF A LABORER ON AN UNFINISHED CATHEDRAL*, to be published in March by William Morrow.

IN THE summer of 1963 the American Library Association published a brochure of thirty-two pages under the title "Expanding Population in a Shrinking World." Its author was Dr. Marston Bates, a biologist and demographer of the University of Michigan, and its aim was, first, to summarize the known facts and, second, to recommend a dozen authoritative books treating the subject in greater detail.

I read it all, conscious that in so doing I was furnishing support to Lippmann's observation of many years ago that people are not interested in their interests. He meant that the chambermaid and the houseboy, if such creatures still exist, will ignore a newspaper column explaining the city's efforts, usually vigorous and sometimes intelligent, to provide decent, low-cost housing for chambermaids and houseboys but will read avidly five columns devoted to scandal in high places.

All hands agree that the effects of the population explosion will become critical not earlier than the year 2000, probably a generation or two beyond that date. Now, the chance that I shall have a direct, personal interest in anything that happens in the year 2000 is so remote that it may be disregarded. Yet I read about the effects of the expanding population. Nor is there any singularity in that, as the appearance of the pamphlet proves. The American Library Association is a national organization that does not cater to parochial tastes. It is, furthermore, an organization of public li-

braries — "public" in this connection meaning any library not restricted to the use of the owner and his friends — and the public library is the acme of neutralism, never inciting controversy, and taking note of its existence only when it has grown too important to be ignored.

Thus, publication of the pamphlet under such auspices is conclusive proof that very large numbers of Americans are greatly interested in a problem that will become acute only when their grandchildren, more likely their great-grandchildren, will bear responsibility for public policy.

This is not a childish attitude; on the contrary, it would seem to be rather impressive evidence of an approach to political maturity. In theory, now is the time when a disastrous expansion of population could be prevented. Thus our interest in the problem evinces some consciousness of our situation as participants in a continuing process, links in a chain that as far as we know is endless, with the corollary that our quality will inevitably affect an indeterminate future.

In the strictly scientific aspects of the current discussion, whether the science is biology, sociology, agronomy, or economics, my interest is languid, because scientific questions are the province of scientists and because none of the disciplines has as yet come up with a suggested solution broad enough and plausible enough to be impressive. Perhaps posterity is destined to harvest the sea and compete with the whales for plankton, or perhaps it will dis-

cover the secret of chlorophyll and subsist upon sunlight. Since I am not called on to do anything about either, I am indifferent to both.

What comes close enough to create a slight disturbance of my equanimity is the insistence of sociologists that the key to the problem is in the hands of the living generation, which ought to attempt a solution with the inadequate information that we now possess, rather than idly wait for some unpredictable advance in chemotherapy, physiotherapy, orthopraxy, or whatever, to give us an answer that is not only correct but applicable to vast numbers of people. The implication is that the problem is as much philosophical as scientific and therefore excuses nobody, for it is the thinking of great numbers that shapes the dominant philosophy of any society.

It has not escaped the attention of the savants that the sites of the population explosion are areas characterized by low income, high illiteracy, and widespread hunger. They have duly noted that as soon as industrialization produces a material increase in per capita income, the birthrate drops in the area affected. From this they have deduced that the nutritional factor has an important influence on both the primitive cultural level and the exceptional human fertility of these regions; hence elimination of ignorance and hunger offers the most promising avenue of approach to prevention of disastrous overpopulation. (It is true that the population of the United States is increasing at a somewhat disconcerting rate, although different factors are operative here. But the increase is not — or at least not yet — of the explosive type, as it is in the industrially less advanced regions.)

I can pick no flaw in this reasoning; therefore I am not disposed to challenge the conclusion. A change in the environment obviously produces effects very difficult to produce through individual action. But as a bystander who has been bystander longer than 85 percent of the population, I venture the opinion that the scientists are neglecting a factor that may be as important as nutrition in reducing excessive fertility. This factor is distraction.

The regions in which the increase of population is most rapid do have in common the two characteristics of ignorance and hunger. But they also have a third — boredom. If any man on earth lives a duller life than that of a Bolivian Indian peasant, he must be a Chinese coolie. Even a Hindu farmer in the middle of the subcontinent probably has an edge on the Bolivian, if only by a hairbreadth. No doubt the increased caloric intake resulting from industrialization is part of the explanation of a falling birthrate; but new sights, new sounds, new neighbors, and new excitements also accompany industrialization and may also play a part.

Thirty years ago, when lynching was still endemic in this country, Mencken proffered a suggestion for stamping it out that, like many of his most brilliant ideas, was mistaken for farce. His specific for the disease of mob murder was brass bands. Organize one in every forlorn backwoods community, and it would break the intolerable monotony that in his opinion was one of the most potent causes of outbreaks of bestial ferocity.

There is this much to support his view: the subsidence of lynching has proceeded *pari passu* with removal of the isolation that for generations had made the lives of rural dwellers in many parts of America so drab and dull that the incidence of insanity among farmers' wives was appalling.

It may be objected that the problem under consideration is the reverse of lynching: not the blind destruction, but the blind generation of life. Perhaps an answer to that is the fact that of all the fauna spawned by mother earth, the fiercest by long odds is the white man. It is therefore logical enough that when the tedium of his life becomes intolerable, his rebellion against it should be marked by a ferocity unequaled among milder breeds: pogroms in Russia, lynchings in America, the two countries in which rural life was most often isolated and inexpressibly dull.

It is reasonable to assume that less bloodthirsty strains would find release in milder activities, but the need for release of some kind is universal. If sexual play is the only form of amusement readily available, as it is among illiterate and desperately poor people, what else could be expected but a high birthrate?

The point is worth considering when the effects of the population explosion are plainly nearing the danger line. Theoretically, at least, it adds to education and industrialization a third weapon against the menace — to wit, distraction. Furthermore, it is a weapon that can be employed without collision with our established mores and without any suggestion of moral usurpation.

THERE is a valid objection to propaganda in favor of birth control when agencies of the United States government do the propagandizing, but it is not based on religious dogma or silly prudery. It rests, rather, upon a decent refusal to attribute to ourselves a moral superiority over other nations and other races. It applies exclusively to official action, for the reason that official action is supposed to be impersonal. When an individual deals with another individual the relationship is quite different. For one American to offer contraceptive information to one Chinese who has already begotten fourteen children may be a friendly act motivated only by

concern for the welfare of the man and his family.

But for the United States government to suggest to the Chinese people generally that they apply what we have learned about reducing the birthrate admits of but one interpretation — namely, that in American official opinion there are already too many Chinese. To say that Ah Sin should repress his philoprogenitive impulse because he cannot support the children he already has is no reflection on the Chinese race; but an assertion that there are too many Chinese most certainly is.

The work that American medical science has done in backward regions of the world is unquestionably one of the finest contributions to civilization made by this country. It can be reasonably claimed, too, that the preventive aspect greatly exceeds in importance the clinical part of this work: that in preaching everywhere the principles of immunology, sanitation, and hygiene the American doctor abroad has done more for the world than he could possibly do by treatment of patients.

It is true that this strictly scientific work arouses a certain amount of hostility because it comes into collision with superstition. The shamans, witches, and warlocks resent being displaced; but theirs is a class, not a racial resentment, and it can be dealt with by their own people. But birth control is sociology, not medicine, except as the doctors can detect and condemn dangerous methods. Medical men, therefore, should leave sociology to the sociologists.

On the other hand, if any foreign nation through its own lawful government asks for such information as American medical science possesses, on this or any other problem, it is a reversion to barbarism to deny it. The discoveries of science, especially biological science, are the common property of mankind and should be made available to anyone who needs them.

Then, for any department of our government, Congress included, to decree that an American doctor abroad, because he is paid out of tax money, shall be forbidden to disseminate any medical knowledge that he has acquired is equally an act of moral usurpation. The fact that some states of this Union do restrict medical practitioners for sectarian or sumptuary reasons is no excuse for thrusting our peculiar view on other people. To do so is arrogance.

It is arrogance in any people, but in the case of the American people it is more: it is a repudiation of their own professed faith. The great state papers that by general agreement contain the distillation of the American idea of government — the Declaration, the Constitution, the Farewell Address, *The Federalist*, the inaugurals of Jefferson and Lincoln, the Gettysburg Address — all are couched in simple language. Anyone capable of reading an ordinary

newspaper can understand what they say. To understand all that they mean is, of course, a different matter; but we can approach that understanding only by careful study of what they say.

Their language leaves no doubt that each of these documents is based on the assumption that the American people are committed to the theory that it is entirely right and proper that other peoples should live. I am aware that within the past twenty years this interpretation has been sternly challenged, and not by any geographically restricted group. In every section of the country there are persons who seem to be driven into frenzy by bare mention of the word "coexistence," and the frenzy is doubled in intensity if the word is preceded by "peaceful." Yet, since war involves killing, coexistence without peace is obviously a contradiction in terms.

The inescapable inference is that these persons do not admit any commitment to the theory that other people have an inalienable right to life. Their right is conditional. It is alienable unless they conform, at least to a minimal extent, to the American scale of human values.

No pacifist, I agree that if their nonconformity to our set of values goes to the length of attempting to kill us, then the theory of Americanism does not imply an obligation to coexist with them, and we may butcher them with complete consistency. But there is a sharp, clear line between proclaiming the opinion that we ought not to be allowed to live and making an overt attempt to kill us, as the Japanese did in 1941. Until they cross that line any non-American people have a right to live, and it is a flat negation of Americanism to say otherwise.

But while this seems to be crystal-clear, fog begins to enshroud the question when it is a matter, not of denying the right of other people to exist, but of persuading them not to exercise that right. Advocacy of contraception is persuasion toward nonexistence. Theodore Roosevelt was talking ar-rant nonsense when he called it "race suicide," because the opposite course is not only race suicide but, by forcing attempts at conquest, is also an invitation to mass murder. But there is no denying that some very fine distinctions are involved, one being that between official and nonofficial advocacy, which is the distinction between assistance and intrusion.

ALL of this gives rise to a strong suspicion that much of the talk about how to avoid a population explosion is based upon a false premise — to wit, the delusion that the United States at its present cultural level is capable of making a wise decision relative to this problem. Evidence is lacking that we, as a people, have made sufficient progress toward mastering the art of self-government to be

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competent to advise others in a matter closely related to their national — or should one say tribal? — existence.

Nor should we fail to take into account the ever-present chance that at the critical moment we shall have no choice or voice in the matter. Extreme pressure of population on the means of subsistence may result in mass hysteria that will engulf reason in the overpopulated countries and cause these countries to rush upon their own destruction. This pressure was certainly one component of the suicidal policy of Japan.

In any sane view this would be little preferable to ultimate disaster, for it would drive us to perpetration of such a holocaust as history has not yet had the dreadful duty of recording. If the critical moment comes at, or near, the year 2000, it is almost a certainty that our technology will still be well in advance of that of our assailants, so that, however badly hurt, we should still be able to retaliate strongly. Nor is it likely that the ingrained ferocity of the white man will have abated materially in a matter of forty years. Add, then, the stimulus of severe fright, and it is all but a foregone conclusion that we should flail the world with a storm of unimaginable horrors.

It is a deed that would mingle the wine of victory with gall and wormwood, for while we might have solved the problem of overpopulation for a long time, it would have been at the price of a reversion to the moral level of the darkest of the Dark Ages. Out of that pit it would take us generations, probably centuries, to climb back to our present level, which, God knows, is low enough.

I have never been one of those Americans who seem to be hagridden by guilt over Hiroshima. Given the state of mind of the Japanese high command on August 6, 1945, I believe that Hiroshima actually saved more Japanese lives than it destroyed, to say nothing of our own prospective losses. But I confess that I am appalled by the prospect of repeating Hiroshima *n* times all over the earth. It would mean that the great experiment undertaken in 1776 had produced, not a beacon, but a death light for mankind. Could failure be more complete?

There is no shadow of doubt that the threat of a population explosion is serious, even if it still lies beyond the horizon of the living generation. Therefore I am inclined to snatch at any straw. Brass bands? By all means, if the trio — industriali-

zation, nutrition, and diversion — by changing the environment can effect the purpose. For that would relieve us of the necessity of summoning from the vasty deep the two dread spirits of moral arrogance and physical carnage. "But will they come," quoth Hotspur, "when you do call for them?" They most certainly will, usually one close behind the other, or all history is a liar.

Yet in discoursing on this theme any man of mature years illustrates Lippmann's dictum that we are interested in things that do not affect our own interests. Age enables us to repeat with a certain insouciance,

And ye, red-lipped and smooth-browed; list,
Gentlemen,
Much is there waits you we have missed;

perchance including triumph we have not won that will compensate for defeats we have suffered. Who knows? At this moment there may be in library or laboratory some anonymous youth in whose brain is already stirring the idea that will exorcise the demon by means unguessed by us. However, if he fails I shall be unperturbed; for if the population explosion reaches the critical point at or near 2000 A.D., in the course of nature it is reasonably certain that I shall not be around to be hoist with that petard.

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY

BY ROBERT GRAVES

Tell me truly, Valentine,
What you most require.
Off I'll hurry, back I'll fetch
All your heart's desire.

Stockings for your jaunty legs,
Staddles for your ricks,
String to tie the pickle jar,
Straw to make bricks,

Silver salvers for your board,
Satin for your bed,
And scented suds to blow you bubbles.
Green, blue, yellow, and red.

as long as you're up get me a Grant's[®]

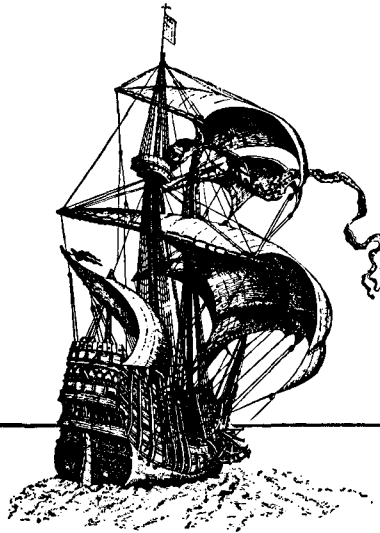


Thanks, darling. Why don't you have one, too? We'll have a little party.
mm. Of course it's good. There's a good reason. Grant's is eight years
old and I think it takes that long to smooth out a Scotch. Cheers, love.

*The choice and cherished 8-year-old blended Scotch Whisky in the triangular bottle. Bottled in Scotland. 86 proof.
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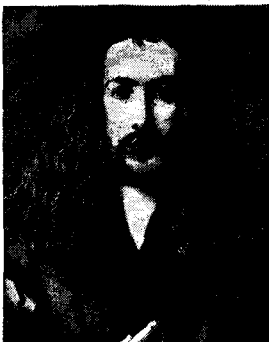
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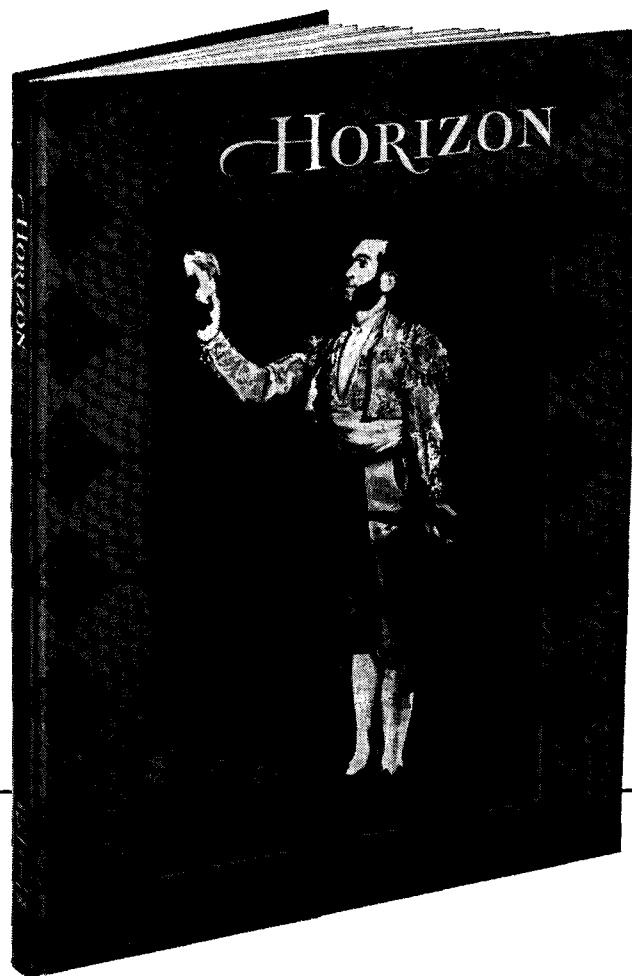
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In the Winter 1964 issue, typically, the features range from evocative history — a reconstruction of "The Year One A.D." by Cambridge classicist M. I. Finley — to a wry review of a Soviet etiquette book.

In between, there's archaeology: the moon-like landscape and eerie beauty of the monasteries of Cappadocia. There's literature: J. H. Plumb describes the life and lusty London of *Tom Jones*' creator, Henry Fielding. There's more history, pertinent to today: the strange and tur-

bulent past of "The Black Muslims."

There's philosophy, in the tragic figure and towering mind of Francis Bacon, as Loren Eiseley reveals him. And there's the surprising story of Anna's King of Siam, as he really was.

As in every HORIZON, there is much to see: many paintings by the great pre-Impressionist Edouard Manet, beautifully reproduced — eight of them printed in Switzerland by sheet-fed gravure. Sheer delight. So are several color pages from "The Bad Bishop's Book of Love Songs," a heart-shaped, illuminated masterpiece from 15th-century Burgundy.

So are . . . but see for yourself. There are 100 or so illustrations.

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THE GHASTLY BLANK

The First Exploration of Australia

BY ALAN MOOREHEAD

Author and war correspondent, ALAN MOOREHEAD was born in Australia, left for Europe at the age of twenty-five, and has been traveling ever since. Of his war books he is best known for GALLIPOLI and his life of Montgomery, and of his travel books, THE WHITE NILE and THE BLUE NILE. The following excerpt is from his new volume, COOPER'S CREEK, to be published by Harper & Row.



HERE in Australia, perhaps more than anywhere else, humanity had had a chance to make a fresh start. The land was absolutely untouched and unknown, and except for the blacks, the most retarded people on earth, there was no sign of any previous civilization whatever: not a scrap of pottery, not a Chinese coin, not even the vestige of a Portuguese fort. Nothing in this strange country seemed to bear the slightest resemblance to the outside world; it was so primitive, so lacking in greenness, so silent, so old. This was not a measurable man-made antiquity, but an appearance of exhaustion and weariness in the land itself. The very leaves of the trees hung down dejectedly, and they were not so much evergreen as ever-gray, never entirely renewing themselves in the spring, never altogether falling in winter. It was the bark that fell; it dried up and cracked on the tree trunks and then peeled off, like the skin of a snake.

Everything was the wrong way about. Mid-winter fell in July, and in January summer was at its height; in the bush there were giant birds that never flew and queer, antediluvian animals that hopped instead of walked or sat munching mutely in the trees. Even the constellations in the sky were upside down and seemed to belong to another system of the sun. As for the naked aborigines, they were caught in a timeless apathy in which nothing

ever changed or progressed; they built no villages, they planted no crops, and except for a few flea-bitten dogs, possessed no domestic animals of any kind. They hunted, they slept, just occasionally they decked themselves out for a tribal ceremony, but all the rest was a listless dreaming.

A kind of trance was in the air, a sense of awakening infinitely delayed. In the midsummer heat the land scarcely breathed, but the alien white man, walking among the gray and silent trees, would have the feeling that someone or something was waiting and listening. The smaller birds did not fly away as they did in Europe. The kookaburra approached, uttered its raucous guffaw, then cocked its head, waiting for a response. The kangaroo stood poised and watching. The earth itself had this same air of expectancy, as though it were willing the rain to fall, as though it were waiting for fertilization so that it could come to life again.

And in fact an awakening did occur in the southeastern corner of the continent when the first white settlers arrived in 1788. Somehow European crops were made to grow in land that had never been tilled before, and imported cattle, horses, and sheep managed to survive in a country where the farmer had no precedents to guide him. Every man was a Robinson Crusoe. A flood could and did wipe out a year's labor in a single day, and when a drought

Drawing of Alan Moorehead by Jane White. Copyright © 1963, by Alan Moorehead.

began there was no knowing when it would ever end. Everything was new and had to be begun from the beginning.

But it was a healthy country. Along the coast at least there was a sparkle in the air, a sense of vigor, of light and space, that the colonists had never known in Europe. On the whole it was a mild climate by the sea — they had about as much rain as England, and the sun had no more than a Mediterranean warmth — and by 1860 places like Sydney, Melbourne, and Adelaide were flourishing settlements.

MELBOURNE, the capital of Victoria, was by some way the most important of these places; and this had happened with bewildering suddenness. Barely ten years earlier Victoria had been a remote pastoral backwater, an appendage of the older settlement of New South Wales, a place only known vaguely as the Port Phillip district. Most of the little colony's affairs were managed from Sydney. No made roads or railways led off to the other Australian colonies, no telegraph existed, and twelve thousand miles of empty ocean divided the settlers from Europe. Apart from Melbourne and Geelong, there was not another township worth the name, and it is doubtful if the population of the whole region, which was about the size of England, exceeded eighty thousand.

But then in 1850 Queen Victoria had agreed that a new colony should be created south of the Murray River and that it should bear her name; and in the following year gold was found at Ballarat. Gold could create a mass frenzy anywhere — it had just done so in California — but in this little frontier community, where the struggle for existence had been so hard, people lost their wits. Bank clerks and civil servants left their jobs overnight to go off to the diggings, and not even the offer of double wages could hold them back. Ships putting into Port Melbourne were abandoned by their crews, and in the town itself women were left to carry on the shops and businesses. "Cottages," Latrobe, the lieutenant governor, wrote, "are deserted, houses to let, business is at a standstill, and even schools are closed. In some suburbs not a man is left." Prices shot up to impossible heights; an immigrant was obliged to pay £2 or more to get his luggage ashore and as much again for a corner of a hotel room to sleep in.

And the gold was actually there, at first near Ballarat, then in Castlemaine and Bendigo and in a dozen other new strikes along the inland rivers. Prospectors with nothing but a pick and shovel, a bag of flour and a little tea, spread out through the northeast, penetrating into hills and valleys that had never been explored; and it was enough

for the word to go out that someone had "struck it lucky on the Ovens River" for a new rush to begin. The gold quite often was lying there on the surface of the ground waiting to be picked up; there were nuggets in the roots of trees, in upturned grass, in the sands of shallow rivers. The Welcome Stranger nugget, weighing 2284 ounces and worth £9534, was covered by only two inches of soil.

By 1853 a thousand ships were arriving in Melbourne every year, and money had begun to lose all value in a welter of speculation. Land in the city went for £200 a foot — five times the cost of land in London — and men made money only to spend it again as quickly as possible. After months of grinding work at the diggings it was a wonderful thing for a man to light his cigar with a five-pound note, to play skittles with bottles of French wine, or even in some cases to shoe his horse with golden horseshoes.

There had always been a shortage of women in Australia; at one stage of the early convict days a few hundred workhouse girls known as Green Linnets (so-called after a man named Green, who shipped them out) had been brought from England to provide wives for the settlers. Now prostitutes swarmed in the back-street hovels of Melbourne, and it was the delight of the newly rich miner to cock a snook at the respectable bourgeoisie by going through a mock marriage with one of the girls, dressing her up in the best brocades, and parading her in a carriage along Collins Street.

At first there had been prohibition in the colony, but now it was abandoned as a farce; illicit grog-shops flourished everywhere, and when the miner had money, he drank himself into a stupor. Then, too, with the difficulty of recruiting police, and with so many government departments understaffed, the outburst of crime became a sinister and a menacing thing, and it was not merely the derring-do escapades of the bushrangers waylaying the gold coaches on their way down to the coast; it was the thieving, knifing, and murder in the Melbourne streets.

To the old guard of settlers — the woolgrowing squatters who had first taken up the land — all this seemed very like the mob taking over, a return in a small but depressing way to the lawless and egalitarian ideas of the French Revolution. It was, Dean Macartney wrote, "a time when the bonds of society were loosened, when most people had gone mad, and the rest paralysed by fear."

Mr. D. Puseley, an itinerant author of strong respectability, speaks with horror of the Melbourne he found when he first arrived, and his experiences seem to be fairly typical. The city was, he says, "a modern Babel — a little hell on earth — a city of rioters, gamblers and drunkards. . . . In 1852–53 speculation, crime, excitement and disorder in

Victoria had probably attained their greatest height; the yield in gold and the price of land had touched their highest points up to that period; robbers and murderers commanded extensive trades which they prosecuted with impunity, and mostly without detection; land jobbers, many of whom were magistrates and the millionaires of the colony, made their thousands per diem, and were too much engaged on their profitable traffic to attend to the arrest or punishment of law-breakers; merchants and shopkeepers had too many additions to make on the profit side of their ledgers either to think of, or to care about anything else; swindlers and gamblers were reaping an abundant harvest."

IT IS, of course, all too easy to make much of these lurid episodes and to forget that beneath the excitement a more normal, natural life was gradually growing up in the colony; farms were being quietly cultivated, houses were being built, and tradesmen who were strong enough to resist the gold fever were getting on with their business. In any case the lawlessness of the gold rush soon subsided, and the boom burst. It was not that the gold had failed; it was simply that all the surface alluvial had been picked up, and now gold had to be mined by machinery and in deep shafts. The individual prospector was replaced by the mining company employing hundreds or even thousands of workers at a fixed wage. Wool, and later wheat, were important industries, and many of the new immigrants were craftsmen with families, who found they could make a living without going as far as the goldfields. All this tended to stabilize prices.

By the late fifties a railway to Ballarat was being constructed and the more settled parts of the colony were being connected by a system of horse-drawn coaches organized by a young American called Cobb. Cobb's coaches were soon to become familiar all over Australia, and his twenty-two-horse Leviathan on the goldfields run was a mammoth contraption capable of carrying nearly one hundred passengers. Soon, too, Melbourne was linked to both Adelaide and Sydney by telegraph, and fast clippers were making the voyage around the Cape from England in a little more than two months; the new canal at Suez would make the journey even shorter. Now rapidly the old isolation was melting away.

By 1860 Melbourne had a settled air. The city had been sensibly laid out on the banks of the Yarra River, with wide, straight streets lit by gaslight, and already there was a university, a public library, a Parliament House, a chain of trading banks, and public gardens filled with imported trees. At the Royal Theatre, which seated four thousand, one

paid twelve guineas for a box when Catherine Hayes, the reigning prima donna, was singing, and there were half a dozen other theaters presenting Shakespeare, Sheridan, and vaudeville — a great change from the days when the theater was merely an annex to the pub and no respectable woman could go there. The Cremorne Gardens (a model of Vauxhall in London) provided another theater, waxworks, a dance hall, a menagerie, and such entertainments as brass bands, balloon ascents, and displays of fireworks. Horse racing had a mass following, and the Melbourne Cup was about to be run for the first time. When an important game of cricket was being played at the Melbourne Cricket Ground, Parliament suspended its sittings until the evening.

There was a craze for dancing the quadrille, the polka, and the waltz, and thousands of guests attended the balls in the newly built Exhibition Building. These were the well-to-do people, who came in their own carriages, the women in crinolines, the men wearing top hats and muttonchop whiskers. By day, we are told — and it is confirmed by many charming prints and watercolors — the central streets were filled with a constant passage of private gigs, carriages, and horse-drawn omnibuses; and there was a railway to St. Kilda, where one could put up at a good hotel and visit the sea-bathing establishments (one for men and another for women). In the fashionable suburbs many large, square Victorian mansions and pleasant villas had been built with their gardens running down to boathouses and gazebos on the river.

Life for the rich then was a good deal more expansive than it is now. A normal household would expect to have its three Irish maids, a cook, a coachman, and a gardener; silver, furniture, and hangings were all brought from abroad (to add to the kangaroo mats on the floor and the ornamental fans made of lyrebird tails); and Australian refinements were added to the lavish Victorian cuisine: black swan roasted and served with a port-wine sauce was a favorite dish. Picnics known as bushing-parties were very popular, and on a hot summer afternoon people would set off in boats up the Yarra to see the wallabies and the birds, to eat a meal of cold collations, and then sing glees as they drifted downstream in the evening.

The squatters in the bush were hardly less well-off. Their homesteads were comfortable places with wide verandas, mosquito nets in the bedrooms, and even bathrooms with hot water. There was an abundance of food for all comers, and a man's normal breakfast was a pound of steak, perhaps with an egg on top. When Anthony Trollope came out to visit his sheep-farming son in the seventies, he fixed the social status of the squatters thus: "A hundred thousand sheep and upwards require a

professional man-cook and a butler to look after them; twenty thousand is the lowest number that renders napkins at dinner imperative. Ten thousand require absolute plenty, plenty in meat, tea in plenty, brandy and water, colonial dishes in plenty, but do not expect champagne, sherry or made dishes."

Among the rich and the middle classes, who were now arriving in increasing numbers, the standard of literacy was very high, probably higher than it was in England. Approximately one third of Britain's book exports were sent to Australia, and every incoming mail brought large quantities of English newspapers and periodicals. By now, too, the colony had its own publications: the *Age*, the *Argus*, the *Herald*, and the *Melbourne Punch*.

It was true that the more squalid aspects of life were painfully apparent. There were at least one hundred brothels and five hundred prostitutes in Melbourne, and drunkenness was as prevalent as the common cold. Beggars had begun to appear on the streets, and the workingman was still a long way from the achievement of the eight-hour day. For a man to lose his job was a disastrous thing. But this was not poverty as it was known in Britain, where there were still a million paupers. Food, especially meat, was cheap, and in this mild climate there was no great struggle to keep warm through the winter months. Moreover, the change from poverty to security or even wealth could be very rapid, and the immigrant had much better prospects than he could ever have hoped for at home. Even the Chinese immigrants drifting down from the goldfields found that they could make a living by cultivating vegetable gardens, by opening laundries, and by catching and salting fish on St. Kilda beach.

And so by 1860 the Victorians felt that they had good reason to be confident. In ten years they had risen from being the newest and smallest colony on the mainland to a position of wealth and importance that far eclipsed that of all the others. In wool the colony supplied one sixth of Britain's imports, and in gold one third of the world's production; indeed, it had been so great a flood of gold that all the world's economy was affected, and Marx and Engels, who had predicted a disastrous slump in Europe, found their program seriously delayed.

THE state's population had increased to half a million — about half the white population of the whole continent — and Melbourne with its 140,000 inhabitants was a much more substantial place than the older settlement of Sydney. Moreover, in these tumultuous ten years a new kind of man had emerged. Apart from the minorities — 34,000 Chinese, 10,000 Germans, and 2,500 Americans —

the Victorians were overwhelmingly of English, Irish, and Scottish extraction, and although they were still intensely influenced by British customs and traditions, their new life had altered them both physically and mentally. They no longer thought of themselves as English, Irish, or Scots, but simply as Australians. Class distinctions were breaking down, and a self-reliant, slightly truculent attitude was beginning to appear.

This new man was a materialist, a speculator, a mocker of authority, and very often a sentimentalist. He had a certain *volonté*, an instinct to "give it a go," to take a risk; but despite, or perhaps because of his professed contempt for tradition, he was deeply conscious of being a provincial, and he tried to conceal this inner feeling of cultural inferiority by an outward show of aggression. The harshness of existence in a new country, with its sudden drastic setbacks and failures, convinced him that life was an implacable struggle: he felt himself very much in competition both with the land and with his contemporaries. It was every man for himself. Consequently, when he did find a mate, a "cobber," a man he could trust, he romanticized the attachment and trusted him absolutely. Victoria had never been a penal colony as New South Wales and Tasmania had been; nevertheless, some of these attitudes may have been a survival from the convict days when the prisoner, the underdog, the outcast, naturally sought allies from among the other outcasts in his war against the warders and against the society that had shut him in. One of the fascinating things about Australia is this sense of claustrophobia in the midst of such an infinity of space.

There was, too, the question of what this new man was doing to the country he had seized and adopted. For the blacks he had a mixture of fear and contempt. He was not interested in their way of life or their tribal customs; he did not particularly care what became of them; he did not grant them any rights in their own country; he treated them almost as animals. By 1860 the blacks had all but been driven away from the vicinity of Melbourne and the larger towns, and not more than a few thousand of them were left in the whole state. They had little resistance to smallpox and other imported diseases.

In the same way, Australian wildlife was being banished and exterminated. Already in a day's outing from Melbourne it was becoming a rare thing to see a kangaroo, and of the many thousands of koala bears living along the banks of the Murray River soon not a single specimen would be left alive. Charles Darwin, returning home from the voyage of the *Beagle*, wrote of Australia: "A few years since this country abounded in wild animals; now the Emu is banished to a long distance and the Kangaroo is become scarce; to both the English Grey-

hound is utterly destructive; it may be long before these animals are altogether exterminated, but their doom is fixed."

In short, the land was wanted for agriculture and that ominous inflationary thing, development; this was the era of sheep, the imported rabbit, and the mason and the miner. After countless millions of years of utter isolation the sudden fate of Australia and its aborigines was now to be used, to be exploited, to be forced to conform to an alien civilization.

THERE was nothing particularly new in all this: it had already happened or was about to happen in America, in Africa, and in every other primitive country into which white men were penetrating all over the globe. But what was new in Australia in 1860 was the fact that the settlers had as yet failed to take possession of or even explore the land they were so confidently governing. They perched on the extreme southern and eastern edges of it. The settlements of Sydney, Melbourne, Adelaide, and Brisbane, with their satellite townships, were no more than tiny specks on a continent the size of the United States, two thirds the size of Europe. For all the broughams bowling down Collins Street, the ladies in crinolines, and the champagne being drunk at the balls in the Exhibition Hall, the settlers were living in a little capsule, encompassed by a huge unknown wilderness; they were suspended, as it were, in space. If they stepped outside the capsule they were lost.

The coastline of the continent had been charted from the sea, but as yet very few adventurers had penetrated far into the interior. All that was known was that the further one advanced into that vast, empty space the hotter and drier it became, and it was perhaps because of this aridity that the colonists dreamed that one day they would discover an inland sea, a "new Mediterranean," in the center of the continent. It was like the legendary Atlantis or the land of Prester John; the more serious geographers scouted the idea, yet it had the persistence of a mystery. After all, no one had actually been in the center, no one could say with finality exactly what there was to be found there, and the fact that half a dozen expeditions had already set out to resolve the matter and had returned defeated seemed, irrationally, to suggest that some great prize was awaiting the first explorer who succeeded in breaking through.

There is a good deal about these early journeys that reminds one of the rediscovery of the Sahara in the nineteenth century. Here in Australia, as in Africa, the travelers speak of the dry, antiseptic air, the cold nights, the incredibly high temperatures by day, the dreadful thirst, the mirages, the

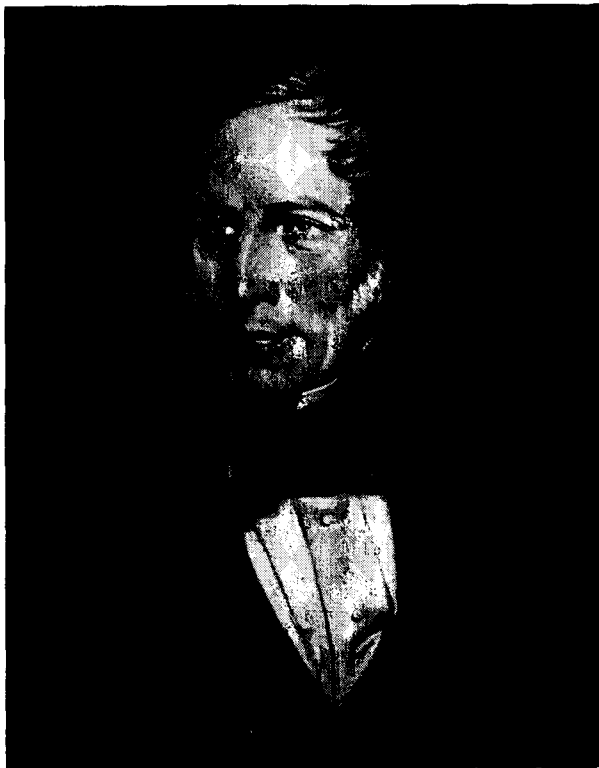
impression of empty land stretching away silently into infinity. Human beings are reduced to tiny atoms in these desolate wastes; cyclonic thunderstorms burst upon them out of a clear sky, and there is no shade or shelter anywhere.

And yet, the explorers profess to love the desert: they find a kind of exhilaration there, a sense of freedom, of physical cleanliness, perhaps even a spiritual regeneration, and no matter how they are reduced by their hardships, they return again and again. Every traveler likes to relate his misfortunes, but these men elevate their trials almost into a mystique, a cult of barrenness and asceticism. Warburton, the Australian explorer who penetrated into the flat depression around Lake Eyre to the north of Adelaide, might easily have been describing the Sahara when he wrote: "Lake Eyre was dry — terrible in its death-like stillness and sterility. The weary wanderer who, when in want of water, should unexpectedly reach its shores, might turn away with a shudder from the scene which shut out all hope — he could hide his head in the sandhills, and meet his fate with calmness and resignation, but to set his foot on Lake Eyre would be like cutting himself off from the common lot of human beings. I had a cheerful companion, a good horse, and some tea and damper [bread made of flour, salt, and water and baked in the ashes of a fire]; but I felt a dismal satisfaction in looking on this lake, hardly knowing whether I saw before me earth, water or sky; and I could not help thinking what might have been my feelings had my circumstances been less happy than they were."

Griffith Taylor, the Australian geographer who quotes this passage, was struck by the similarity of the Sahara to the interior of Australia. He makes the point that just as the Sahara blocked emigration from Europe into Central Africa, so this wilderness protected Australia from penetration by the peoples of Southeast Asia. He goes on to speak of the resemblance between the Murray, Australia's largest river, and the Nile, pointing out that the Murray rises in a well-watered region with many tributaries on its upper course and then gradually enters a barren area where it receives only one tributary — the Darling — in a distance of eight hundred miles.

The notion of an inland sea arose from the fact that the mountains so far discovered lay on the eastern seaboard, and all the principal rivers — the Murray, the Darling, and the Murrumbidgee — flowed inland from these mountains toward the west; and in the west lay the tremendous unexplored tract, a region some sixteen hundred miles long by eight hundred miles wide, bounded by 20 and 32 degrees latitude and 115 and 140 degrees longitude — an area more than half the size of Europe. This was "the ghastly blank."

A good deal was already known about the interior, of course, through the travels of the early explorers, and one man in particular had shown the way ahead. Charles Sturt is something of a giant in Australian exploration — and, indeed, of exploration anywhere — and it is strange that his name is not better known, since he was the most literate of travelers, the most persistent, and the most adventurous. Like so many other remarkable Englishmen of the nineteenth century, Sturt was born in India and at an early age sent back to England to be educated, first at Harrow and then in the Army. By 1814, when he was nineteen, he had already served with Wellington against the French in the Peninsular War, and with the British in Canada against the Americans. After Waterloo



he returned to garrison duty in France, and when his regiment was transferred to Ireland he was involved in the famine riots of 1821 and 1822. In 1823 he was gazetted a lieutenant, and two years later a captain. He was then sent out to New South Wales in charge of a convict guard.

These brief details conjure up a recognizable military figure of the early nineteenth century: a bully-boy young officer, ignorant of politics, eager only to advance his own career, and ready to deal with any defier of authority, whether he be an American rebel, an Irish peasant, or an English criminal: more of a policeman, you might say, than a soldier. In point of fact he was nothing of the

kind. At the age of thirty, when he sailed for Australia, Sturt was a spare, tall man with a sensitive and distinguished face; he had a talent for both sketching and writing; he was an enthusiastic botanist; and far from being a typical garrison officer in a penal colony, he loathed the whole idea. But a penniless professional soldier in the eighteen twenties had very little control over his comings and goings, and so, after a six months' voyage, he arrived at Sydney, where his destiny was awaiting him. Governor Darling met the quiet, intelligent young man and made him his private secretary.

Already in 1827 Sydney was an established settlement, with cornfields and orchards running down to the sea, and it was not unusual to see forty or fifty sailing ships in the harbor. But in 1828 a drought set in, and with the failure of the crops the settlers began to look toward the regions behind the coastal mountains, where they hoped they would find more fertile land. Sturt got in with a group of young men whose names were soon to become famous as explorers — Mitchell, Hume, and others — all eager to find the "new Australian Caspian Sea," and in 1828 he led his own party inland. With six convicts to carry the baggage he followed the Macquarie River to the point where, among swamps, it entered a large westward-flowing stream, which he named, after his patron, the Darling. Three years later he set out again, turning southward this time to the Murrumbidgee, and with a boat he had carried overland he sailed downstream until he reached a still more important river, the Murray, and this he followed to its junction with the Darling and then to its outlet at Lake Alexandrina on the southern ocean.

This prodigious journey of over two thousand miles illuminated the whole river system of the south, and earned for Sturt much praise in Sydney and a grant of land. It also undermined his health and, for the time being, ruined his eyesight. For the next ten years he was obliged to stick to his farm and administrative duties in Norfolk Island and New South Wales, and in 1839 he was appointed surveyor general in Adelaide. But he did not like a sedentary life and repeatedly offered himself for new expeditions. He was still dreaming of an inland sea. "I have a strange idea," he wrote, "that there may be a central sea not far from the Darling in latitude 29° and I should go prepared for a *voyage*." He had also observed the parrots and the cockatoos flying north, and he hoped that beyond the arid land to the north of Adelaide there would be "rich valleys and hills."

In 1840 his friend Edward John Eyre left Adelaide in an attempt to reach the center, and Sturt, still troubled by his eyes and unable to leave his desk, regretfully watched him go. Eyre soon came

Portrait of Charles Sturt by Crossland.

back with a report that he could get no further than Mount Hopeless and the salt-lake country around Lake Torrens, some four hundred miles to the north of Adelaide. Mount Hopeless was nothing more than a low flat-topped hill among many others, but it was typical of that dreadful country. "We ascended Mount Hopeless," Eyre wrote, "and cheerless and hopeless was the prospect before us"; nothing but an endless waste of barren rock and sand. He gave the place its despondent name to mark his decision "to waste no more time on so desolate and forbidding a region" and turned back to civilization. Sturt was not discouraged. "Let any man," he declared in an address to the colonists, "lay the map of Australia before him, and regard the blank upon its surface, and then let me ask him if it would not be an honourable achievement to be the first to place foot in its centre."

IN 1844 at last the authorities let him go. He was now forty-nine, but his eyesight had improved, and he was still physically robust. The party that assembled in Adelaide that winter was exceptionally strong: sixteen men, eleven horses, thirty bullocks, two hundred sheep (to be eaten on the way), a boat, a couple of heavy carts, and a year's provisions. The expedition's draftsman was a wiry little Scots officer, five feet six inches high and under nine stone in weight, named John McDouall Stuart; and among those who came to see them off was a particular friend of Sturt's, Charles Cooper, a lawyer who was subsequently to become the first chief justice of South Australia. A farewell breakfast was given for the expedition by the colonists, and then Sturt, with a straw hat on his head and mounted on Duncan, his old gray horse, led the way out of town.

They marched first to the Murray River, and followed it upstream to the confluence with the Darling. About 180 miles up the Darling they reached the little outpost of Menindie, and here, having built a stockade, they turned northwestward into the unknown. It was mid-October, and although the summer was approaching there was still water about, and all the party were healthy. To cheer his friends, and perhaps himself as well, Sturt wrote back to Adelaide: "We seem on the high road to success with mountains and seas before us. . . . We have strange birds of beautiful plumage and new plants. . . . It will be a joyous day for us to launch on an unknown sea and run away towards the tropics."

For the moment, however, the land was uncompromisingly dry and flat, and it was an event when presently they came on a line of low hills that stretched across the plain. The most prominent

of these they named Piesse's Nob, since it so much resembled the conical hat worn by Louis Piesse, the storekeeper of the expedition. Highly magnetic iron ore was found lying about, and in the years ahead mining engineers were to examine that hill with interest.

THE center of Australia is a place of violent extremes. "It is either a desert or a deluge," one of the early geographers wrote; "the rainfall can vary from 30 inches in one year to three inches the next. Watercourses that have lain dry for a decade can suddenly turn into a flood, and land that is as hard and dry as concrete will overnight become carpeted with wildflowers and fresh young grass."

Had they known it, Sturt and his men were marching into one of the most appalling summers ever recorded. The end of 1844 found them still toiling slowly northward — a biblical-looking group with their oxcarts and their flock of sheep — and early in 1845 they reached the twenty-ninth latitude. Here they stuck on a waterhole for six months while the land dried up around them, unable either to go forward or to go back until rain fell.

The extreme temperatures of the center are very bearable because of the dryness of the air, but even so the heat that year was unbelievable. It rose to 132 degrees in the shade and 157 degrees in the sun. It penetrated to a depth of three or four feet into the ground, it forced the screws out of wooden boxes, and horn combs split into fine laminae. The men's hair ceased to grow, and their fingernails became as brittle as glass. Sturt found it almost impossible to write his diary; the lead dropped out of his pencils when he picked them up, and when he used a pen the ink dried as it touched the paper. Scurvy broke out in the camp, and one man died, but there was nothing to be done; they were alone in the wilderness; even the birds had deserted this inferno, and nothing moved on the cracked earth except the lizards and the ants. The blacks whom they had encountered on the way up had long since made off, saying that there was no water anywhere — "the sun had taken it."

"The sky generally speaking," Sturt wrote, "was without a speck, and the dazzling brightness of the moon was one of the most distressing things we had to endure. It was impossible indeed to shut out its light whichever way one turned, and its irritating effects were remarkable."

By April it was a little cooler, and thunderclouds began to bank up on the horizon. At last on July 12 a gentle but persistent rain started to fall, and after a few days it developed into a downpour. Now they had floods to contend with, cold nights, and even

frost, but at least they could move; and as a guarantee that life was returning to the parched earth, swans and ducks and other migrating birds began to reappear. Sturt sent some of his men back to the base at Menindie and with the remainder pushed on to the northwest. At a place which he named Fort Grey, close to the extreme northwestern corner of New South Wales, he formed another base where he dropped off most of his men, while he himself and a young companion named John Harris-Browne pushed on again, taking fifteen weeks' provisions with them. They reached and named the Strzelecki Creek, and then followed it northward until they entered a region where the horses' hooves were cut by flintlike stones and left no track. Here on every side there were "stupendous and almost insurmountable sand-ridges of a fiery red." These ridges, Sturt went on, "like headlands projecting into the sea, abutted upon an immense plain where, but for a line of low trees far to the north-east, and one bright red sandhill shining in the sunlight, not a feature broke the dead level, the gloomy purple hue." He named this region the Stony Desert. Beyond it there were glimpses of the "better country" for which he was searching, but presently he was again among sand dunes, and at the end of August, on latitude 25 and longitude 139, he gave up all hope of finding his inland sea in that direction. The ground was drying up again, great chasms had appeared, and they heard explosions as of a distant gun. These they put down to "gaseous influences," but no doubt they were caused by masses of rock being split off the sides of distant hills by the extremes of temperature during the day and the night. On September 8 they turned back. "Depend upon it," Sturt wrote, "I would not have retreated from such a position for a trifle. But you can form no idea of that region."

They found their way back through the red sand ridges, with white clay pans lying in between and the cloudless sky overhead — a country of red, white, and blue. If they had not quite reached the center, at least they had been almost halfway across the continent, and they had gone further than any other man. Both horses and men looked like skeletons when they got back to Fort Grey at the end of seven weeks. They had ridden nearly nine hundred miles.

IT WAS NOW October, 1845, and they had heard nothing from the outside world since they had left Adelaide fourteen months before, but still Sturt would not go back. Indeed, a kind of fixation seems to govern the actions of all these Australian explorers: they struggle on, not so much to get to a declared objective as to reach the extreme limit

of their endurance, and then, and only then, will they turn for home.

After the briefest of rests Sturt set out for the north once more, taking with him this time McDouall Stuart and two men named Mack and Morgan. They had four riding horses and four packhorses, and once again they expected to be out for several months. Harris-Browne was left in charge at Fort Grey, and before setting out, Sturt gave him instructions that he was to retire from the place only if his supply of water failed or his men fell ill. In that event he was to leave a message saying where he had gone, and this message was to be placed in a bottle and buried under a tree which they chose together. Harris-Browne was devoted to Sturt and hated being left behind, but Sturt was adamant; and so, on October 9, with a promise of rain in the air, the little party rode off into the scrub. They headed east of Sturt's old track, making over thirty miles a day, and they soon crossed the Strzelecki Creek and came within sight of another creek which had been dry on Sturt's previous journey. Climbing a sand hill early one morning they saw three miles away in an immense sandy plain a thick line of gum trees with hills in the distance, and they rode eagerly forward through parklike country until they came to the banks of "a magnificent channel covered with wildfowl." They killed three ducks for breakfast. Riding on again to the north for half a mile they found still another creek, "broader and finer than the first . . . with splendid sheets of water." It was a full two hundred yards from side to side, and the banks rose up some eighteen feet among groves of flooded gum trees. The blacks had recently been burning off the grass, and now the ground was covered with bright young shoots. The water in the stream was vivid green. Sturt would have paused to investigate this important discovery, but a thunderstorm burst upon them, and he decided to take advantage of the wet weather and go on again to the north.

His hopes for an inland sea had revived, and it was a bitter disappointment when once again they struck the Stony Desert. "Coming suddenly on it," Sturt recorded, "I almost lost my breath. If anything it looked more forbidding than before. Herbless and treeless it filled more than half the horizon. Not an object was visible on which to steer, yet we held to our course by compass like a ship at sea." But this was futile; the further they went the drearier the land became. Toward the end of October they were becoming dangerously short of water, and there was no alternative but to retrace their steps.

The desert now assumed its most menacing aspect. Most of the water holes they had dug on the outward journey had dried up. "At the first

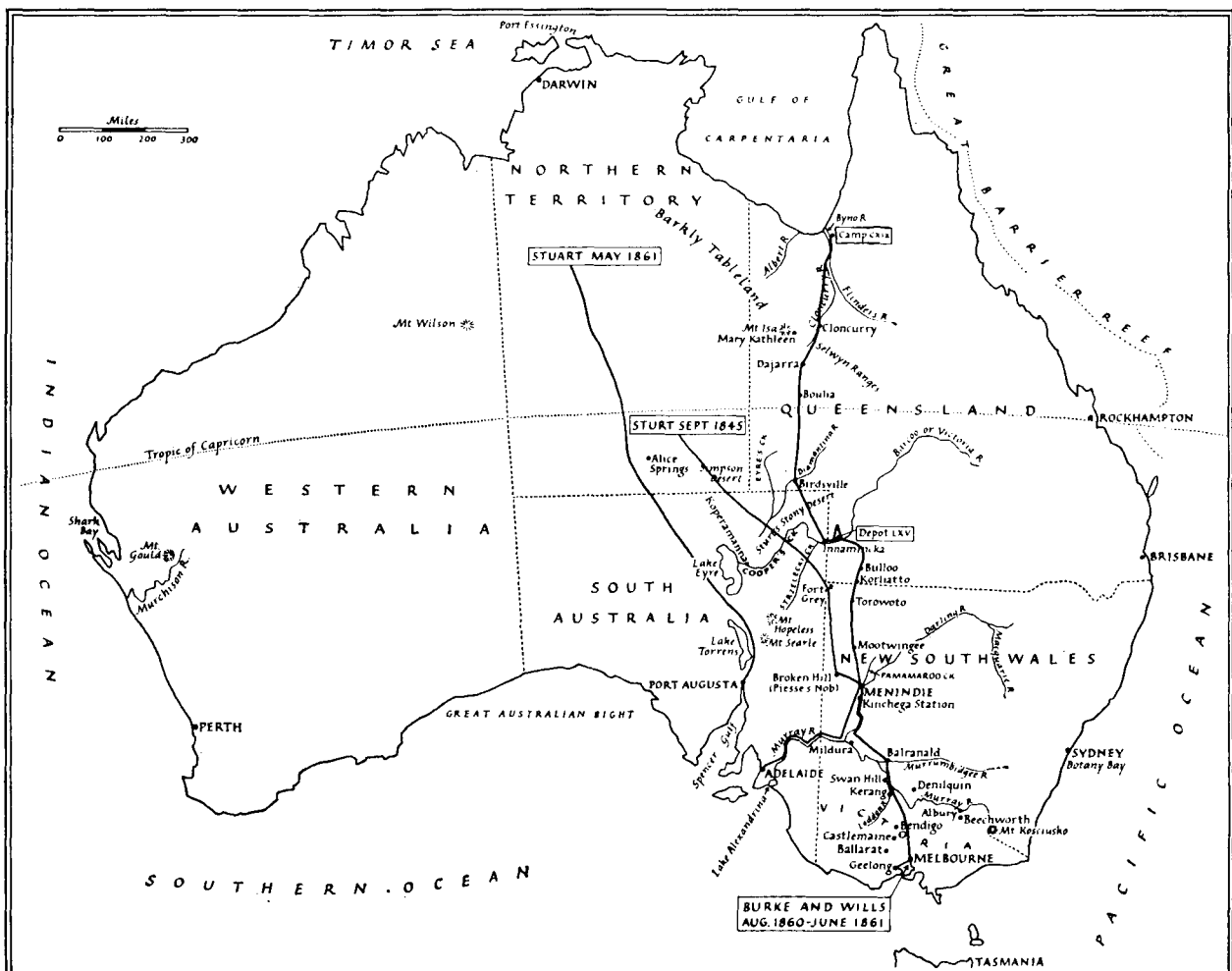
waterless halt," Sturt wrote, "the horses would not eat, but collected round me, my favourite grey pulling the hat off my head to claim attention." It was only by catching sight of a pigeon darting down to a little muddy depression that they managed to replenish their supplies. When they were still ninety-two miles from the splendid creek they had discovered on their way north, their water gave out entirely, and they continued on all night by lamp-light. Half dead with thirst, they reached the creek and the shade of the trees on October 28.

The flies and the mosquitoes here were so bad that the men wore veils on their faces; but this mattered nothing at all: they could drink, they could bathe, and they could shoot ducks to eat. When they had recovered a little, Sturt led the way upstream, thinking that now perhaps at last they were on the true path to some really broad expanse of water. There were many encouraging signs. The blacks, for instance, were very numerous; their tracks and crude shelters were everywhere, and within five miles Sturt met no fewer than eight different tribes.

Sturt in his dealings with the blacks is something

of a rarity among Australian explorers. He did not despise them or reject them. He treated them with kindness and tried to understand them, and in return found them to be a gentle, friendly people — embarrassingly friendly, in fact, since they invited the explorers to sleep with their grubby wives. They were, he said, an undernourished but merry people who sat up laughing and talking all night long. Being naked they suffered very much from the cold at night, and at this point he split his blanket so that he could give half to a shivering old man. He notes that they were adept at foretelling the weather from the position of the stars, and that in sight and smell they were keener than a dog.

The tribes they had first encountered on their way up from Menindie were rather a scrawny lot and very primitive; on seeing a horseman for the first time they had thought that man and beast were one creature, like the mythical centaur, and they had run off in astonishment when the man had dismounted. But here, on this green watercourse, they were a much more vigorous breed, the men six feet tall, and although by tribal law their front teeth had been knocked out, many of them were hand-



some. They netted fish and dived for mussels in the water holes; they brought down birds with their spears; and from the seed of a plant they called nardoo, they made a rough kind of flour that was baked into cakes.

Sturt questioned the tribesmen whenever he could, and now, by signs and by moving their arms in the manner of paddling a canoe, they indicated that there were indeed great stretches of water further to the east. With renewed hope the party went on and found that the watercourse continued to divide itself into many different channels and water holes. With its grass and heavy timber the country was much more promising than anything they had previously seen. On November 1 they arrived at a lake with seagulls flying above it, and still further east they came on other great pools, indigo blue in color and very salty. Here in this wilderness they interrupted a strange scene: a group of seven men crying bitterly. Nothing could make them explain the occasion of their grief; they cried and cried and would not stop, and in the end Sturt was obliged to go on his way, leaving left them a present of his greatcoat.

A few days later, when Sturt and his party were 120 miles upstream from their original starting point, they came on a crowd of some 400 blacks, more than they had ever seen before. The men were very fine, no tribal scars on their bodies, no bulging stomachs among them and no missing teeth. They were very friendly once they had got over their fear of the horses. They came forward with gifts of ducks and flour cakes and held up troughs of water for the horses to drink. But they also blasted Sturt's hopes for the last time: from this point on, they said, the stream diminished, and nothing lay further to the east but the desert. Riding out in that direction Sturt came on a swamp, and beyond this he was confronted by an endless plain.

Now, finally, he had had enough, and the party turned homeward. They retraced their steps down the creek to the point where they had first reached it, and then struck out for Fort Grey and the south. Sturt wrote: "Before we finally left the neighborhood where our hopes had been so often raised and depressed, I gave the name of Cooper's Creek to the fine watercourse we had so anxiously traced, as a proof of my respect for Mr. Cooper, the judge of South Australia." And he added, "I would gladly have laid this creek down as a river, but as it had no current I did not feel myself justified in doing so."

THE march to Fort Grey was worse than anything they had endured before. A fearful hot wind sprang up; the thermometer rose to 127 degrees and burst;

the horses stood with their noses to the ground; "the birds were mute; the leaves of the trees fell around like a snow-shower. I wondered the very grass did not take fire." When finally the weaker animals began to stagger and fall Sturt and Stuart decided to go on ahead of the other two men to Fort Grey so that they could get help. On their last stage into camp they traveled for fifteen hours without dismounting.

Sturt half thought as he rode along that Harris-Browne might have been forced through lack of water to retreat from Fort Grey, but he could not really bring himself to believe it. And so, when the two exhausted men at last reached the camp, a sickening feeling overcame them: all was silent. Stores, animals, and men — everything had vanished. "With my bitter feelings of disappointment," Sturt says, "I could calmly have laid my head on that desert never to raise it again."

They got off their horses and went to the tree which had been selected as a site for a cache, and there dug up a bottle with a message from Harris-Browne in it. He had been obliged to retreat to another water hole sixty-five miles away, he said, because the water at Fort Grey had become putrid and was causing his men to have dysentery. This was all too painfully evident; when Stuart went to the little pool he found that the slime there was green on top and red below.

Without eating or drinking, the two men laid themselves down on the ground to sleep. Next day Mack and Morgan struggled into camp, having abandoned all their supplies on the way, but Mack after a short rest went back on the best horse to recover the provisions and a kettle. Now at last they were able to make a damper and boil a little of the slime. It was the first time they had eaten or drunk for two days.

The sixty-seven-mile journey that still lay between them and the new depot was, as Sturt says, a privation "of no ordinary character," but somehow they managed it, riding for twenty hours without a stop, and on arrival Sturt collapsed. He fell to the ground as he dismounted, and next day his muscles contracted and his skin went black. It was nearly three weeks before they could move him, and then the whole party began their final retreat to the Darling, 270 miles away. It was now approaching midsummer — their second in the wilderness — and once again an incredible heat overwhelmed them: "The hot wind filled the air with an impalpable dust, through which the sun looked blood-red; and all vegetation seemed dead. So heated was the ground that our matches falling on it ignited . . . the silence of the grave reigned around." They traveled by night, Sturt lying helpless in one of the carts, and on December 20 they reached their depot at Menindie. The Darling had

ceased to flow, but at least there were water holes in the dry bed, and in the middle of January, 1846, they struggled into Adelaide. When Sturt reached his home at midnight his wife collapsed.

Quite apart from the hardships they had endured — and one is forced to conclude that men in Victorian times were tougher than they are now — a good deal had been accomplished here. The expedition had failed in its main objects, but they had come within 150 miles of the center, and they had actually lived there for a year or more, isolated from the rest of the world like men on another planet, and they had valuable information to impart. From now on any future expedition knew that it must expect impossible conditions during the summer months, with the great dangers of thirst and hunger and, in the absence of green vegetables, of scurvy. On the other hand, it was proved that the blacks were not dangerous if properly handled; in fact, they could be very helpful.

STURT had brought back with him over a hundred species of plants, and many geological specimens which were to lead on to the great mining discoveries in the center. He had taken careful note of the strange wild animals he had found, and his description of the fantastic bird life around the water holes has never been improved upon.

He observes how the raptors, the hawks and the eagles, follow the migratory routes across the interior, terrorizing the smaller birds, dropping on them like arrows from the sky when they pause to drink, and carrying them off in their talons. He speaks of species like the crested wedgebill, "which is heard in the heat of the day when all other birds are silent"; and of the galahs, which were also known as rose cockatoos; of black swans, which tended to be on the wing when the moon was shining bright; of the plover, with "its peculiar and melancholy cry ringing through the silence of the desert"; of sulphur-crested cockatoos that posted a sentinel while feeding on the ground; and of sea gulls on Cooper's Creek, over five hundred miles from the sea. There were half a dozen varieties of duck and a "ventriloquist dove," which, with the very slightest movement of its throat, made a sound that appeared to come from far out across the plain. Then there were the tawny-shouldered podargues, with mouths that reached from ear to ear and eyes half shut, that sat on the branches in a sort of conclave with their heads together; and the cracticus destructor, an ugly bird with dull feathers that could imitate any sound it heard — indeed, one of them used to come to Sturt's camp every morning to learn a tune his men used to whistle to it. There were times when the birds were their salvation: of

the *amadina castanotus* Sturt writes, "Never did its note fall on our ears but as the harbinger of good, for never did we hear this little bird but we were sure to find water close at hand, and many a time has it raised my drooping spirits and those of my companions. . . . The hawks made sad havoc amongst these harmless little birds, generally carrying off two at a time."

And he says this of the gray falcon: "A pair, male and female, were observed by Mr. Piesse one Sunday in May, whilst the men were at prayers, hovering very high in the air, soon after which he succeeded in killing both. They came down from a great height and pitched into the trees on the banks of the creek, and on Mr. Piesse firing at and killing one the other flew away; but returning to look for its lost companion, shared its fate. Nothing could exceed the delicate beauty of these birds when first procured. Their large, full eyes, the vivid yellow of the ceres and legs, together with their slate-coloured plumage, every feather lightly marked at the end, was quite dazzling, but all soon faded from the living brightness they had at first."

He writes equally well of the animals, of the dingoes, for instance, whose "emaciated bodies standing between us and the moon, were the most wretched objects in the brute creation."

For Sturt's leadership there could be nothing but praise. None of the usual jealousies or dissensions had occurred among his party, and he had lost only one man and a few horses. The expedition had cost just under £4000, which was very little more than he had originally estimated, and on the whole his system of base camps and small reconnaissance parties had been successful. There had been the interesting business of the message buried in the bottle, and in other ways — especially in the use of bullocks, horses, and sheep — he had been able to provide a useful guide for future explorers. In a general way they would know what fauna and flora they could expect to meet, the routine of the seasons and the contours of the land. Places like Menindie, Cooper's Creek, and the Stony Desert were pinpointed on the map.

Sturt never managed to return to the center. His eyes began to trouble him again, and in 1853 he returned to England, and he died there sixteen years later. But his discoveries had opened a vast new field for exploration. From every side men began to push into the interior. Thomas Livingstone Mitchell, the New South Wales surveyor general, struck inland from Sydney on a series of journeys and discovered the Victoria River. Later, his assistant, Kennedy, traced the Victoria downstream and found that it linked up with Cooper's Creek. Meanwhile Ludwig Leichhardt, a German botanist, traveled across the tropical north of the continent as far as Port Essington. In 1848 he set

out once more from the eastern coast with the idea of crossing the continent to Perth, and was never heard of again.

Leichhardt's disappearance caused a great stir at the time (for years afterward there were stories of a wild white man roaming in the interior), and Augustus Charles Gregory, the Queensland surveyor general, made two separate expeditions to find him. In the course of these journeys Gregory also followed the Cooper, and he eventually succeeded in reaching Mount Hopeless in South Australia, thus linking up his own researches with those of Sturt and Eyre some twenty years earlier. Then in 1853 a resourceful character named Captain Francis Cadell got a small steamer over the bar at the mouth of the Murray and sailed upstream as far as Swan Hill and back. Later he started a ferry on the Darling with regular sailings to Menindie.

Finally there was Sturt's draftsman, John McDouall Stuart, and he was proving himself to be the most persistent traveler of them all. After the 1844 expedition he made several journeys to the north of Adelaide, and in March, 1860, he was preparing to set out again for the center of the continent.

Yet the basic objects still eluded them all. North of Sturt's furthest expedition, on latitude 25, there was still terra incognita. Was it possible for a party to cross the continent from south to north? It was not merely curiosity that was involved in this, the persistent urge for men to go where no one else had ever been before. In 1860 the settlements in the south were still divided from Britain and Europe by a two months' sea voyage, and the introduction of steam had not materially speeded up communications. What if a telegraph line could be built from Adelaide to the northern coast and there linked up with the cable that already extended through India to Southeast Asia? That was a compelling idea. If realized, it would mean that instead of waiting four months one could communicate with London in a few hours. There was also the possibility of opening up trade with Southeast Asia through a port on the northern coast. Then there was the hunger for land itself: a lot of it free, unused, waiting for the firstcomers to take possession.

One would have thought that Sturt's hardships were enough to disabuse anyone of such optimistic dreams as these, but here, as in the Sahara, mirages floated on the horizon, and oases such as Cooper's Creek were a promise that they could be real.

AND so in 1860 the people of Melbourne, the richest of the Australian cities, decided to try again. They fitted out an expedition that was far more lavish than anything that had gone before: £9000

was raised for the venture, and twenty-five camels were specially imported from India to carry a vast store of supplies and provisions into the interior. Among the fifteen men chosen for the expedition there was a botanist and a geologist. The post of leader went to an Irish policeman, John O'Hara Burke, and his surveyor and second in command was William John Wills, a young Englishman who had recently emigrated to Australia. By August 20, 1860, all was ready, and half the population of Melbourne came out to see them off.

Now, in the past one hundred years, the Burke and Wills expedition has become something of a legend in Australia; its adventures are much more widely known than those of Sturt, and, indeed, it would be hard to imagine a more horrific tragedy of errors and miscalculations. One feels that an implacable destiny was working here; the ghastly blank was demanding its last quota of victims before it finally gave up its secrets. Yet, in fact, they got through; they accomplished what even Sturt had been unable to do. They reached Cooper's Creek from Melbourne in November, and here they left a base depot in charge of four men while four others — Burke, Wills, and two "assistants," King and Gray — struck off along Sturt's old route to the north. Before he left, Burke assured the men in base camp that he would be back in three months.

The story of this march — and it continued for fifteen hundred miles — is almost too agonizing to bear.

Anyone who has been in the center of Australia will bear witness to those sharp, ankle-twisting stones, the clay as hard as concrete and full of cracks, the peculiar stickiness of the mud in the swamps. After the first few steps the sweat starts out, and one has to keep a hand free and swing it across one's face to deal with the pestilential, never-ending flies. One sees and hears and smells far more, of course, when on foot, but the mechanical monotony of this tremendous walk is something not easily to be understood by a twentieth-century mind: hour after hour, mile after mile, and always the same plain ahead; never to arrive at anywhere really significant; always to get up in the morning with the prospect of doing the same thing all over again. The world narrows in these conditions; one's boots have the disembodied fascination of a clockwork pendulum; weariness is subdued by the dull compulsion of the rhythm; and ground is not ground but simply distance to be put behind one. In this apathy of movement, this concentration merely upon keeping going, this coma of walking, any intrusion is resented, and any call upon the mind is an effort. And so the imagination that held these men to their objective and the skill with which they overcame a thousand intrusions are things to be very much admired.

After two months they reached the tropical northern coast on the Gulf of Carpentaria, and then turned back again. They had proved that nothing lay in the center except a semidesert — the inland sea was a myth — but they were tired and desperately short of food, and their one hope lay in getting back to the depot on Cooper's Creek, seven hundred miles away. They had with them six camels and Burke's horse, Billy; most of these animals were killed and eaten, but the meat rapidly went bad in the heat, and by April 17, 1861, they were starving. And on that day Gray, the oldest of the party, collapsed and died. The others struggled on, and by April 20 they were within thirty miles of Cooper's Creek, though so bemused with exhaustion they hardly knew what they were doing anymore. Yet on the following day they managed to cover the whole thirty miles. As they approached the depot in the dusk of the evening they shouted and hallooed and called to the men they had left there. There was no answer from the silent bush, no sign of movement anywhere, and they stumbled into the camp to find it deserted. An inscription had been cut with an ax into a large coolibah tree beside the creek:

DIG
3 FT. N.W.
APR. 21 1861

The most agonizing thing about this was the date: it was the same day. The depot party had left that morning. After four and a half months Burke and his men had missed them by a matter of nine hours.

By the bright light of the moon they dug as they were directed, and unearthed a wooden box which contained a small quantity of provisions and a note from the depot party saying that they were abandoning the place because one of their men had fallen seriously ill.

Burke and his companions were far too weak to try to catch up with them. They made a meal from the stores left in the cache, rested for a day or two, and then decided to strike down Cooper's Creek on the shortest route to civilization — a further 150 miles — which, they hoped, would bring them out at Mount Hopeless, not far from the settled districts of South Australia. In fact they were blocked by the desert and never left the creek.

In September — five months later — a search party coming up from Melbourne reached the depot, and the blacks, by signs, led them to a half-crazed white man who was living with them. This was King. Being younger than the others — he was only twenty-one — he had just managed to keep alive. Burke and Wills had died months before, and their bones had been scattered over the sand by wild dogs. As for the rest of the expedition, they

had been dispersed over the dried-up land between Cooper's Creek and the Darling, and four of them were dead from scurvy. It was in some ways the greatest disaster in Australian exploration either before or since. All that one could say in favor of the whole mismanaged affair was that the ghastly blank had been conquered at last.

IT is still quite possible today to retrace Burke's march to the gulf, to camp where he camped, and to see more or less the same things he saw.

In Victoria the land has been fairly heavily settled, but Burke's old route (now a highway) still leads out from Melbourne to Castlemaine and Bendigo; and at Swan Hill one can drive along the Murray riverbank to the junction with the Darling. In the fruit-growing district of Mildura one sees the skeletons of Captain Cadell's old paddle steamers breaking up on the bank, but some of them are still prodded into action.

The Darling is a narrow, muddy stream, with dun-colored earthen banks shaded by eucalypts, but it has managed to keep some of the wildness and remoteness it had a hundred years ago. Here at last one catches a glimpse of the kangaroo bounding away through the scrub, and the flocks of parrots are almost as plentiful as they ever were. Menindie is now a railway junction and the center of a water-conservation scheme. Bulldozers roar by, throwing up new earthworks between the lakes, and there is not a camel to be seen. But the outpost atmosphere persists, and the local people will show you "Burke's room" in an old pub on the riverbank. On the lake nearby, regattas of black swans and pelicans sail about, and in the evening the slender gray herons arrive. They stand motionless on the banks of the creek and stab for fish, and they are closely overlooked by flocks of cormorants that perch like black bobbins in the trees above. When the fishing is good these cormorants swoop together onto the water and drive the herons away — a scene the explorers must have watched a hundred times. By day the flies are troublesome and it is very hot, but in this clean, dry air the traveler is filled with energy, and he wants to go on across the great desolate plains stretching away to the north — to go on and on until he reaches the Cooper, four hundred miles away.

If he goes up in the late spring, as Burke did, he will see the wild flowers in bloom on the red soil, and especially great fields of Paterson's Curse (which is a weed presumably imported by a Mr. Paterson), which Burke did not see. All this country is so flat that the Barrier Range (minus Piesse's Knob, which has been demolished by the Broken Hill miners) is seen from a very long way off, and

even the sparse lines of trees in the dry creeks look like forests on the horizon. But at a place called Mootwingee the plain really does break up, and it is a delight to go into these gullies and to slither down the flaking rock into the still water of the pools. In these rough hills the kangaroos and emus seem to be larger and tamer than they were on the open plain, and the parrots have a brighter color in the soft light. Tourists have been here, and with their guns have taken pot shots at the native carvings on the rocks and have cut their initials among the stenciled hands in the overhanging caves — those hands that probably signified a meeting place, the fingers representing tracks leading into a central junction. However, the damage is not yet complete, and although there are no longer any blacks to hold corroborees now, the somewhat eerie spirit of the place persists.

BYOND Mootwingee the country is very deserty, but cattle manage to survive even where there is no grass, only bushes, and the water holes have become the sites of station homesteads. Some of these places have tennis courts lit by electric light (it is too hot to play by day), swimming pools and lawns and lemon groves (no danger of scurvy today), and the cattle are rounded up by cowboys in Volkswagens. The station owner in his aircraft will make the journey from Cooper's Creek to the Darling in a single afternoon.

A new kind of fauna lives on these great fenced plains, the domestic animals gone wild: a lone white cat lopes across the track, miles from anywhere, and homestead dogs that have mated with dingoes bound away at the approach of a car. They keep glancing backward as they run, since they are sheep-killers and are always shot at. Then there are scrub cattle, so lean and bony nobody bothers to brand them anymore, and the brumbies, the wild horses which are rounded up from time to time to be slaughtered and sold in the cities as cat meat.

Near Torowoto (a name now forgotten), a plaque has been set up on a cairn, and it indicates the place where Sturt spent that long furnace-like summer in 1845, unable to go forward or to go back. Following on along the track, one comes next to an eight-foot netted dog fence, which marks the border of New South Wales and Queensland (neither state wants the other's dogs), and one passes through at Warri Gate, which is somewhat to the west of Burke's route. Then the plain again disintegrates into hard, stony ravines and gullies; this was the place where the expeditions had to make their last long waterless march to the Cooper. It is fearful country to walk on or even ride over; the ground is covered with sharp dark-brown stones known as

gibbers, which are as hard as iron and brutal to the feet.

And now the desert takes a stronger hold. The trees grow spines instead of leaves, their bark peels away like paper, and except for a few desiccated bushes, every green thing on the ground has been defeated by the sun. The first approach to the Cooper is through a series of low ridges which in the distance look like long flat-topped hills; then there is another gibber plain, and finally the blessed shade of the creek itself. On that muddy, gray-green water (and sometimes the billabongs are half a mile long and as much as sixty feet deep) life begins again — the incessant passage of the birds, the little turtle thrusting up his doubting snout, the scamper of rabbits on the bank.

The site of Burke's depot lies a few miles downstream from the Napper Merrie homestead, and it is a moving thing to see there the original tree with the word "DIG" still discernible, to build a campfire under its branches, and to spread a bedroll on the ground where the stockade of the depot used to stand before it was carried away by floods. Except that a cairn with a plaque has been erected on the bank, nothing has changed. The boomerang shape of the water hole that curves around the site is the same as it always was, and Burke and his men must have gazed a thousand times (with what boredom) at a great eucalypt on the opposite bank, which is a favorite roost for the corellas. Apart from the people at the Napper Merrie homestead there are no human beings for many miles around, and in the midday heat and again at night the silence is complete. The nights are remarkable. Once the evening commotion of birds is over and the theatrical light of the sunset has faded, the dark sky, studded with enormous stars, descends from the great height it had by day, and there is a kind of joy in just lying there on one's campbed, cool and relaxed and safe in the midst of so much unvisited space. As a rule, the night is very still, and thus seems timeless while it lasts; and perhaps — one dreams a good deal on the Cooper — there might be something in all this to reconcile the mind with death. But then the dawn comes up with a sunburst of colored searchlights, the first fly settles on the sleeper's nose, and he struggles back to life again.

One fancies one might be prepared to wait patiently for a long time in this solitary and beautiful place. Little by little, as the days pass, a rhythm takes command, and one can tell the time without looking at a watch by many different signs: the seven o'clock breeze ruffling the water hole, the midday flight of lilac kingfishers coming down the creek, the evening appearance of the rabbits. The light is so clear that every passing bird makes a precise moving shadow on the ground, and the smallest ants arrest the eye as though

seen through a microscope. Soon it becomes apparent that the chief effects here are not of harmony but of contrast: the cool night succeeding the overpowering day, the scarlet dragonfly that is made doubly brilliant by the drab background of the bush, the cacophony of parrots in silence. One's thirst is so great that a cool drink of water really does taste like sparkling wine.

And yet there is a certain menace on the Cooper. It remains basically inimical to man; it rejects him; the climate is too arid and too hard. The cattlemen here contract sores and swollen gums which they call Barcoo rot (Barcoo being the other name for the Cooper), and it is that same vitamin deficiency that killed the explorers. Sometimes, too, the men shake violently in a spasm of nerves, a condition known as the dry horrors, but this usually only besets those who spend their vacations in prolonged bouts of drunkenness and whose craving in these dry wastes becomes ungovernable. A week or two in the pubs in the south generally puts them right, and they can continue for another six months or so without a drink.

But perhaps the really undermining thing about the Cooper is the inertia that overtakes one there. It is not the soporific torpor of the tropics, but rather a feeling of deep physical exhaustion, a fatalistic passivity in the mind; one longs to take refuge in a slow, safe, uneventful routine, and soon the demands of civilization drop away. One lives upon the bare minimum of effort, one accepts discomforts, and to do nothing, to say nothing, to succumb to solitariness, becomes at last the only bearable existence. This is a condition which is admirable for hermits but may have done as much as anything else to destroy the explorers.

This part of the Cooper is embraced by the Innamincka station, some 10,000 square miles in extent, and there is a homestead on the creek close to the spot where King was found. But the little township that sprang up after Burke's time has collapsed through want of trade, and all that remains of it now are a few ruined buildings and a thousand empty beer bottles glittering in the sun. Nearly all the blacks who once lived here have long since died — mainly through diseases imported by the white man. Northward on the expedition's route lies Sturt's Stony Desert, and here, at a place called King's Lookout, one can survey that unearthly prismatic landscape, which is really closer to an abstract pattern than to anything recognizable in nature. According to the time of day, the sandhills that stretch away on every side are vermilion, scarlet, rose-red, or orange, but always the color is of a startling intensity. Sometimes the ridges are dotted with gray and green bushes, and a bare rock breaks through to the surface, and so the general appearance is of a formal Japanese garden,

always with the bright pale-blue sky beyond. One finds a track through this gay maze by keeping to the salt pans that lie between the ridges, and at the end of the day one finally comes out into the open plain again. Here a number of homesteads have been abandoned in the last half-century — the droughts were too long and the loneliness too abrasive — but still the artesian bores gush out onto the dry ground. The water comes up through an L-shaped metal pipe, hissing and steaming, and it is hot enough to boil an egg, hot enough to make one's billy of tea. It cools off as it runs away, and in a sandstorm one will see the strange wraiths of cattle looming through the gloom at the places where they know they can drink. The bones of dead animals lie everywhere.

There is only one township in this desolation, Birdsville, and since it lies between Sturt's Stony Desert and the Simpson Desert, where virtually nothing grows, it is perfectly placed to take the full brunt of these sandstorms no matter from what quarter the wind blows — and it may blow for days on end, until the grit lines one's very stomach and red-rimmed eyes can stand no more. But invariably the "blow" subsides at last into a dead calm, and one wakes to a morning of such sparkling freshness and clarity that the explorers, in these latitudes, must have been much encouraged to go on.

Beyond Birdsville the country gradually improves as the rainfall increases: grass finds a hold on the blown sand, the creeks are more frequent, and now once again there are flights of birds and groups of kangaroos. One does well to watch the kangaroos, since they will not survive much longer except in the remote parts of Australia. Like the wild horses, they are being shot for pet food, and something like a million of them are destroyed every year.

The invasion of civilization here is, indeed, very strange, very ruthless, and very haphazard. Some of the new towns, with their banks and shops and gasoline pumps, have a bright suburban look, but at their outskirts there is sure to be a collection of iron shanties of appalling squalor, to which the few remaining blacks have been banished. These places swarm with rats; broken bottles and rusting cans are strewn about among the wreckage of old trucks and cars. But then in a few minutes one is out on the wide plain again, and the half-caste driver, who yesterday was seen sprawling, drunken in the pub, now rides by with his mob of cattle, graceful, handsome, and erect, absolutely in command of his world.

Despite its hardness, its hostility, and its tragedy, there is still great beauty and a sense of freedom in the ghastly blank. Like Mount Everest, "it was there." It had to be conquered. And in conquering it these tough, determined, and unpretentious men found a certain greatness in themselves.

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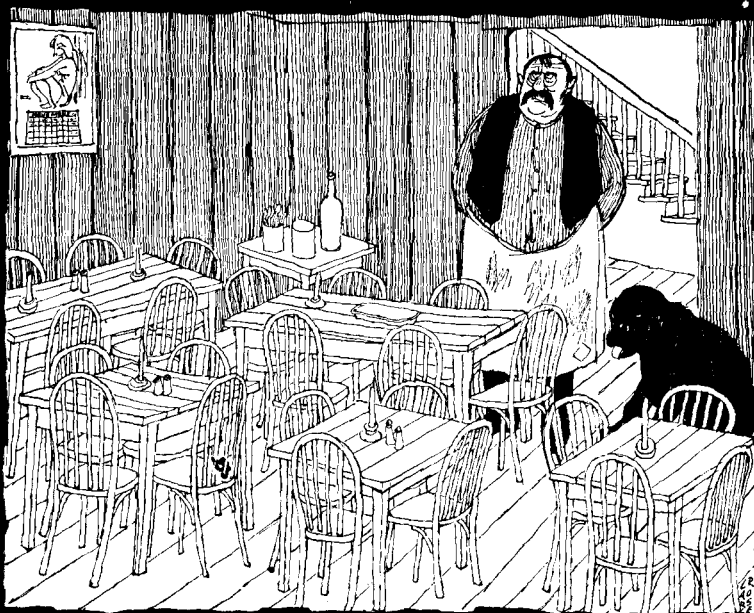


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Living

THE NIGHT AT LONGJUMEAU

BY CHARLES W. MORTON

We really saw very little of Longjumeau. It was late dusk on a raw November afternoon when we arrived. We left in haste at dawn the next morning amid fog and rain. It was neither the community nor the season for the sightseer, and I am not quite sure today whether the place was — back in 1925 — an industrial suburb of Paris or simply a residential slum area. My wife and I reached Longjumeau after some months of viewing France by motorcycle and sidecar. I had been careful when I bought the outfit to specify magneto ignition, and our muscular red seventy-four-cubic-inch Indian used its battery and generator only for lights. All had gone dependably, if noisily, until about the halfway mark in our travels, when the lights suddenly conked out just as we were rolling, northbound, into the town of Digne. The potholes of the French roads had caused the battery, neatly cased in front of the unsprung rear wheel, to develop a fatal split. No new battery was to be had, so that we were obliged to be off the road thereafter before darkness, until we were back in New York again.

So it was that we had to stop at

the first inn we came upon in Longjumeau, instead of at Versailles as we had hoped. Some hundreds of inns and restaurants had rewarded us so agreeably, and with so much variety, that we were accustomed to sitting down fearlessly at any dinner table. We never made reservations; we used the *Guide* on occasion or experimented freehand, and our travels had instilled in us only one rule: the best meals are not to the latecomer. There seemed no reason why Longjumeau, in the dark, would not serve us well.

The proprietor of the inn showed us to a kind of abandoned stall with a door that locked, at the rear of the building, where we left the *moto*. In the rather sepulchral dim light of the inn's large public room, he proved to be a vast, paunchy figure, a grudging host, and not at all eager for our custom. He was wearing a neckband shirt with a collar button and no collar or tie, and a much dirtier apron. The inn itself, we realized, was just as dirty as he was, but it was good to be off the road on this chilly day.

Our bedroom, lighted by a single unshaded bulb, had an air of long

disuse. It was damp and musty. We would wash up and descend quickly we agreed, for even the room downstairs was less gloomy than this.

I picked up the big china water pitcher and began to tip its contents into the bowl. Contents in the plural is perhaps the right term; what poured forth, in addition to the fluid, was an astonishing set of festoons of a spaghettilike substance, unidentifiable lumps, and bits of greenery. With it all came an overpowering odor, an odor so weighty that it had lain snugly with its sources in the pitcher and responded only to the pull of gravity in the tipping, like one of those heavier-than-air gases that goes down, amazingly, instead of up in elementary chemistry experiments.

The ingredients of a Nobel Prize in biology must have been multiplying themselves for years in the pitcher. I set pitcher and bowl in the corridor outside, opened the bedroom window, and we went down to the main room of the inn. It was about 5:30 P.M. If we had not washed, at least we were no grimmer than the proprietor, who was slicing celery root into a large bowl. No one else was in the room.

By this time we had concluded that the inn did not ordinarily offer lodging and that it was more likely the meeting place of criminals. If we could get something to eat and

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Heretofore our competition has featured one problem by George Koltanowski, chess author and international blindfold champion. This year, however, Koltanowski has urged us to go to *three* games for humane and fiendish reasons.

In the first place, he says, no one ever sits down to a sociable evening of chess and brandy and plays only *one* game. No, on these occasions three is about par.

Secondly, you are playing better chess than you used to; i.e., too many of you are beating the Master, and he is anxious to put a stop to *that*. Therefore he has made the second game tougher than the first and the third very tough indeed.

However, if the odds are greater, so are the rewards for your prowess. This year, instead of the customary ten, there will be 101 prizes:

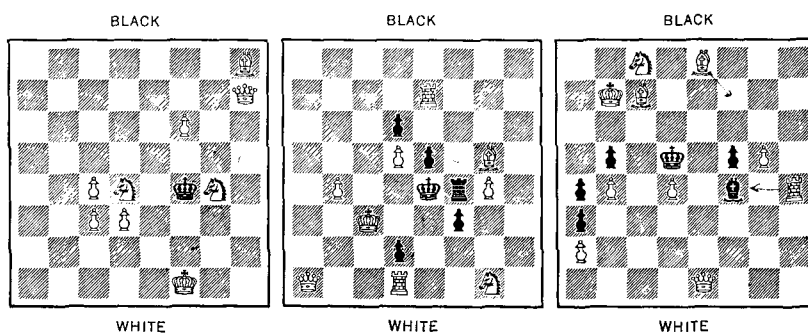
The Grand Prize will be an exact replica of Koltanowski's own intricate gold and enamel ring (presented him at Caracas in 1947 by the Venezuelan Chess Federation) appropriately inscribed with your victory. Second through 101st Prizes will be personally autographed copies of his stirring "Adventures of a Chess Master."

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So go to it: settle down with a bottle of Paul Masson's splendid Brandy and—since your opponent is *in absentia*—one glass. (We have shown three to give you a choice of drinks; so take your choice.)



One more thing. Each of these problems is white to move and mate in two moves. If you have never tackled chess problems before this means: A) White (bottom, moving up) makes a move; B) then Black (top, moving down) makes a move; C) then White moves and checkmates. However, *only send in the key move (A) for each problem.* Good Luck!



Dear Paul Masson, Dept.A-2,Saratoga, California:

Here are my solutions: 1st game. _____

2nd game. _____ 3rd game. 1584

I'll be pleased to receive Mr. Koltanowski's solutions and my Chess I.D. Card. I'll be even more pleased if my answer is among the first 101 checked after April 1, 1964 and I win a prize.

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back to the bedroom unscathed, I could wedge a chair under the door-knob for the rest of the night.

Over the next half hour we ate some of the celery root, disinfected, we hoped, by the fiery *ordinaire* which the proprietor set before us in a cloudy-looking carafe. We were ravenous, as always after a day of overcoming the French roads and weather. The bread and watery soup, which eventually came along, we tucked away so earnestly as to gain, with our intimations of approval, the first civil response from the proprietor.

By the table where the proprietor had been slicing the celery root lay his dog, a large black mongrel who might have had a fraction of Newfoundland somewhere in his lineage. Asleep and obviously not accustomed to expect anything from the inn's diners, the dog was giving no heed to us or our meal, when his master removed our soup plates and set down the meat course.

I must digress briefly. Of all the dismal shops to be seen in France, the *boucherie chevaline* seemed to us outstanding. It was required by law

so to identify itself, and a gilt horse's head was usually conspicuous on its facade. Even the aggressively dead little birds, with their eyes so firmly closed, in big glass bowls of brine or whatever, that awaited the shopper in San Francisco's Grant Avenue groceries, were no less capable of dulling the appetite. A scrutiny of any *boucherie chevaline* was unforgettable: alarming-looking wares hung outside, and the merchandise inside, separated from flies and the dust of the street only by iron bars — all fully unrefrigerated.

We return to Longjumeau. The meat course was plainly horse: for each of us a thick, black slab, coarse-grained, tough and defying the knife, but yielding just enough to disclose a purplish and virtually uncooked interior.

We busied ourselves with the fried potatoes as the proprietor went back to the kitchen. My wife tapped the meat with her fork, whispered the question, "Horse?" I gave one of those *peut-être* shrugs and grimaces. She managed to attract the attention of the dog by throwing a crust at him.

The dog sat up, lazily, just as my wife tossed her portion of meat to him. It landed about two feet from the dog. His reaction was electric. He thrust forward his neck with the speed of a heron nailing a frog, and the meat vanished in a gulp. I tossed him my own meat, with the same result.

The proprietor, bringing us cheese and more bread a moment later, was pleased to find our plates empty. He became positively sunny, taking the circumstance, somehow, as a tribute to his cooking. We ordered more wine. When we left for our bedroom a short time later, the proprietor was treating us with real respect. We made no mention of washing water.

Our conclusion, on the road again, the next day, was that the inn at Longjumeau was not at all a den of thieves, for even thieves could fare more comfortably elsewhere, but rather that its proprietor was simply a loutish old ninny, who should have been in some other line of work. But I still wonder what would have happened had he kept a cat instead of that big, capacious dog.

Sex and Spying

BY ROBERT FONTAINE

ROBERT FONTAINE is known for all sorts of light writing, ranging from a successful comedy on Broadway to many books and short articles.

"As long as sex is around it will be used in spying," said the head of the Central Intelligence Agency recently. The statement, I am sure, was forced from him as the result of scandals in Britain and elsewhere that made it obvious that spies for all sides were joining in orgiastic moonlighting, where not only military secrets were laid bare.

In spite of threats of automation and synthetic production of proteins, it is obvious that sex will be around for some time to come. In the light of new and broader interpretations of the law, there seems a slight possibility it will become something of a bore in time and may ultimately take its place with midget golf and the music of the ukulele. Meanwhile, however, it is enjoying a popularity unprecedented since Elizabethan times, at least, and

seems to be reasonably secure for the next generation or two. Unlike the weather, sex is a matter that not too many people talk about but nearly everyone does something about, one way or another.

The matter of spying, however, is another thing. Spying, in my youth — and, I believe, before that — while not without its aspects of romance and boudoir whoop-de-do, was a sort of clean-cut career in which the spies for our side were all noble and endearing fellows and girls and the treacherous rascals on the other side were all depraved cads and underprivileged strumpets, uneducated, unwept, unhonored, and unhinged.

All the literature and motion pictures referring to spies in my day showed each of our fellows to be a dedicated heroic lad, seven feet tall, with a square chin, blue eyes, and when necessary, a splendid musical-comedy baritone.

He approached his work with singleness of purpose and devotion to duty that were unmatched. He moved through dangerous areas where round black bombs were handy and the fuses ready to be lit.

He met the siren approach of enemy lassies with a faint and gentlemanly smile, as if to say (if, indeed, he did not actually say), "Were things otherwise, my charming friend, perhaps there would be a difference!"

Now and then he did become involved in a romance with a beautiful agent from the enemy, but his purpose was always patriotic and sincere. If he wanted the siren's love, it was for the noble purpose of marrying her and showing her how marvelous a nation he lived in and how it was the decent thing to act as a spy for it.

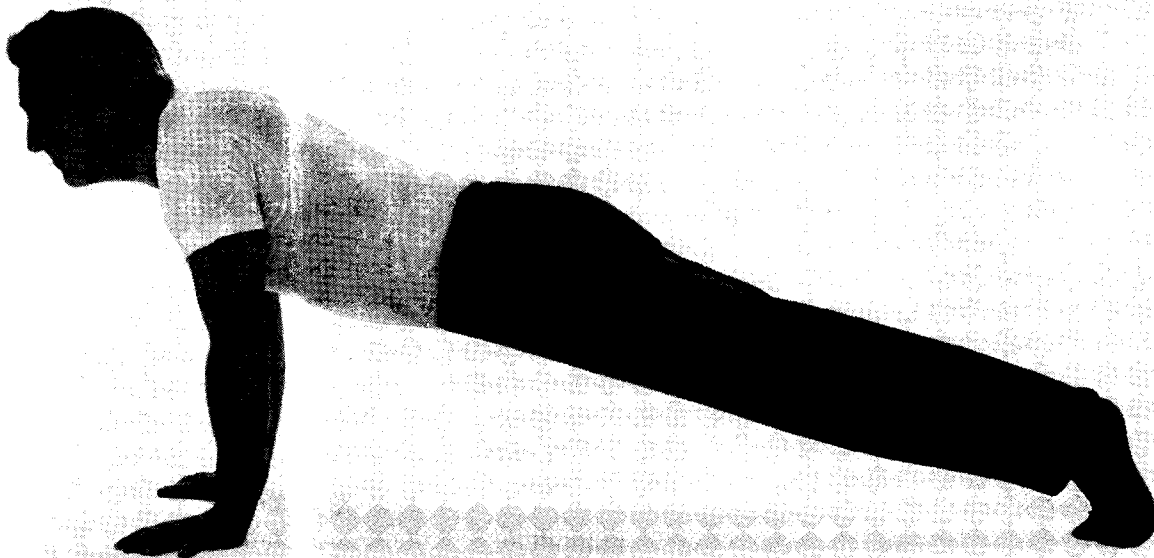
He demonstrated with a clear and sunny logic that the U. S. A. spied



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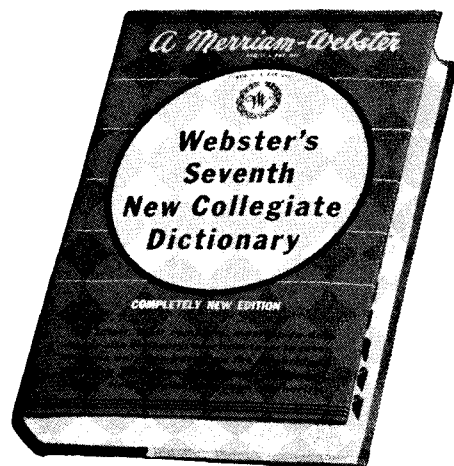
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only to make the world a better place to live in, and agents of the United States fell not so much into the category of espionage men as into that of educators and ambassadors.

I never recall that our agents worked for money. Possibly they were given living expenses and a little extra for travel, but spying was definitely not a career in which one could become either wealthy or socially prominent. As for girls — well, a spy might have a good, clean, healthy girl friend who wondered where he disappeared to all the time but who trusted him unreservedly. Anything beyond that was definitely frowned upon.

The old-time spy had one mission, and that was to find out what the enemy was up to. In time of war his object was simple. It was to obtain the map showing the next attack, from inside the drunken general's coat (the enemy general, of course — our generals were clear-eyed and alert). In time of peace our spy's work was much the same. He had only to find the documents inside the drunken ambassador's dinner jacket, the documents that detailed carefully what the enemy country intended to do for the next few years.

It was all very simple and pleasant, and if, now and then, a fellow got shot, he was safer and his work more agreeable than that of most chaps in most occupations.

All that seems to have changed, if I read the papers rightly. It is hard to tell which spy is spying for whom and why. None of the spies I come across these days seem to give their heart and soul to intelligence. They have turned professional, so to speak.

Honest spying has declined. There is no more courage in the thing, no more true patriotism, no more virtue and decency.

As a boy, I looked up to our spies. I wanted to be one. I was eager to risk my life for my beloved country. What shall I say to my son if he shows the same ardor? Shall I tell him the girls are less expensive and more attractive in Hollywood or Detroit? Shall I wistfully inform him that spies work for everybody these days in a sort of international cartel and that everybody knows everything about everybody else?

I suppose I shall find a way to disillusion him gently. But what shall I tell my heart when, in spite of all, I can still see in my imagination that true-blue fellow dangerously picking the plans out of the general's pocket and singing a dangerously rousing patriotic song at the same time?

I can only pray that I have maligned the breed and that somewhere there is a sturdy and simple chap, a good husband and devoted father, conscientiously picking ambassadors' pockets while he warmly hums "America the Beautiful."

Is There Life on Venus?

BY FERGUS ALLEN

Somebody's rounded biscuit-colored girl
Waits affably in that amazing car —
Which shines with emblems and whose one small dent
On the almost esculent envelope
Is evidence perhaps of asteroid.

Enclosed by tinted glass and stroked with music,
Functional disorder a fret unknown,
She smokes, skims through expensive magazines
(Too dear alas for us), switches adroitly
Her disposition of desirable legs.

Existing, you see, on a plane completely other —
Even her vowels are slightly beyond our reach —
Like a subversive ideogram, she sits
Poised in this would-be interplanetary machine,
Awaiting her lover (from whom may Heaven defend us).

Avis needs you. You don't need Avis. Avis never forgets this.



**We're still a little hungry.
We're only No.2 in rent a cars.
Customers aren't a dime a dozen
to us.**

**Sometimes, when business is too
good, they get the short end and aren't
treated like customers anymore.**

**Wouldn't you like the novel experience of walking
up to a counter and not feel you're bothering somebody?
Try it.**

**Come to the Avis counter and rent a new, lively super-
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to try harder to make our customers feel like customers.**

Our counters all have two sides.

And we know which side our bread is buttered on.

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How to Outwit Forms

JOHN E. LEFFLER

JOHN E. LEFFLER is professor of chemistry at the Florida State University. This is his first appearance in the ATLANTIC.

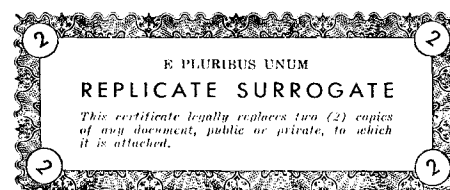
In the November *Atlantic*, the article "A Matter of Form(s)" by Celia Darlington described the horrible fate of an organization such as a university when it finally becomes totally submerged in paper. It was suggested that paper itself be elaborated into some sort of device to reduce the stultifying overabundance of forms, blanks, *fragenbogen*, and so forth, now arresting the wheels and clogging the rushing waters of our otherwise wholly admirable and efficient Western civilization. The present article is a report on a strikingly successful technique recently developed and field-tested at a large Southeastern university.

Once the psychology of the people who devise and send out forms is understood, the means of defense become almost obvious. The only weak point of these formidable adversaries is their inordinate and compulsive respect for any form or certificate whatever.

An anonymous colleague and I therefore adopted the following tactics: A Pink Slip was stapled to each of the hundred or more intramural forms in our test collection assembled from the offices of a single university. The forms were then returned without comment or return address to the university offices from which they originated. You will note from the sample below that the Pink Slip is designed to be as in-

timidating and insulting as possible. An especially important feature of the plan is that the Committee for the Abolition of Unprofitable Paper Work does not actually exist; it is merely an interesting hypothesis. Thus the frantic telephone calls and other disturbed-anthill behavior elicited by the slips failed to uncover any agency empowered to overrule the Committee. The flood of forms therefore dwindled to a trickle. When a slight relapse toward the previous unacceptable behavior began to set in after about two weeks, we applied a psychological reinforcement in the shape of a second batch of forms. The second batch of forms bore pink slips on which was scrawled the word *urgent*.

For use against only moderately objectionable forms we have developed another technique. We actually fill out such forms in part, except that we neglect to answer any impertinent or inconvenient questions. We do not, however, return the required seven copies. Instead, we return just one copy to which is stapled an *E Pluribus Unum* Replicate Surrogate, shown below.



So far the Replicate Surrogates are available only in the blue two-copy denomination, but if we are in an especially jovial mood we attach another Replicate Surrogate to the first. Since the second Replicate Surrogate has the effect of tripling the first, the net effect on the substrate document is as though it were accompanied by six copies.

Neither the Pink Slip nor the Replicate Surrogate is protected by copyright, and readers are invited to have their own supplies printed as needed.

Please execute and return at once to the
COMMITTEE FOR THE ABOLITION OF
UNPROFITABLE PAPER WORK

**Has the attached form been
approved by the Committee?**

YES ☐ NO ☐ (Check One)

Your Signature _____ (Legible)
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BY STUART HEMSLEY

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well boss
mehitabel the cat still hears
the pad of the rhythmical feet
but i guess the message
doesn't come through any more
as clear as she likes to hear it
how s tricks i asked
toujours gai archy toujours gai
but it could be a h dash double l
of a lot gaier she says
the old joints take me here and there
but the vital organs
o the vital organs exclamation point
archy i need help soon before i
take the last trip down the bay
and you can get it for me
you my literary cockroach
can get me some cheerio
to pull a lady through
then she tells me how they took
the female of my species
and distilled therefrom the very
essence of s dash e dash x
how they squashed these splendid
creatures and reduced their intimate
fundamentals to a chemical formula
and a nice price they ll get
for it too if i know the market
this is what she wants boss
and me to get it for her
me with the transmigrated
soul of a vers libre bard
me the confidant of egyptian pharaohs
me reduced to a common body snatcher
me a low down pulverizer
of my own kith and kin
for the sake of lechers
so i said nothing doing
and chased her out of there
but live and learn and read the papers boss
and know what is going on
in your own backyard
under the rough integuments
of my female counterparts
there beat hearts of gold
and a lot more besides
that even i didn't know about
it s what s inside that counts eh boss
i leave you now boss
for i think i saw something
hop in under the trash paper
over by the wastebasket
and if it s who i think it is
i won't be back until tuesday
or wednesday

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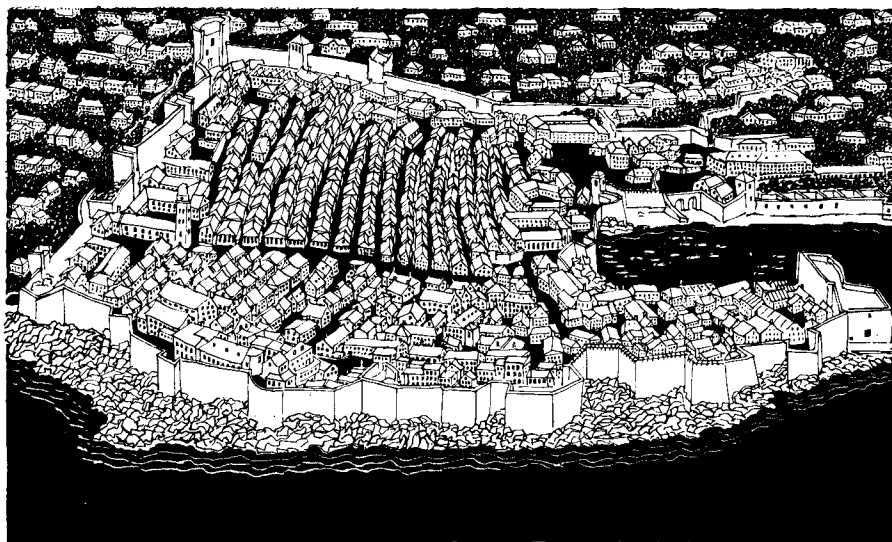
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pleasures and places



DUBROVNIK

BY MERLOYD LAWRENCE

If all the walled medieval cities of legend or of memory were combined into a single design in luminous white stone and set in exactly the right proportion of mountains, palms, cliffs, and sea, the result might approach the beauty of Dubrovnik. But not quite. For this city is no dustbound antique. The bustling life within its walls gives it a brisk, immediate presence. If Carcassonne throbbed with the festival life of Salzburg, or the Riviera's jaded Grande Corniche were suddenly invaded by handsome Slavic scout-masters, it might offer a few of the contrasts that greet a visitor in Dubrovnik.

Hotels and pensions in this city suit every mood and temperament as well as pocketbook, which in any case will not be too strained in Yugoslavia. To the south, on steep cliffs overhung with flowering vines and punctuated with cypresses, is Ploče, where the living is gay and luxurious. Bikini beauties and svelte skin divers do Eden Roc one better in the turquoise waters below, and the view, the gardens (especially at the Argentina), and the wine cellars are all superb. Madame Tito's villa, Scheherazade, with its tile dome

and minarets, is in the city of Ploče.

For visitors who want to be more in the heart of things there is the Dubravka, the oldest hotel in Dubrovnik. It is directly over the marketplace—in other words, for early risers and determined sight-seers. Just outside the city walls is the unwieldy old Imperial, a monument to Austro-Hungarian days, with high ceilings and gypsy music till dawn. At the opposite extreme, for languid beach life and after-dinner strolls, the beautiful suburb of Lapad offers a bevy of family-style hotels and pensions. There is dancing, too, at Lapad, but at a discreet distance, in a shadowy tropical garden.

At the most luxurious of the hotels, the Argentina, which is a truly idyllic place, and at the rather too sleek Excelsior the maximum full pension is about ten dollars in high season (July and August) and eight dollars in June and September. (These figures are based on the official exchange rate, which some tourists find they can improve upon.)

This variety of creature comforts and a greater variety of views stretch along the shore, but Dubrovnik itself

is a magnet which sooner or later draws every visitor inside its walls. Perhaps it will be at the crack of dawn, to climb up and down the cobbled steps that rise on both sides of the main street, the Placa. At that hour it is possible to enjoy a cool panorama from each of the five great forts: Lovrjenac (which becomes Elsinore every summer), Minčeta, Bokar, Revelin, and Sveti Ivan. These strongholds dominate peaks of rock above the rest of the city. The steep alleys that lead to them are dappled with color. Rugs woven in geometric patterns hang from window to window; tiny courtyards hold plots of tomatoes bordered by pinks and hydrangeas; and every balcony is an ark, crowded with pots, tins, jugs, and pitchers, overflowing with blossoms and vines.

Midmorning is the time to visit the cool monastery courtyards, some of which, like the Franciscan cloisters, with their stone grotesques on the columns and fountains, are of exceptional beauty. As noon approaches one may still wander in the granary, with its deep, illuminated pits carved out of the bedrock beneath Dubrovnik. Even darker and cooler is the aquarium, where tourists exchange looks with silvery eels and giant lobsters. But for any sensible traveler, the midday routine consists of a quick dip, a leisurely lunch, and a long siesta. This last pleasure need not be cut short, for no one in Dubrovnik—hairdresser, businessman, or travel agent—opens his doors again until five o'clock.

The very late afternoon is time enough to join the Dubrovacki for their evening parade up and down the Placa and to browse in the little shops for *narodna folklor*: rugs, flutes, gourds, embroidery, filigree necklaces. Unfortunately, with the exception of heavy silver and brass jewelry and some Croatian and other peasant costumes, antique arts and crafts are almost impossible to find. The secondhand stores where families bring heirlooms are run by the state, which means that, aside from suspect icons and Aladdin's lamps, church and folk art pass straight into museums. One is more likely to come home with colorful new toys or *slivovitz* than artistic treasures.

As the sun sets over the campanile and the pigeons in the very Venetian main square, it is time for a civilized interlude at one of the town cafés



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(*kafanas*). There a Turkish coffee, a *rakija*, or a milder aperitif will help mellow the light on the battlements, whose stone, inappropriately called ashlar, turns every evening to a kind of golden pink. Unlike the jazzy Americanized bands at the hotels, the little black-coated professors who play at the *kafanas* still specialize in nostalgia: marches, mazurkas, and *Zigeuner* laments.

The spell cast by the view, with the wooded island of Lokrun and the fleet of little white boats against the old port, is deepened by the startling contrasts in faces — Slavic, Nordic, Mediterranean, with light-gray eyes under black brows or blond braids over dark Kirghiz eyes. Robust local blades escort girls whose straight-browed, intelligent faces are topped by tousled Bardot hair. Caucuses of sleek Italianate officials, gnarled farmers in nubbly homespun, or businesslike women in the inevitable man-tailored suit are mixed among the English and Scandinavian tourists. Even the most voracious traveler, however, cannot live on staring alone, and pungent suggestions come from nearby spits and grills.

The culinary offerings are as varied as all the other pleasures of Dubrovnik. If any *cordon bleu* purist has warned you about food in Yugoslavia, forget his misguided words and find out for yourself. First, at the hotel, keep an eye out for such tasty regional specialties as Serbian *gibanica*, a hot, many-layered pâté of cheese, eggs, and cream; *pohovana tikvica*, zucchini stuffed with minced pork and beef and smothered in a frothy sauce; or *djuveč*, a rich, peppery stew of lamb, eggplant, string beans, rice, and cheese. Since the guests at many of the hotels are predominantly English, of an elderly mineral water and consommé vintage, these delectable dishes are often disguised under such antiseptic titles as “cut-up omelette” or “vegetable marrow with custard sauce.” Austria-Hungary has left many echoes in the cuisine of Dubrovnik, especially in the tender and imaginative preparation of veal, in the strudels and nut torten, and in the fillips of *schlagobers* that adorn many a dessert. Service in the hotels is efficient and yet bubbling with a genuine charm that contrasts favorably with the obsequiousness at other resorts. English is still at the command of few. At lunch one day,

the dignified headwaiter assured me, “Tonight you will become a veal.”

Bolder spirits and heartier appetites will venture further than the hotel into what an understanding Dubrovnik friend called the “*natur-natur*” restaurants. Here the center of interest is a bed of glowing coals and the spit, where suckling pig or baby lamb sizzles on alternate evenings. If, about an hour before dinner, one wanders over from the café and reserves a few generous portions, a feast is assured. Very little is needed to complement the rich, crisp little pig or slabs of lamb with tiny white bones. Try a carafe of Žilavka, a white wine from Hercegovina; or better still, experiment with the table wines, which are often delicious. Salad means just what it should: a fresh, leafy heap of lettuce with oil and vinegar; and for the incurable gourmand there could be a plate of spicy *čevapčići* (ground meat, spiced and grilled) to start. This hearty eating, stripped to its savory essentials, is to be found at the Gradska, an animated hangout for the town cabdrivers just outside the Pile Gate; at the Mimosa, a bit quieter; or in Lapad at Singer’s, the only one of these restaurants where the view is as exciting as the dinner. Besides *čevapčići*, there are other skewered delicacies: *ražnjići* (shaskliks of lamb or pork), *čevaps* (chunks of marinated pork), or *pljeskavica* (lamb minced with onions and peppers).

Fish is varied and interesting in and near Dubrovnik, but it has to be sought either in special restaurants (*Riblji restoran*) or when it appears sporadically on other menus. This means, of course, that when it is served it is a miracle of freshness, usually shown to the guest in its gleaming pristine state before it is cooked. *Barbuni* (red mullet) and *čipoli* (a delicious freshwater fish served with a surprising garlic-butter sauce) are two frequent possibilities. Our most delightful taste of seafood came one afternoon while exploring the coast in a rowboat. As we gazed peacefully at grottoes and untouched sandy coves, Danko, our oarsman, swam to shore and pulled a handful of unusual shellfish from the rocks in a quiet tidepool. Then, back in the boat he produced from under the floorboards a knife, a lemon, and a bottle of white wine. A sweeter or more impromptu little feast was never served.

For the days that are not entirely filled by sun, sea, and suckling pig, a wealth of excursions beckons on all sides of Dubrovnik. Directly out to sea is the island of Lokrun, where two ill-fated Hapsburgs, Maximilian and Rudolf, and a shipwrecked English king, Richard the Lion-Hearted, left gloomy memories. To the south



lies a dazzling succession of steep bays — Kupari, Mlini, and Cavtat, which is topped by the white dome of the Meštrović mausoleum — and then the wide vineyards of the Konavle Valley that sweep down to the Montenegrin border. By car one can hazard the sixteen hairpin bends of the Lovćen Pass that lead to Montenegro’s rugged capital, Cetinje; or by steamer there is the great fjord of Kotor and the sleepy pink ruins of pirate towns along the coast all the way to Albania.

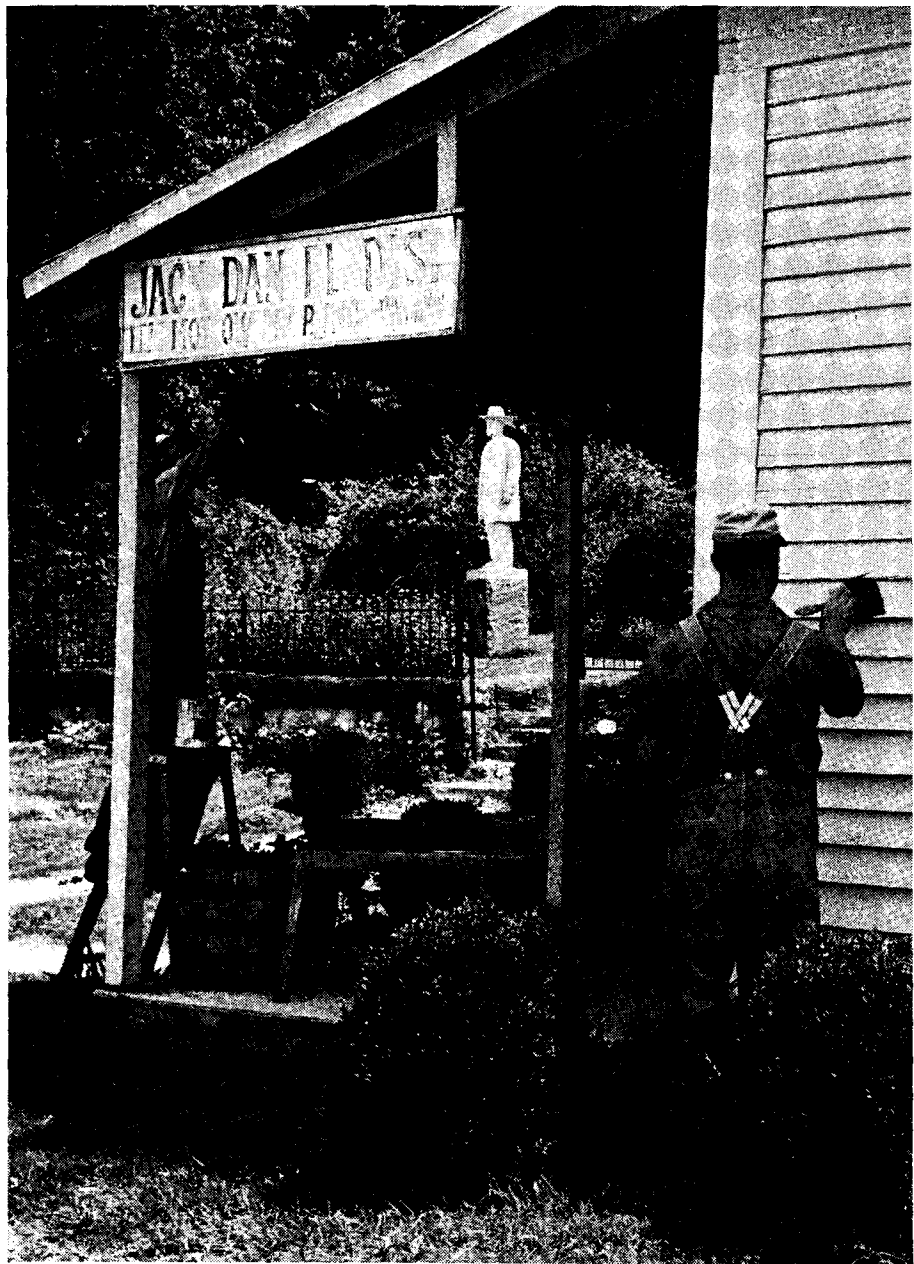
Inland from Dubrovnik are the Muslim towns of Trebinje and Mostar, and another more famous one, Sarajevo. Here, and actually on all Yugoslav sightseeing, one expensive, leisurely trip with a private car and driver is worth ten bus tours, where one is nudged aside by a dozen Leica experts and where one sighs in unison with others over frescoes, mosques, and panoramas.

Like all monopolies, Putnik, the state travel agency, has its faults, but if dealt with patiently and imaginatively, it can be tremendously helpful. Now and then, however, the agency is saddled with a lunatic such as one woman we heard who ordered a small Fiat and driver for herself, four pudgy traveling companions, and fourteen pieces of luggage. Until the roads and other forms of transportation are improved — and this is happening at an impressive rate — Putnik cars and the airlines (reliable, though austere)

are the best ways of getting around. Some tourists try their own cars, but with widely separated gas stations and roads like sabotaged roller coasters it is possible to finish the visit having seen nothing but the inside of one's car.

For a last trip that will linger in the memory, or for the only excursion during a short stay in Dubrovnik, one should go north. About a half-hour ride leads to where a rushing underground river turns into a mountain-enclosed bay called the Ombla. By its banks the noble families of Dubrovnik built their summer villas. Cypress groves and lagoons overhung with mimosa surround these stately, patrician ruins, while above, in the hills, small monasteries and chapels are precariously ringed with umbrella pines. Sunset is the ideal hour to enjoy the rarefied charms of the Ombla, where the Italianate taste of the Ragusan aristocracy is distilled to its essence. The most extensive of these summer estates, that of the Gozze-Gučetići family, is beyond, near the tiny town of Trsteno. Here, beside the huge, semitropical gardens where the plane trees are famous for their Sequoia-like circumference, there is an old and unusual establishment where one might well have a last Dalmatian feast. Tante Dominic's is the name of this delightful combination of eating house, gaming parlor, bar, and discreet rendezvous. The *raija* and cards are dealt downstairs, while in a quaint upstairs living room festooned with Turkish carpets and Venetian lamps a party of two or twenty can dine in privacy. Any Dalmatian specialty can be ordered, in advance, but tiny game hens, a special crumbly cheese preserved in oil, and a modestly anonymous but ambrosial rosé are possibilities not to be overlooked. At the very end of the meal, one of Tante Dominic's descendants brings a bowl of cherries and announces in a blurred, multilingual phrase that the room, *molim, bitte schön, is libre*.

An evening here, after glimpses of the bays and mountains and the mist-shrouded archipelago that begins along this part of the coast, will probably end in the solemn resolution never to leave Dalmatia, or Dubrovnik. At the very least, allowing for the sobering mistral on the drive home, vows will be made for an early return.



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SOME NEW OPERA RECORDINGS

BY HERBERT KUPFERBERG

Bizet's *Carmen* is the universal opera in much the same sense that Beethoven's Fifth is the universal symphony. It is one of those rare works admired equally by musicians who know composition and by audiences who know what they like. As operas go, it has everything — excellent literary antecedents, a credible and concise libretto, a score that is superficially brilliant and profoundly subtle. Season subscribers love it for its tunes, academicians for its technique, singers for its juicy roles. It has a great tenor part, the most famous baritone aria ever written, an appealing ingenue role, and a title role to which nearly every prima donna aspires, be she soprano, mezzo, or contralto.

And yet the typical performance of *Carmen* in most of the world's great opera houses is drastically unlike the opera that Bizet himself knew. It is almost invariably presented in bad French by singers who are alien not only to the language but to the style, and it is weighted down by sung recitatives with orchestral accompaniment which were added after Bizet's death by another composer named Ernest Guiraud.

Unfortunately this is also the kind of *Carmen* which is represented most extensively in the record catalogues. And it is the kind that has just been

recorded anew by London (OSA-1368, stereo; A-4368, monaural: three records). For sheer internationalism, this *Carmen* outfaces all others. Its participants include an American, Regina Resnik, as Carmen; an Italian, Mario del Monaco, as Don José; an Australian, Joan Sutherland, as Micaela; a Finn, Tom Krause, as Escamillo; and a Swiss orchestra, the Suisse Romande, led by an American, Thomas Schippers. Not a Frenchman in the house!

The shortcomings of this set involve more than matters of language and style. Regina Resnik's Carmen is dramatically placid and musically mild; Joan Sutherland is a perfunctory Micaela; Tom Krause is lacking in the suavity and elegance inherent in Escamillo's music. The minor parts are done without distinction, and Thomas Schippers' conducting is concerned more with surface sheen than with what lies beneath. Most grievous of all is Mario del Monaco as Don José, for not only does his mixture of the French and Italian languages (one is tempted to call the resultant tongue "del Monégasque") verge on the ludicrous, but he sings in such a fiercely strangled manner as to torment the music as well.

In view of London's experience

with its cast, it is interesting to observe that RCA Victor is planning to produce later this year another recording of *Carmen* with Leontyne Price, Franco Corelli, and Robert Merrill in the leading parts. No Carmenophile, least of all this one, would dream of prejudging a recording; but there is surely some cause for unease in the facts that *Carmen* is a role hitherto unfamiliar to Miss Price, that Corelli is the current epitome of the Italian-tenor type, and that Merrill's abundant vocal virtues do not include fluency in French musical styles. Victor's new *Carmen* may astound everybody; but it will astound no one if it doesn't.

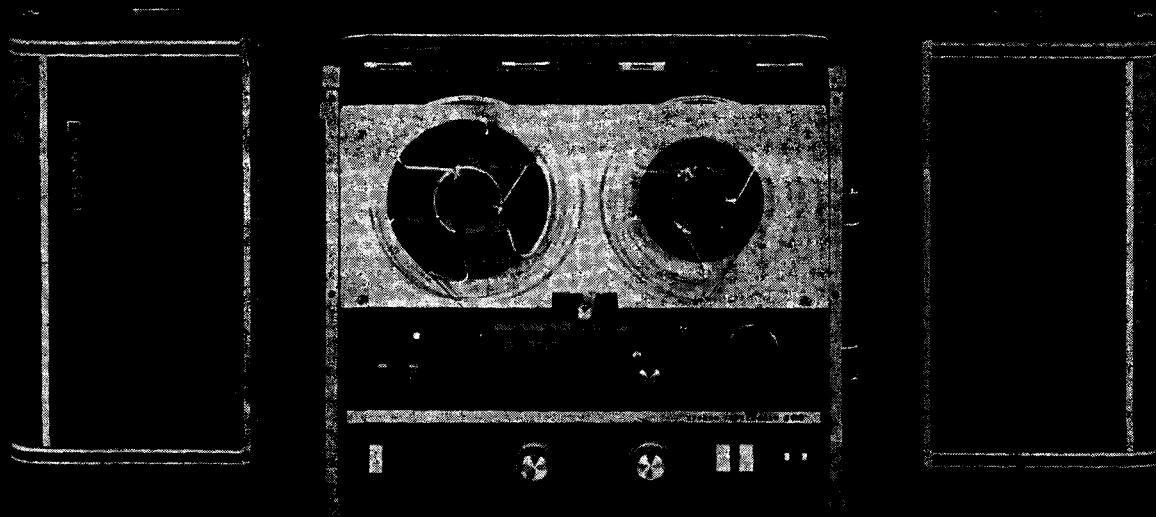
So far as this listener is aware, there exists only one *Carmen* recording that approximates the opera Bizet had in mind. It was made in Paris shortly after World War II and was released in the United States in 1948 on the Columbia label, only to be withdrawn when sales proved scanty. It has just reappeared on the American market as part of a new series of imports being handled by Capitol, and is well worth the attention of anyone whose interest in *Carmen* extends beyond the "Habañera" and the "To-reador Song."

The cast is that of the Opéra Comique, with Solange Michel, Raoul Jobin, Martha Angelici, Michel Dens, and André Cluytens conducting (Pathé FCX 101-103, monaural only: three records). Of these, only Jobin, a Canadian who sang with success at the Metropolitan Opera, could be described as a singer of international standing, but Michel, Angelici, and Dens all won wide followings in France, and it was their *Carmen* which one was likely to hear on a good night at the Opéra Comique some fifteen years ago. Their recording adds up to what *Carmen* seldom becomes in a performance outside France — a triumph of ensemble. Michel's voice, far from being the female-baritone type so often associated with Carmen, is a light and flexible mezzo; Angelici makes for a Micaela who is appealing without being sentimental; Jobin combines robust tenor tones with perfect French diction; and Dens demonstrates how much vocal characterization can be brought to the role of Escamillo.

But excellent as they are individually, it is their combined efforts



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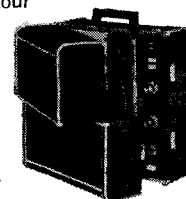


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that shape the performance, for this *Carmen* emerges as a continuous musical drama rather than a succession of songs. The mountain-pass encounter between José and Escamillo, the two rivals for Carmen's love, becomes as sharply etched a musical scene as the "Toreador Song"; such minor roles as Zuniga, Morales, Remendado, and Dancairo turn into little masterpieces of characterization; and a powerful climax is achieved at the conclusion of the third act when, for the only time in the opera, the voices of all four of the main characters are simultaneously present.

This *Carmen* dispenses with the recitatives that Guiraud concocted to replace the original spoken lines for a production in Vienna after Bizet's death in 1875. His object was to turn *Carmen* into a grand opera, and he succeeded, but at the cost of drastically altering its profile. His recitatives, though they are often drawn from Bizet's themes, slow down and impede the dramatic and musical course of the work, giving it an unnatural stiffness. When *Carmen* is heard instead with spoken dialogue (drawn largely from Prosper Mérimée's short story) between the musical numbers, the pace is swifter, the motivations clearer, the characterizations sharper, the music more effective. Pathé's Opéra Comique set, with its lack of great voices and its pre-stereo sound, may not stand unchallenged forever, but it is a genuine and unadulterated *Carmen* and, for the moment at least, the only recording extant worthy of being called the "perfect opera."

Saint Saëns's *Samson et Dalila* is, by contrast, anything but a perfect opera. It is static and stately, an array of individual arias and choruses, with one voice seldom so impolite as to intrude upon another. But it contains three sumptuous showpieces for mezzo-soprano, an orchestral bacchanale that for all its faded voluptuousness can still be played excitingly, and occasional touches of Old Testament grandeur. And on records, its lack of scenic action is hardly missed.

A new Angel recording of *Samson et Dalila* infuses life and vigor into the score, makes it seem, in fact, a rugged and powerful work. It is performed by the Paris Opéra Orchestra under Georges Prêtre, with Rita Gorr as Delilah, Jon Vickers as Samson, Ernest Blanc as the High

Priest, and Anton Diakov doubling as Abimelech and the Old Hebrew (Angel (S) 3639 C/L, stereo; 3639 C/L, monaural; three records). Vickers has the power and lyricism requisite for Samson, and Gorr brings vocal opulence to Delilah's role, though her high notes are less graceful than her low. Prêtre, who seems to head up the rising generation of French conductors, paces and shapes the music beautifully, from the delicate sensuousness of the dances that accompany Delilah's "*Printemps qui commence*" to the clangors of the destruction of the Temple of Dagon. For all the fun that has been poked at it over the years, Saint-Saëns's biblical opera is filled with brilliant and exotic orchestral music, and vocal writing that is as well shaped as his heroine. And stereo adds a cubit or two to its grandeur.

Another French opera is Massenet's *Hérodiade*, which has just been recorded in excerpt form on one record (Angel (S) 36145, stereo; 36145, monaural). Massenet's musical account of the story of Salome and John the Baptist seems to have lost whatever toehold it once possessed on the operatic stage, leaving behind it two isolated arias, "*Il est doux, il est bon*" for soprano and "*Vision fugitive*" for baritone. These are the arias, expertly sung, which remain the high spots of this record. The remaining excerpts seem rather mechanical and empty despite the valiant efforts of a Paris Opéra cast including Régine Crespin, soprano; Rita Gorr, mezzo; Albert Lance, tenor; Michel Dens, baritone; and Jacques Mars, bass; with Prêtre once again conducting.

Whatever qualities it may or may not possess, this *Hérodiade* collection gives some encouraging signs of a renaissance in the art of French singing. It represents what has become a rarity in recent decades — a French opera recording sung entirely by French singers (Miss Gorr, to be strictly accurate, is Belgian by birth). If the trend continues, the French may soon be able to look after the task of enregistering their operatic legacy on records, a cause that has been served only indifferently by others.

Régine Crespin is also represented by two new solo records issued by Angel (36144, monaural only) and by London (OS 25799, stereo; 5799, monaural). Both contain the "Wil-

low Song" and "*Ave Maria*" from Verdi's *Otello*, but the rest of the repertory on the Angel record is largely French (Berlioz's *Damnation of Faust*) and German (Wagner's *Tannhäuser*), while on the London disc it is strictly Italian (Verdi, Puccini, Ponchielli, Mascagni). Miss Crespin has her virtues as both a Wagnerite and a Verdian, but at the moment they seem less important than her ability to impart vigor to her native French repertory.

There remains, finally, Maria Callas. Two years ago this American singer of Greek descent made a recording for Angel of French operatic arias which created something of a sensation: it included excerpts from *Carmen* and *Samson et Dalila* sung with a near-contralto richness and an idiomatic French style such as Miss Callas had never before displayed. Now she has made a second album called *Maria Callas in Paris* (Angel (S) 36147, stereo; 36147, monaural) which includes arias by Gluck, Berlioz, Bizet, Massenet, and Gounod. If the impact of this record is less stunning than the first, it is largely because the repertory here lies more in the soprano than in the mezzo-soprano range, and the higher Miss Callas ranges these days, the less comfortable are the results. The upper reaches of the "Jewel Song" from *Faust* give her trouble. But in an aria like "*D'amour l'ardente flamme*" from Berlioz's *Damnation of Faust*, her singing is vocally rich, musically expressive, and dramatically apt. If and when a stereo *Carmen* emerges that is as authentic as it is exciting, it will be no surprise to find Maria Callas playing the central role.

Record Reviews

Bach: Toccata and Fugue in D Minor, Fantasia and Fugue in G Minor, "the Great," Fugue in G Minor, "the Little," Preludes and Fugues in F Minor, C, and G

Albert Schweitzer, organist; Angel COLC-89 (monaural only)

Albert Schweitzer made these recordings in 1935 on the organ of All Hallows Church, Barking-by-the-Tower, London. They were issued in 1936 by the Bach Organ Music Society and brought many into touch for the first time with the music of the remarkable physician-missionary-humanitarian. After nearly

thirty years these sonorous but lucid performances speak directly and powerfully to the listener. Schweitzer's music is only part of his legacy, but it remains a rich and noble part. The sound, incidentally, is astonishingly good for its age.

Beethoven: Piano Sonatas No. 14 in C-sharp Minor, Opus 27, No. 2, "Moonlight"; No. 8 in C Minor, Opus 13 "Pathétique"; No. 23 in F Minor, Opus 57, "Appassionata"

Rudolf Serkin, pianist; Columbia MS-6481 (stereo) and ML-5881

That ancient commercial custom of coupling a popular work on a record with a composition relatively unknown to, and undesired by, the customer has very largely gone out of existence, and good riddance to it. Here we have a record bringing together no fewer than three prime Beethoven sonatas played by one of the day's most commanding pianists. Moreover, Serkin's performances are among his finest, from the even-paced and deliberate first movement of the *Moonlight* to the brilliant climax of the *Appassionata*. In quality, content, and playing time (just under one hour), this is a generous record.

Mozart: Symphony No. 40 in G Minor, K. 550; Symphony No. 38 in D, K. 504, "Prague"

Bruno Walter conducting Columbia Symphony Orchestra; Columbia MS-6494 (stereo)

Bruno Walter first recorded Mozart's G Minor thirty years ago, and it was one of the works he chose to play in what turned out to be the final series of recording sessions of his life. It might be an exaggeration to say that his concept of this music underwent no changes throughout his long life. But this last recording shows a basic warmth and affection for the music that never wavered. Perhaps this kind of Mozart seems romantic and old-fashioned according to today's styles, but it breathes a deeply human spirit. One may be forgiven for saying that his G Minor symphony and the "Prague" symphony on the reverse seem lit by the sunset glow of Walter's last years.

Vivaldi: Concerto for Flautino in C; Concerto for Cello in C Minor; Concerto for Principal Violin and Echo Violin in A; Concerto for Viola d'amore. Lute, and Muted Orchestra in D Minor

Wolfgang Hofmann conducting Emil

Seiler Chamber Orchestra, with Hans-Martin Linde, sopranino recorder; Klaus Storck, cello; Susanne Lautenbacher and Ernesto Mampaey, violins; Emil Seiler, viola d'amore; and Karl Scheit, lute; Archive ARC 73218 (stereo) and ARC 3218

If Deutsche Grammophon's scholarly Archive division were inclined to frivolous titles, it might have elected to call this record "The Variety of Vivaldi." There are few more delectable examples of the inventive and experimental genius of this eighteenth-century master. The bubbly Flautino Concerto — played here on a sopranino recorder that sounds like a lyrical piccolo — is particularly delightful; and in the two-violin concerto in A, it is astonishing to hear how much charm Vivaldi could extract from the device of having one violin echo another from a distance — with stereo heightening its effectiveness more than two hundred years later.

Come for to Sing

Eric von Schmidt, Carolyn Hester, Jackie Washington, Jack Elliott, and Rolf Cahn, folk singers; Pathways of Sound POS-1033 (monaural)

Grizzly bears, boll weevils, sailing ships, and railroad trains chase each other through the grooves of this amiable and well-varied record of American folk songs. With five singers alternating, the pace and mood undergo gentle changes as the program moves through twenty songs ranging from "John Henry" and "Rock Island Line" to "Hush Little Baby" and "Froggie Went Courting." All the performers have youth, skill, and enthusiasm, and the arrangements are restrained and tasteful without being dull. In a cast so uniformly excellent it is unfair to single out individuals, but mention ought to be made of the purity with which Carolyn Hester sings "Go Tell Aunt Rhody" and of the gusto Jack Elliott brings to "The Car Song." Concurrent with the record, Houghton Mifflin has issued an attractively illustrated book also entitled *Come for to Sing*, which contains the words and music of the twenty songs.

Sor: Twenty Studies for Guitar

John Williams, guitarist; Westminster WST-17039 (stereo) and XWN-19039
Fernando Sor lived from 1778 to 1839 and wrote as enchantingly as anyone ever has for the guitar.

Twenty of his études, ranging in duration from forty-eight seconds to nearly five minutes, might seem to add up to an unvaried diet, but Sor knew how to mix his tempos, rhythms, moods, and sonorities. Mr. Williams is a twenty-two-year-old Australian who plays his instrument with facility, feeling, and enjoyment. Andrés Segovia has pronounced him "a prince of the guitar," and he will meet no contradiction here.

Shakespeare: Hamlet

Directed by Howard Sackler, with Paul Scofield, Zena Walker, Diana Wynyard, Ronald Culver, Charles Heslop, Edward De Souza, and others; Shakespeare Recording Society SRS 232 (stereo or monaural); four records

Paul Scofield's Hamlet is clearly and crisply spoken, and underplayed rather than overacted in its emotion. On a stage it might seem aloof and abstract, but it has just the proper weight and intensity for a recording. The rest of the cast is, for the most part, similarly responsive to the microphone's needs, although there is an occasional excess of distracting crowd murmurings and difficult-to-understand whisperings. The play is performed complete, in an authoritative text by G. B. Harrison; but it does seem the height of pedantry to have Hamlet say, "There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, Than are dreamt of in our philosophy," instead of the familiar "your."

Sir Winston Churchill: First Honorary Citizen of the United States

Bud Greenspan, producer; David Perry, narrator; Colpix PS 2000 (monaural); two records

This album of Churchill speeches is marred by obtrusive background music and a sententious narration. But the wartime oratory it presents remains undimmed in its eloquence and in its power to stir the listener. Here is Churchill rallying his countrymen to battle, heaping scorn on Hitler and Mussolini, pledging ultimate liberation to the captive nations. Not the least moving of the speeches are several addressed to the French amid the disasters of 1940, including an appeal in Churchillian French: "*Français! C'est moi, Churchill, qui vous parle!*" The voices of Chamberlain, Hitler, and Roosevelt are also occasionally heard, adding historical perspective to the album. But, oh, that endless music!

BOOKSHELF

THE ATLANTIC



Karsh

The Peripatetic Reviewer BY EDWARD WEEKS

IN THE year just past, American magazines, including professional and trade journals, sold more than 5 billion copies. This figure, the highest in the history of the industry, is evidence of a surprising amount of reading at home as well as on the plane and in barbershops; it indicates that magazines can hold their own in competition with the overstocked racks of paperbacks (of which close to 400 million were sold in 1963) and, what is more significant, that they are prospering despite the cutthroat competition with television for the advertiser's dollar. Television's astronomical charges have had something to do with this: for instance, the four sponsors of the *Judy Garland Show* paid \$56,000 a minute for their commercials. You can buy a lot of white paper for that amount. This year for the first time the total billing for advertising in the national magazines will pass a billion dollars.

The contents of our periodicals have a wider spectrum than ever before: they reflect our concerns as a world power, and in featuring the article rather than the short story or the serial, they respond to the conscientiousness with which many readers apply themselves. People work hard at their reading today, a good deal harder than they did in the 1920s and 1930s. Every profession, and almost every business, has its trade paper; they range from the *Architectural Forum* to the *Bee World*, from the *American Journal of Psychiatry* to the *Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists*. There are more than twenty-five hundred of these trade journals, and they are mandatory reading for those who wish to keep abreast. Our curiosity about science in all its phases has vastly increased the amount of material published for the specialists, but we have nothing like enough scientifically trained writers to explain what the general reader wants to know. The cheapening of the four-color process has let us in for a good deal of nudity — enough to shock our Russian visitors when they come here on a cultural exchange — yet I notice

that a girlie magazine like *Playboy* began to have literary pretensions by its fifth year. Finally, the costs of manufacture have risen to a point where one needs three quarters of a million dollars to launch a new magazine or to resuscitate an old one, yet it can still be done, as witness the success of *American Heritage* under James Parton and the reanimation of the *Scientific American* by Gerard Piel.

The magazine as we have developed it is a singularly American product, democratic in its taste, and read equally by men and women. In no other country are there such vast aggregations of readers served by papers as different as the *National Geographic*, the *New Yorker*, and *Look*. Britain favors the political weekly, yet its best regarded, the *New Statesman*, rarely reaches a circulation of sixty thousand. *Novy Mir*, the *Atlantic Monthly* of the Soviet Union, and a very capacious literary production, printed at the state's expense without a line of advertising, actually sells far fewer copies than the *Atlantic* or *Harper's*. *Time* and *Life* have established a format which has been copied to a lesser extent on the Continent. But not in Germany, not in France, not in Russia, are there journals reaching the millions — fourteen million for the *Reader's Digest* — such as ours do every month.

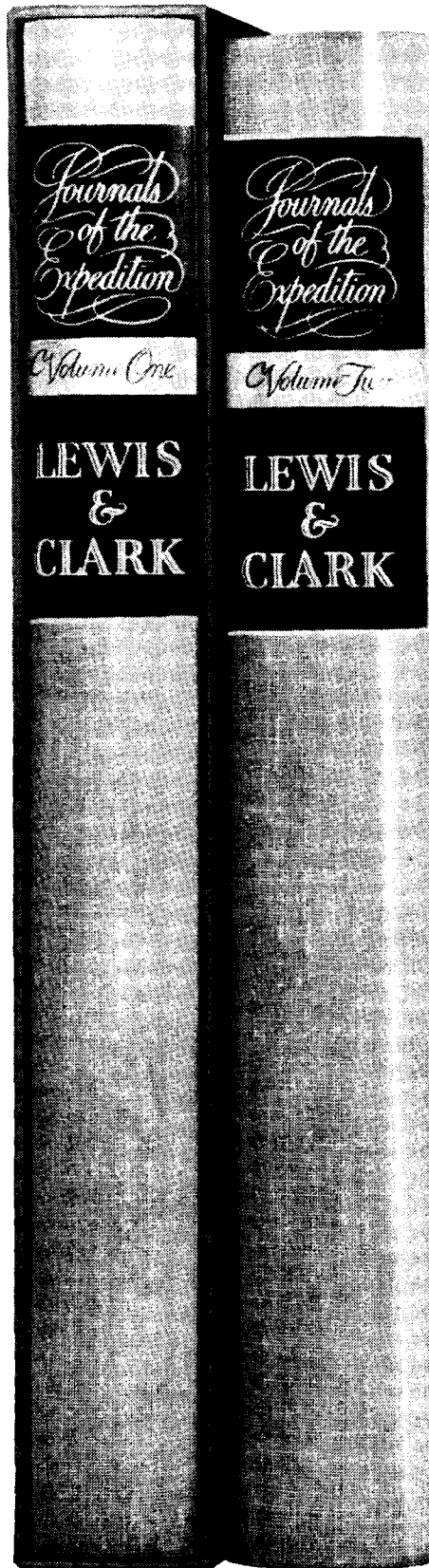
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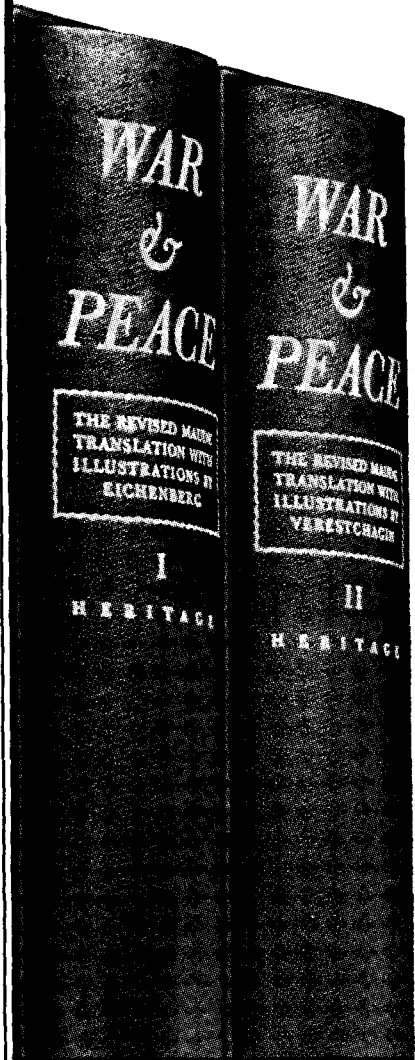
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Century, Walter Hines Page, the Southerner who edited the *Atlantic* and then founded the *World's Work*, and S. S. McClure. Of the three, McClure was the most spectacular.

Sam McClure had the quick qualities of the Irish: he was inquisitive, irrepressible, a bundle of nerves out to conquer the world. A jack-of-all-trades while he was being schooled in Indiana, he worked his way through Knox College, fell in love with a professor's daughter, and two months after graduation was making himself indispensable to Colonel Albert Pope, the leading manufacturer of bicycles. Sam taught beginners how to ride and in no time was editing his first publication, the *Wheelman*, at a salary of ten dollars a week. He was still in his mid-twenties when the *Century* bid him in, and with his bride, who had married him despite her father's fierce opposition, he began his siege of New York. So far he is a hero out of Horatio Alger and, as PETER LYON tells it in **SUCCESS STORY: THE LIFE AND TIMES OF S. S. MCCLURE** (Scribner's, \$7.50), an impulsive, powerful dynamo. But McClure could never for long be an assistant to anyone: he had to run his own show; and when he came up with some quite unorthodox proposals — one major and nine minor ones — *Century* fired him.

McClure's major proposal was that he should form a syndicate of the best American writers and sell the second serial rights of their short stories and novels to the newspapers, who, thanks to the new processing of wood pulp, had more and more columns to fill. McClure did not invent the syndicate; all he wanted was a corner on the market; and when in London he signed an agreement with the English syndicator William Tillotson, he believed that he had captured the exclusive rights on Ouida, Thomas Hardy, Henry James, and H. Rider Haggard; a newcomer with an odd name, Rudyard Kipling; and, that gem of great price, Robert Louis Stevenson. His job as he saw it was to exhort them for more as he peddled their offerings from paper to paper across the United States. His enterprise and his generous fees won the trust of Sarah Orne Jewett as well as of the more suspicious Kipling, but his bumptiousness put Stevenson off. Measured by columns filled, the syndicate was a huge success, but McClure kept gambling on the future to pay for the present, and year after year he wound up with debts which would have daunted a lesser man. His way out was to bring the material to a head in a magazine which would bear his own name, *McClure's*. "I would rather edit a magazine," he told his wife, "than be President of the United States a hundred thousand times over."

McClure's was a challenge to the more conservative periodicals, and as is so often the case with

what is new, it had to skirt the edge of bankruptcy before it began to dazzle. McClure never lacked daring, and once again he began mortgaging the future to buy his presses and the bindery. Meantime he was attracting to him a remarkable staff: Viola Roseboro, the best manuscript reader of her time; and after her, two inseparables, Ida M. Tarbell and Willa Cather. By the spring of 1899 these were his chief contributors: William Allen White, Ray Stannard Baker, Frank Norris, and Booth Tarkington; Stephen Crane and Hamlin Garland; Lincoln Steffens, Theodore Dreiser, O. Henry, and Jack London. Then, following the assassination of McKinley, came the big opportunity. When the new President, Teddy Roosevelt, began to wage war on the big trusts and the buccaneers, *McClure's* sent out its bloodhounds: Ida Tarbell began her investigation of the Standard Oil Company; Lincoln Steffens wrote his series on *The Shame of the Cities*, case studies of corruption in city hall; Ray Stannard Baker began his study of the railroad magnates and of the trade union excesses in Chicago, New York, and San Francisco. Readers might be shocked and angry and incredulous, but they continued to read, and the circulation went up over the 400,000 mark.

McClure and his wife both squirreled their letters and clippings, and from a mass of papers Mr. Lyon has documented his fascinating book. He writes as a partisan, and this leads him to some excessive statements. The palace revolution of 1906, which lost McClure the services of his best people, including the long-suffering John Phillips, was not an evil conspiracy but an honest reaction against a man who was showing manic symptoms and who could no longer be worked with. Nor was he "the greatest" of American editors. His letters, of which far too many are quoted, are without a trace of style; I doubt if he knew a good poem when he saw one, and his taste in fiction was certainly questionable. Primarily he was an idea man with, as Edward S. Martin puts it, his hand "on the crank that turns the world upside down." He drove himself as mercilessly as he drove others, and by 1914 he had lost his grip; but in the era of muckraking he was tops.

THE HISTORY AND MAGIC OF THE DANCE

THE BOOK OF THE DANCE (Golden Press, \$14.95), with illustrations by N. M. Bodecker and photographs and colorplates of surprising beauty, is a work of exposition to which AGNES DE MILLE has devoted years. The opening section of text, on Ritual and Social Dance, is the least prepossessing, partly because it seems addressed to a very elementary audience and partly because the staccato paragraphs lack the warmth and judgment

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How a year-old organization conceived as a joke has snowballed into a nationwide group dedicated to improving "obnoxious" TV commercials.

What goes on at the annual meeting of The Society of Connoisseurs in Murder.

Why the world's best amateur tennis player says there's "no such thing as amateur tennis players" nowadays.

How an American fighting in Vietnam feels, as told through the diary of a Marine combat officer.

Where a lost Nazi treasure worth millions is believed to be buried.

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more thousands who would enjoy it if they tried it. So we have decided to offer, as an experiment, a trial subscription at barely more than *half price*. You get 25 weekly issues for only \$2.67—less than 11¢ a copy—instead of the \$4.80 they would normally cost you at the regular subscription rate.

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characteristic of de Mille's best prose. It would be a pity if this turned readers away, for in the second section the pages come alive, the schoolmistress who has been using her pointer disappears, and suddenly we are caught up in the spirit, the rivalry, and the beauty of the dance world. How well she brings out the glory of Taglioni, Pavlova, and Martha Graham; how vividly she depicts the style with which each nation accentuates its ballet, the rivalry within Russia which still goes on between the Leningrad and Moscow schools, the faithful continuity with which the Danes have preserved the traditions of August Bournonville, and the decadence in Paris and for so long in our own Metropolitan Opera House. Miss de Mille is at her best in her appreciation of her peers; her tributes to Balanchine, to Antony Tudor, Marie Rambert, and Jerome Robbins add a new dimension to theatrical criticism.

THE SHORT STORY

It has been a long time since I enjoyed a collection of short stories as much as **THE HAT ON THE BED**, the twenty-four new stories by **JOHN O'HARA** (Random House, \$5.95). The best of these to my taste are the very short ones: "The Man on the Tractor," "The Public Dorothy," "The Window-pane Check," "The Flatted Saxophone," narratives which project us into the lives of middle-aged couples and which tell us so much about them by the sheer power of suggestion. Unencumbered with detail, casual yet revealing in the dialogue, these pieces are written with a swift grasp of reality. And for those who remember *Butterfield 8*, there is an exceptionally long story, "Ninety Minutes Away," which shows that Mr. O'Hara has lost none of his authority in the offcolor world too.

THE CINCINNATI KID, by a new writer, **RICHARD JESSUP** (Little, Brown, \$3.95), is the story, not quite long enough to be a novel, of a professional gambler. The Kid, who is twenty-six when we first see him, had been playing stud poker all day and all night for years; his reputation for coolness and the bluff had grown as he worked his way up through the cheap stuff; and now, despite warnings, he hankers for a shot at Lancey Hodges, The Man who rules the stud-poker circuit from Vegas to Miami. In the buildup before they meet we follow The Kid's courting in the Ozarks and come to understand the fever in his blood which makes him an alien in the family circle. We watch his extraordinary preparations for the big game — it will probably consume forty-eight hours — at the Dorset Hotel, and what follows is the most exciting, plausible account of table stakes I have ever sat in on.



Reader's Choice

BY WILLIAM BARRETT

In the new installment of his mammoth novel, **A DANCE TO THE MUSIC OF TIME: SECOND MOVEMENT** (Little, Brown, \$5.95), **ANTHONY POWELL** is as brilliantly funny as ever; but as his large historical panorama unfolds, his comedy becomes increasingly sad and somber. Perhaps this is as it must be when a novelist confronts the sheer passage of time. Mr. Powell has chosen to model himself on Proust and write a novel, or series of interlocking novels, in which the real protagonist is time itself. But time itself is not a funny subject, since it consumes us along with the follies that make us laughable. Mr. Powell's wit is, as always, light, dry, precise; but his comedy, like Proust's, is now the comedy of Heartbreak House.

Moreover, the period in which his novel so far is mainly centered, the 1930s, was hardly a pleasant and engaging decade. In England the tone was principally one of political and moral drift. It was a time when an English king abdicated, as if acquiescing in the disappearance of royal virtues. Café society had taken over the aristocracy and even royalty itself. The circles of sleazy aristocrats that Mr. Powell brings before us render perfectly the flaccid atmosphere surrounding the abdication. As the story moves on there are echoes of the Spanish Civil War and the Munich Crisis in the background; and, finally, at the close of the present installment the Second World War has broken out, though its shadow really impended over the whole decade.

Mr. Powell moves his narrative freely forward and backward in time. As events sweep Nick Jenkins, the narrator-hero, along toward the war, we are returned to a scene from Nick's boyhood. The Jenkins family are having dinner at their country place when a maid comes in with news about "that Bosnian business." It is the beginning of the First World War. That scene, Nick reflects now, was the end of boyhood, just as the outbreak of the second war marks the finish of another stage in his life. His growth into manhood has been framed between the two events.

We meet many new characters in the present book, but to our delight the old ones keep turning

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If there is anything more common than the common cold (now "virus"), it is the remark that sociologists should learn to eschew jargon. The comment is often made by literary men, whose jargon includes some of the least chewable in the language.

My own surly remarks are prompted by a common virus, and the fact that I have been reading David Riesman's latest, *Abundance For What?* There are a number of reasons why Riesman's writings are important, none of which I am equipped to tackle here in three or four paragraphs. But the reason I read him is that his writing is enjoyable, even fun. (This, as his colleagues might say, is because I share a "fun-morality.")

The new volume confines itself, more or less, to possible answers to the question posed by the title: now that we are affluent, what next? But a less confining title or a less confined author is hard to imagine. Riesman and his collaborators look into national purpose, the cold war, automobiles, leisure (including a wonderful study of party-going as a form of social action), the nature of work, the education of women, and social science itself.

This is a book chock full of thoughts — stimulating, arguable, hat-knocking-off thoughts, so seemingly impertinent and impolite that only after reflection does one realize how pertinent and ultimately polite (to society) they really are. The author combines the mind of a scholar, an explorer's sense of adventure, and the risk-taking of a good journalist.

L.L. Day

EDITOR-AT-LARGE

Abundance For What? And Other Essays (\$6.50) by David Riesman is published by Doubleday & Company, Inc., 575 Madison Avenue, New York 22, New York. Copies may be obtained from your local bookseller or from any of the 32 Doubleday Book Shops, one of which is located at 1411 Commerce St., Dallas 1, Texas.

up in the most unexpected places to establish the pattern of Nick's life. The egregious Widmerpool, one of Mr. Powell's most obnoxious but fascinating creations, is still much in evidence. He and the eccentric industrialist Sir Magnus Donners typify the crass commercialism that has shouldered aside the older virtues Nick knew as a boy. Symbolically enough, when the news of the war arrives, Sir Magnus is entertaining at his country castle and photographing his guests in the attitudes of the seven deadly sins.

Mr. Powell has announced twelve novels in this series, of which we now have six. His story thus stands exactly at the halfway mark, and the pattern that emerges so far is one of breakdown and transition. Will the years of the war bring regeneration? It is hard to foresee what the future design of this novel will be. Yet with only half of it now completed, there can be no doubt of the magnificence of Mr. Powell's achievement; for its elegance of style, its combined humor and depth, *A Dance to the Music of Time* places its author among the very best British novelists now writing.

NEW ENGLAND GOTHIC

In *THE WAPSHOT SCANDAL* (Harper & Row, \$4.95), as in his earlier novel about the Wapshot clan, *JOHN CHEEVER* is dealing with a theme almost pre-empted by the late J. P. Marquand: the submergence of an older and calmer New England under the troubled waves of modernity. The treatment of this subject, however, is totally dissimilar in the two writers. Whereas Marquand remained the social novelist, factual and observant, never deserting the strict forms of realistic fiction, Mr. Cheever is a visionary whose imagination is continually pushed beyond realism into the fantastic and grotesque. The decline of an old New England family becomes for him a manifestation of some secret and universal evil that haunts human life.

The Wapshots had settled in the little village of St. Botolphs in the seventeenth century. Two hundred years later they are still local gentry, but their lives are in disarray. The story opens on a snowy Christmas Eve, with a sweeping view of the town, its people, and their troubles — a panorama of tawdry evils at

which Mr. Cheever excels. Dr. Applegate, the local minister, has lost his faith and become a drunkard; but in the process he has acquired a strange sixth sense regarding the secret lives of his parishioners. Now, as he administers the sacrament the hidden faults and sins of his communicants pass before his mind's eye. It is a kind of orchestral prelude to what is to follow.

When the story closes on another Christmas Eve, all the Wapshots have had their painful or tragic misadventures. Coverley, who works on an atomic project, cannot communicate with his petulant and silly wife, Betsey. Melissa has fled to Europe, a middle-aged woman giving herself to gigolos. Cousin Honora has fallen afoul of the Internal Revenue Service. The carols of Christmas Eve ring out upon Moses Wapshot, drunk in the local hotel, as he romances the town widow. And Mr. Cheever, like wandering Ishmael, delivers himself of a furious epilogue to dismiss forever all these ghosts as he prepares to sail for the sunnier climate of Naples.

Though he is a wonderfully gifted writer, Mr. Cheever's vision of evil is too immense to find its adequate embodiment in the Wapshots. Only Melissa, torn between compassion and the need for love, driven by guilt to commit the sins that make her even more guilty, is a suitably tragic figure; the other Wapshots seem merely odd. Uneven as it is, however, this is an extraordinary and powerful book; and as a novelist of the tormented New England conscience, Mr. Cheever is the nearest thing we have to a latter-day Nathaniel Hawthorne.

SEARCH FOR SHAKESPEARE

"Others abide our question. Thou art free," Matthew Arnold said of Shakespeare. He was wrong, of course; no other poet in history has been left less free from questioning by hairsplitting critics and wild-eyed theorists. On the eve of the quatercentenary of Shakespeare's birth it is good to have two books — A. L. ROWSE'S *WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE* (Harper & Row, \$7.95) and PETER QUENNEL'S *SHAKESPEARE* (World, \$6.95) — that bring sense and sobriety to the questions of Shakespeare's life that in the past have been kicked around so freely by crotchety theorists. Though very

different in tone, both books are lively and vivid reading and leave no doubt at all of the existence of a historical Shakespeare.

Mr. Rowse, an Oxford historian, makes the more ambitious claim to original scholarship. If we apply correct historical methods, he tells us over and over again, the mysteries supposed to surround Shakespeare and his life disappear. Mr. Rowse also insists that he is offering us — and for the first time among all interpreters — the complete solution to the so-called mystery of the sonnets. The young man to whom they were addressed was indeed the Earl of Southampton, the poet's patron: we now know everything we need to know about these poems except the name of Shakespeare's mistress, the "dark lady of the sonnets." What is most valuable in this book is the detail and concreteness with which Shakespeare's career is set against the background of Elizabethan England. William Shakespeare emerges not as a mysterious ghost but as the solid citizen of Stratford and London, very much immersed in the affairs of his time.

Mr. Rowse's style, vigorous and blunt, is calculated to sweep all doubt before it. Certainly, those older fantasies that Shakespeare's plays were written by Bacon or Marlowe or the Earl of Southampton himself are exploded once and for all. Yet one wonders whether Mr. Rowse may be a little too optimistic in thinking that all the Shakespearean mystery has been dissipated. At times he seems to assume too readily that passages in the plays must correspond directly with incidents in the dramatist's life. "Shakespeare," he remarks, "could not write a play without some revealing, and endearing, glimpses of himself." Perhaps; but is such an assumption perfectly in line with Mr. Rowse's insistence on "sound historical method"? And when we try to reconstruct Shakespeare from his plays, do we not find his personality too amorphous and protean to be clearly grasped?

In Mr. Quennell's suave and polished biography these questions come more strikingly to the fore. In attempting to present a finished biographical portrait, as he has done with later figures like Byron and Ruskin, Mr. Quennell only makes it very clear that compared to the

nineteenth century the Elizabethan is a far less documented age. True, we have considerable documentation of Shakespeare's career; more of his early life, in fact, than we have of Ben Jonson's. Nevertheless, poets like Jonson and Marlowe emerge from their writings with a much more definite "personality." The mystery of Shakespeare would seem to lie in the very quality of his genius, which was so wide and various that we cannot reconstruct the man from his writings. Certainly, an intimate biography, a psychological portrait in depth in the modern sense, cannot now, and probably never will, be written of him.

ARTIST AT LIFE

The late Bernard Berenson was a legendary figure, not merely for his fabulous worldly success — first, as leading art critic of his time; second, as an expert who amassed a fortune by authenticating pictures — but also for that uncanny blending of fortune and art that the ancient Greeks found indispensable to the good life. His achievements as an art critic were due solely to his own talents; it was good luck, however, that he should have made the acquaintance of Mrs. Jack Gardner of Boston, and that by putting his knowledge at her service in building a collection he was able to become financially independent. Even more fortunate, economically, was his later association with the flamboyant dealer Joseph Duveen, which made Berenson rich enough to form his own collection and to purchase and adorn one of the most beautiful villas in Italy. And behind the strokes of luck and talent, the man himself always sat securely in control of his own life, shaping it from within and without like a polished work of art.

SUNSET AND TWILIGHT: FROM THE DIARIES OF 1947-1958 (Harcourt, Brace & World, \$8.75) and **THE SELECTED LETTERS OF BERNARD BERENSON**, edited by Arthur K. McComb (Houghton Mifflin, \$5.00), provide a close and inspiring view of this amazing man. Mr. McComb is undoubtedly right when he says that the letters are not interesting "as literature." Berenson did not write them for that purpose. Their interest — and even more so, that of the diaries — is as a memorial to a man who went on carefully tend-



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ing the exquisite garden of his life
to the very end. Though his physical
energy declined with old age, his
intellectual curiosity, sheer gusto for
life, and his passionate love of
beauty remained undimmed. The
stream of visitors, from all nations
and walks of life, to his villa, I Tatti,
went on unceasingly, and Berenson,
even past his ninetieth year, never
ceased to enjoy it.

His wit remained sharp but not
malicious, and his view of mankind
candid but not cynical. He ac-
knowledged his own selfishness, but
found this to be characteristic of peo-
ple generally. Without illusions, he
had a sense of his own rank that was
neither inflated nor overmodest.
Though he felt physical discom-
fort, the world was still entrancing
and wonderful to him, and he would
go on from birthday to birthday if
he could. "I wanted to become and
be a work of art myself," he re-
marked, and had he accomplished
nothing else, an old age so rich and
calm would be accounted human
artistry enough.

Toward the end, this exiled aes-
thete felt the tug of two different
homelands. The first was the home-
less homeland of his Jewish ances-
tors; their long life in the ghetto
that, he came more and more to be-
lieve, had left indelible marks on his
own spirit. He began to feel a great-
er sense of kinship with Jewish visi-
tors, as if he were at last returned
among his own. The other home-
land was the United States, which
he had left in 1882, and for whose
rush and bustle he repeatedly pro-
fessed disdain. Whatever his stric-
tures against this country, however,
he had also insisted that two of the
most profound influences on his life
were Harvard and William James.
To repay this debt he wrote to Har-
vard indicating his wish to bequeath
I Tatti and its collection as a place
of study after his death. As the days
went by and no answer to his offer
was received, he became almost un-
bearably anxious. At last, a tele-
gram of acceptance from the trustees
arrived, and Berenson, in relief, de-
clared that if it had been a refusal,
"my bowels would have burst, my
chest been unable to breathe, my
face flushed, my head too heavy not
to droop on my shoulders." So con-
vulsively passionate an attachment
to his old college is surprising in so
cool an aesthete. It seems even
more of a surprise that Harvard

should have hesitated even for a
minute before so incomparable a
gift.

ASIA IN TURMOIL

In our recurrent nightmares we
tend always to see the war of the fu-
ture as that ultimate affair of rockets
and big bombs. The balance of
terror, however, may postpone the
nuclear holocaust indefinitely, mean-
while leaving us not real peace but
the long and abrasive struggle of
local wars dragging on year in and
year out until some final and stable
order descends upon the world.
What is now going on in Vietnam
may thus turn out to be the model
of the war of the future. **VIETNAM**
DIARY by **RICHARD TREGASKIS** (Holt,
\$5.95) gives us our best firsthand
account of this new kind of warfare
into which Americans have been
dragged by their position in world
affairs.

Mr. Tregaskis is a war reporter
who does not play it safe. His first
book, *Guadalcanal Diary*, was a terri-
fying account of the hand-to-hand
fighting of the Marines with whom
he went into action during the Sec-
ond World War. The present book
is hardly so exciting, though he has
followed the same pattern of expos-
ing life and limb by accompanying
our forces into missions where sol-
diers have actually been killed. A
galling and inconclusive war does
not provide many occasions for dash-
ing and spectacular narrative. Mr.
Tregaskis does not cut or edit, and
much of this diary is tedious, just as
the touch-and-go skirmishes of the
war itself are indecisive and fluctu-
ating. A war of attrition is not set-
tled by any gallant charge of the six
hundred. But the value of this book
is that it does convey a sense of the
grim and dedicated devotion of the
American soldiers, who feel that
what they are doing is worthwhile,
however remote this struggle may
seem to the folks back home.

Mr. Tregaskis left Vietnam before
the successful coup against the Diem
government. Though he had plenty
of reservations about the Diems, he
felt that their regime, with all its
faults, was worth defending against
the Communists. It is not a thrilling
or exalted role to have to support
the lesser evil; yet in this period of
protracted brush-fire wars we may
continually be called upon to prop
up governments that are not alto-

gether, or even very much, to our liking.

Much livelier and funnier reportage from Southeast Asia, though its final message is equally somber, is **WILLIAM STEVENSON'S BIRDS' NESTS IN THEIR BEARDS** (Houghton Mifflin, \$4.50). A Canadian correspondent in the Orient, Mr. Stevenson stumbled into the melee of Indonesian politics and rebellion in the most unlikely way. He happened to read in a Hong Kong newspaper an advertisement of birds' nests for sale in Borneo. (The Chinese Communist government has cut off the sale of birds' nests from the continent, so that fanciers of this delicacy in the East have to go elsewhere to satisfy their appetite.) Mr. Stevenson thought the expedition for birds' nests might make an amusing human-interest story, and he promptly hopped a plane for Borneo. He found the birds' nests (they are taken from immense caves, and some of them sell at five hundred dollars apiece) and a good deal more; before his junket was over he had met a number of colorful and amazing Asians and he himself had become involved with the rebellion against Sukarno.

The degree of Communist penetration of Southeast Asia is a frightening thing to read about. Indonesia now has the largest Communist Party in the world outside of Russia and China. President Sukarno, as Mr. Stevenson depicts him, is a brilliant but unscrupulous demagogue and no real friend of the West. The Indonesians, who have suffered under colonial rule for centuries, tend to equate the West with colonialism, though this does not seem to deter them from wanting to engage in new imperialistic adventures of their own in relation to Borneo and Malaysia. Mr. Stevenson thinks it was a mistake on the part of Britain and the United States not to have given greater support to the rebellion against Sukarno, which with a little outside aid might have been successful.

WARMTH AT THE PUB

In this winter overcast by a President's death we are grateful for any notes of cheer we can come by, and perhaps it is appropriate, under the circumstances, that some should come from the Irish themselves. **BRENDAN BEHAN'S HOLD YOUR HOR**

AND HAVE ANOTHER (Little, Brown, \$4.75), with pleasant drawings by his wife, Beatrice, is a modest and unassuming book, but the man is such a natural writer, and the words roll so easily from his tongue, that even when he talks about trivia he is captivating.

These sketches, written for the *Irish Press*, resemble some items in the *New Yorker's* "Talk of the Town" if the locale is switched from Third Avenue to a Dublin pub, where the talk is much more fanciful. One customer is described as having "a face like a plateful of mortal sins." The regulars include Crippen, a bookmaker's runner and former aspirant to the literary life, who recites one of his poems with the deathless line, "There is a madness in my madness" — as indeed there is. Mrs. Brennan, who murders the Queen's English, is the appreciative listener, finding "cheenis" (genius) in almost everyone. An even older character, Maria Concepta, with a face wrinkled enough to hold a bucket of rain, though it is usually stained with snuff, still fancies herself a singer. Her voice sounds like a cinder under a gate, but she can never forget that she was once the leading soprano in a brass foundry. The author listens avidly and occasionally throws in a word of his own to keep the pot boiling.

Mr. Behan may be a patriot, but he knows how to kid his countrymen. One sketch, "Here's How History is Written," pokes fun at the wild Irish imagination. Some doggerel is recited in the pub: "Is that by Yeets?" the barkeep asks. "No," Mr. Behan snaps, out of the side of his mouth, "it's by Evelyn Waugh." The name of the British novelist is heard as "Eveleen Warr," obviously a woman, and in no time at all a legend for the lady has been created. She was a member of the Belcuddy Battalion during the Irish rebellion, a poetess of her country's struggles. Not only that, every man jack at the bar can now swear that he knew her and has stories to prove it.

From his snug corner, looking out at the inclement weather, Mr. Behan is thankful for his blessings. He has kept the harsher realities out of this book; the only hardship he does mention is the occasional snow or sleet that made it tough going to get from his home to the pub. It is good to come in out of this hard and bitter winter to sit with him.



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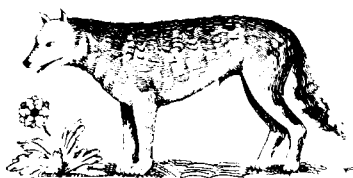


POTPOURRI

BY PHOEBE ADAMS

In *G.B.S. AND THE LUNATIC* (Atheum, \$6.95) LAWRENCE LANGNER describes his dealings with Bernard Shaw in the course of the Theatre Guild's production of Shaw's plays. The mere list of these plays is astonishing; the Guild did all the best ones and a number of others that have never received any great regard from either critics or public. Some of the productions were highly successful; others were flat failures. According to Langner, the Guild never made a nickel of profit on either type, although Shaw, who was a canny and stubborn businessman, infallibly did. Shaw also wrote constantly to his producers letters of advice, complaint, objection, refusal, encouragement, and courtly abuse, depending on the success or failure of the current play and the suggestions of Langner and the Guild in regard to it. He was adamant against cuts (invariably desired by Langner), against opening just before a presidential election (he was, Langner concedes in retrospect, quite right on this), and against writing random trifles for publicity purposes. It is almost pitiful to see Langner, twenty years after his first collision with the inflexible Shaw, still pleading hopefully for permission to shorten a slow second act and being peremptorily forbidden to cut a single sacred word. The book ends with a long, often amusing account of the making of the musical comedy *My Fair Lady*. It is typical of Langner's innocence and optimism that he believed Shaw would have loved this transformation of *Pygmalion*, although everything in this book demonstrates that nothing made Shaw madder than having people tinker with his plays.

GOD'S OWN JUNKYARD (Holt, Rinehart and Winston, \$4.50, cloth; \$2.95, paper), by PETER BLAKE, is by intention a horrid picture book. Its subtitle is "The planned deterioration of America's landscape," and while Mr. Blake's peppery text and carefully chosen photographs of billboards, junkyards, and slums do not prove the planning, they prove the deterioration with no possible shadow of doubt. The thing is a hair-raiser.



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In THE WORLD OF THE PAST (Knopf, \$20.00, 2 vols. boxed) JACQUETTA HAWKES has assembled selections from the writings of archaeologists, observers, travelers—anybody, in short, who has got down on paper something worth reading about the remote past. The amount of literary digging that must have gone into this editing is depressing to calculate, but the result is admirably varied coverage of every phase and area of archaeology. Miss Hawkes's own introduction to the collection is as well worth reading as anything in these two handsome books.

CARLO CASSOLA's novels are reportedly very popular in Italy, and one can see why. His latest, AN ARID HEART (Pantheon, \$4.95), is based on the uncertainties of young people confronted by the partial breakdown of the old formal rules of chaperonage and arranged marriage, a breakdown which permits individuals to take new liberties and make new decisions, but punishes them by the same old rules if their decisions turn out to be wrong. Evidently this social ambiguity is a real problem in Italy, where Mr. Cassola's novel must have a direct bearing on the experience of a good many readers. How much the book can mean to non-Italian readers is questionable. *An Arid Heart* is a sound, sensible book of the kind that does not travel well.

Except that copying is strictly forbidden, FURNITURE OF CLASSICAL GREECE (Knopf, \$20.00) rather resembles those books of cabinetmakers' designs published in the eighteenth century. It is the work of the designer, decorator, and satirist T. H. ROBSJOHN-GIBBINGS and his colleague, Carlton W. Pullin; and its effect is to arouse a violent yearning to own the light, sturdy, graceful wood and leather pieces that Mr. Robsjohn-Gibbings has spent thirty years reconstructing from antique representations. Mr. Robsjohn-Gibbings' account of getting his furniture photographed against proper Greek settings is amusing as well as informative.

Art books need not be expensive to be good is the boast of the publishers of 150 MASTERPIECES OF DRAWING (Dover, \$2.00), selected by ANTHONY TONEY. This is perfectly true if one sticks to black and white and avoids living artists who might ask for a royalty. Pisanello to Saint-Aubin, and all very fine.

Conjecturism

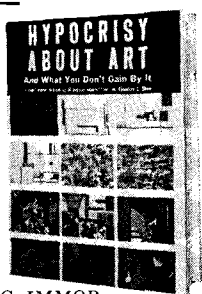
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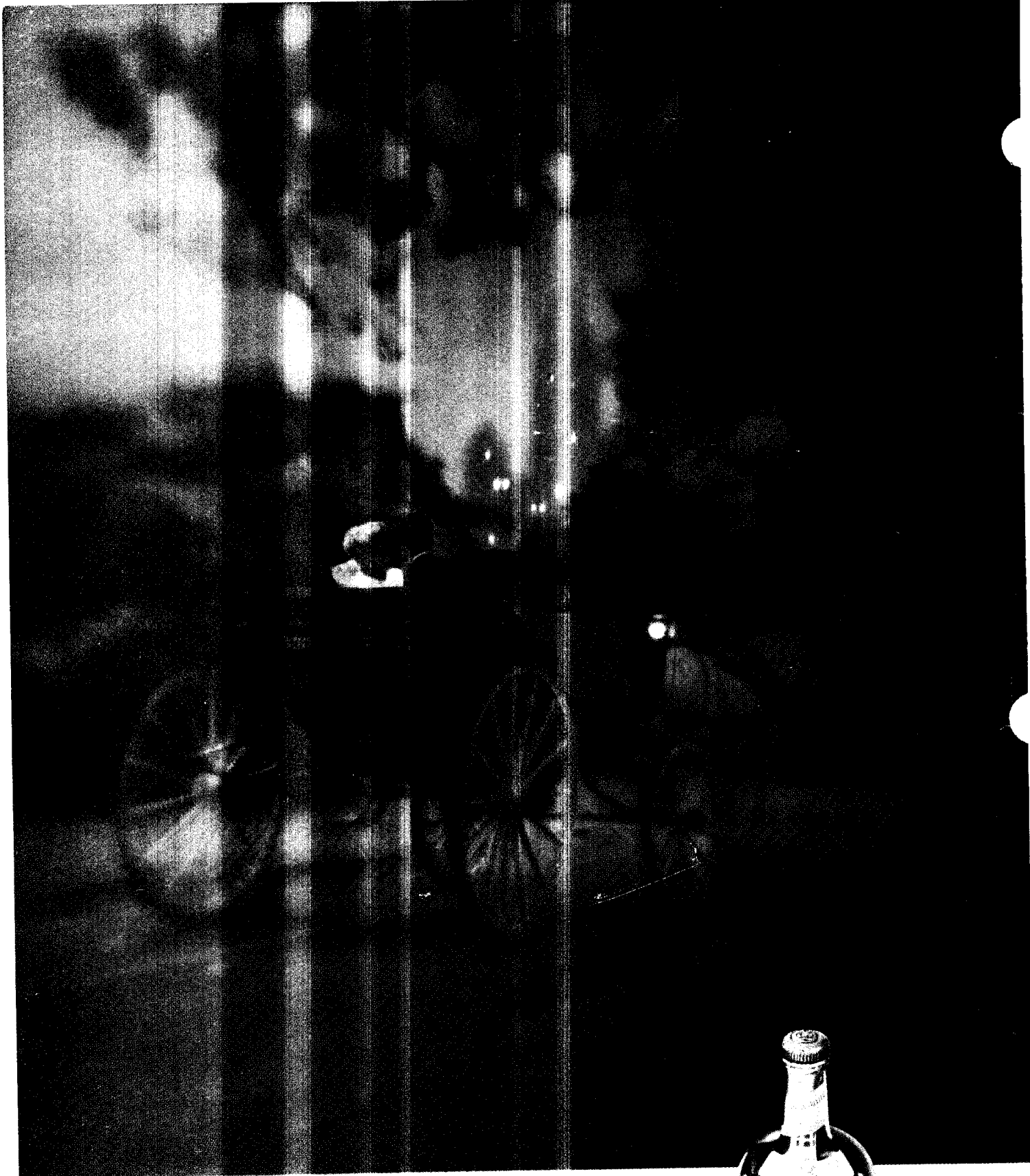
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